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RECOLLECTIONS OF A VARIED CAREER



William J. Draper

RECOLLECTIONS OF A VARIED CAREER

John M. Hulau

BY
WILLIAM F. DRAPER *From*

The Author Oct 1908

With Nine Illustrations from Photographs



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*This record is dedicated
to my dear wife*
Susan Preston Draper

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PREFACE

It may seem presumptuous for a man of ordinary talent, such as I esteem myself, to write his Memoirs; the only good excuse, perhaps, being that his experiences have been out of the ordinary. I began to write simply with the view of leaving a record for my descendants; but as I wrote, it seemed to me that few lives had covered as wide a field as my own.

My public experience, — as a soldier in time of war, a Member of Congress while great questions were under consideration, and a diplomat, also in war time, — would be hard to equal in variety; and my private life covers invention in important lines, and a business career, commencing as an employee and closing as the head of a large industrial establishment, perhaps the largest in Massachusetts that is owned by its managers.

I venture to believe that a portion of the great public may be interested in my story; but if not, no harm is done, as the book will serve the purpose for which it was originally intended.

THE AUTHOR.

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RECOLLECTIONS

OF A

VARIED CAREER

CHAPTER I

ANCESTRY

THE story of any life is incomplete without some reference to its ancestry, and I will commence mine by a brief account of my progenitors, back to the time of their leaving England for America.

In the early part of the seventeenth century Thomas Draper carried on the business of manufacturing and fulling cloth, at Heptonstall, Yorkshire, England. It appears that he had a number of looms, and used water power. His ancestors had followed this calling before him, and his American descendants have been connected in some way with the cloth making industry substantially ever since.

His son, James Draper, (1618-1694), called in the family records "The Puritan," came to this country, as nearly as can be ascertained, in the year 1647, accompanied by his wife, Miriam Stansfield Draper. He is mentioned in the public records in 1654 as one of the proprietors of the newly laid out town of Lancaster. He, however, did not settle there, but remained in Roxbury, where he built a house, which stood until it was destroyed by fire about 1870. In an inventory of his estate appears an item of "looms and tacklin," he having carried on a weaving business, employing about a dozen looms.

His son, James (1654-1698), in connection with Nathaniel Whiting, erected a fulling mill in Dedham, and also served as a soldier in the King Philip War. The largest item in the inventory of his estate, outside of his homestead, is an interest in mills at Dedham.

His son, James, (1691-1768), located at Green Lodge, near Dedham, and there carried on a manufacturing and farming business. He was a captain of the "Trained Bands," and is stated to have served in the French and Indian Wars.

His son, Major Abijah Draper, (1737-1780), who also resided at Green Lodge, and owned a large part of Blue Hill, was a prominent citizen of Dedham. In 1766 he was one of a committee of three chosen by the citizens of Dedham to erect in the courtyard a monument to William Pitt. This monument has since been replaced, and is called the "Pillar of Liberty." The inscription thereon is as follows:

To the Honor of WILLIAM PITT, Esq.,
and other Patriots,
Who saved America from impending slavery,
and confirmed our most loyal Affections to
King George III.,
by procuring the repeal of the Stamp Act,
18th March, 1766.
Erected here, July 22, 1766, by
Dr. Nathl. Ames, 2d, Col. Ebenr. Battle,
Major Abijah Draper, and other patriots,
friendly to the Rights of the Colonies
at that day.
Replaced by the Citizens, July 4, 1828.

Major Draper held every office in the militia up to that of Major, and served in the latter rank in the 1st Suffolk Regiment under General Washington. He was also present and active in harrying the British, on their retreat from Lexington and Concord. His cousin, Captain William Draper, was one of those who gave evidence in regard to the Battle of Lexington, in the examination made by order of the Provincial Congress.

In his testimony he said that "the regular troops fired before any of Captain Parker's Company fired."

My grandfather, Ira Draper, (1764-1848), comes next in line. He was present as a boy, with his father, during the retreat of the British above mentioned, and his recollections of that retreat were exceedingly interesting to me in my boyhood. His account of the manner in which the British flankers occasionally surprised our farmers, who had posted themselves behind trees or walls to get a good shot at the column in the road, was very thrilling. There are few men identified with the State of Massachusetts who have left a more brilliant record in the line of invention than he. A native of Dedham, he removed to Weston in 1808, and during his residence there he devoted himself to perfecting the power loom, and finally succeeded in inventing what he styled the "revolving temple" for weaving, which is still manufactured in Hopedale. His creative genius covered many inventions of great value, some of which are still in use. Among the more important are the following:

- 1, A threshing machine for horse power; 2, the endless track horse power (now in general use); 3, the hay and straw cutter (now in general use); 4, the road scraper (now used); 5, a rock lifting machine; 6, the potato planter; 7, special horse shoes for meadows (now used); 8, a horse power ditching machine to cut and clear drains and ditches; 9, false feloes for wheels to traverse meadows, etc.; 10, the revolving temple for keeping cloth extended in weaving. He also invented what are still in common use with carpenters, — brackets for shingling roofs. In a portrait, owned by James Sumner Draper, he is represented holding in his hand the "revolving temple."

As before stated, he removed from Green Lodge to Weston, Mass., where my father was born, and later to Saugus, where he died at the age of 83 years. He was largely interested in public affairs, and under the administration of John Quincy Adams was a prominent candidate for U. S. Commissioner of Patents. His inventions, though several of them later came into general use, were not a source of profit to him, pecuniarily speaking. On the contrary, the time and money devoted to

them reduced his patrimony so that when my father started in life at the early age of fifteen, he had only his own resources to depend upon.

Before further reference to my father or to my descent on my mother's side, I call attention to the remarkable fact that all the Drapers mentioned, from Thomas in England in 1600 down to myself in 1900, have been directly connected with the manufacture of cloth. It is also worthy of note that the loom has been abandoned for the sword, in time of need, by the then living representative of the family,— James Draper in the King Philip War, Captain James Draper in the French and Indian Wars, and Major Abijah Draper in the War of the Revolution. During the War of 1812-1814 this tradition was kept up by the enlistment of James Draper, my father's oldest brother, who brought into use several of his father's inventions and thereby acquired what was considered a fortune in those days. In 1840 he was a delegate to the national convention which nominated General Harrison for the presidency.

My mother was a Thwing, the name being very uncommon in this country and all who possess it being probably descended from Benjamin Thwing, who came from England in 1635 and settled in Boston, having a house and garden on Sudbury Street. His ancestry is traced with probable correctness to the Knights of Thwing, a village forty miles east of York in England. His descendants occupied reputable positions in life, his son Benjamin being a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company in 1678. Nathaniel Thwing was Captain and Major of the 8th Massachusetts Regiment in the campaign against Louisbourg, and later Lieutenant-colonel of Colonel Gridley's regiment at Crown Point. John Thwing, between 1730 and 1769, owned and used as a farm a large part of the ground now occupied by the village of Hopedale, where I reside. Another Nathaniel Thwing was a soldier in the Revolutionary war. Benjamin Thwing, my grandfather, was a school teacher in Uxbridge, noted in his profession. His house now stands in very good preservation.

I come now to my parents. George Draper, (1817-1887), my

father, was a man of very strong character and will be remembered to-day by all of the older generation in Massachusetts who had to do either with cotton manufacture or with public affairs. His years of schooling were brief, but he acquired at school and in later studies at home an excellent mathematical education, — better than that possessed by most college graduates. At the age of fifteen he left home to take a position in the weaving department of the cotton mills of North Uxbridge. There he boarded in the house of Benjamin Thwing and made the acquaintance of his daughter, Hannah Brown Thwing, my mother. At seventeen years of age he was made the superintendent of a small cotton mill at Walpole, Mass. Thence he went to Three Rivers, Mass., and took the position of overseer of weaving in what was then one of the largest fine cotton mills in the country.

In 1839, owing to the general depression in manufacturing, caused by a reduction of the tariff, the mill stopped, and he was thrown out of employment, as were a large number of the skilled operatives in New England. He looked vainly for work in some position worthy of his ability; used up his small savings; ran into debt several hundred dollars; and finally accepted a position as an operative in the Massachusetts Cotton Mills of Lowell, at the remuneration of five dollars a week. His experience at that time convinced him of the advantage to laboring men of a protective tariff, and he never forgot it.

With a change in the country's policy, manufacturing improved, and he became an overseer again. In 1843 he accepted a position as designer of the celebrated Edward Harris cassimeres at Woonsocket, R. I. In 1845 he was made superintendent of one of the mills of the Otis Company at Ware, Mass., and later he had charge of the entire corporation. In 1853 he removed from Ware to Hopedale, Mass., going into partnership with his brother, E. D. Draper, who was then manufacturing and selling the temples invented by their father, and which he (George) had improved. E. D. Draper was also president of the Hopedale Community, which my father joined, and which I shall refer to later. In 1855 the Hopedale Community came to

grief financially, and he joined his brother in paying its debts, which they accomplished within the next few years. From this time his business increased until it has become one of the great manufacturing industries of the State.

He was a man of large inventive capacity and possessed also the business faculty which enabled him to introduce into use his own inventions and those of others, which he controlled, at a profit not only to the community but to himself. The improvements introduced in spinning machinery under his auspices and the writer's have doubled its production and saved to this and foreign countries hundreds of millions of dollars in machinery, and tens of millions per annum in power, labor, and incidentals. He was a total abstainer, a Unitarian in religious belief, never used tobacco, and prior to the War he was a Garrisonian abolitionist. During the war he was an ardent Union man, and worked earnestly for the cause. He organized several companies of volunteers, paying their preliminary expenses and making personal gifts to each man. He was active in recruiting and a member of Governor Andrew's private Advisory Board. After the war he was a thorough and enthusiastic Republican, and an earnest believer in a protective tariff. He founded, and presided over until his death, the celebrated Home Market Club, which crystallizes and represents the protective sentiment of New England. He wrote much on political topics, both in pamphlets and newspaper articles, and no one could fail to understand what he meant, even if he did not agree with him. During the latter years of his life he travelled much, both at home and abroad, giving up to a large extent his business cares. He was active in the formation of the new town of Hopedale in 1886, and built and presented to that town its town hall. His was a strong individuality, and, though he consistently refused public position, he was always a power behind the throne in local and State affairs.

My mother seems to me to have been the very embodiment of New England common sense. Though her life was largely devoted to household duties and the rearing of her children, she was

thoroughly interested in public questions, and never satisfied until she had settled to her own satisfaction the right or wrong of anything that came up for consideration. Though my father was a positive man, she was equally sure in her own views, — one evidence of which was that though he became a member of the Hopedale Community, she persistently refused to join, on the ground that she did not believe all questions should be settled by a majority vote or that there should be no rewards for pre-eminent ability and services.

CHAPTER II

HOPEDALE

I WAS born in Lowell, Mass., the ninth day of April, 1842, my father at this time being an overseer of weaving for the Massachusetts Corporation in that city, and an occupant of one of the factory houses. My first recollection is of the firing of cannon, which I have since been told was during my father's residence in Woonsocket, R. I., the occasion for the firing, (which was close to the house occupied by him), being the release of Governor Dorr from prison. In Ware, Mass., at the age of seven, I began to attend the public schools, and made such progress that the fall after I was nine years of age I entered the High School. I suppose the qualifications for such entry were not as high as at the present day, but I immediately began the study of Latin and algebra, and before leaving Ware, at the age of eleven, I had made considerable progress in both mathematics and languages. There is nothing special to note in this part of my boyhood, except that as my father was superintendent of the large mills of the Otis Company, I had ample opportunity to visit these mills and to obtain a general idea of the processes of the manufacture of cotton goods, as then carried on.

In 1853 my father resigned his position with the Otis Company, and went into partnership with my uncle, Ebenezer D. Draper, in the business of making and selling the temples to which I have previously referred. My uncle had carried on this business for several years, having inherited it from his older brother, James Draper; and the mechanical work was done at the shop of the Hopedale Community at Hopedale, of which

Community Mr. Ebenezer D. Draper was president. The business was small, employing only a few men, but it indirectly furnished the financial backbone of the Hopedale Community, through the royalties that it yielded, though their amount would not seem large at the present day. In removing to Hopedale my father became a member of the Community, with whose ideas he was in sympathy, and so remained until its financial failure a few years later.

A little account of the Hopedale Community and its ideas will not be out of place, as my boyish experiences in connection therewith have affected my views on many important questions during the rest of my life.

During the year 1841 a company of men and women, who believed that the organization of society, as it was then and is now, was on a wrong basis, associated themselves together under the name of "Fraternal Community No. 1," at Mendon, Mass. The number of original members was thirty-two, among whom were my uncle and aunt, Ebenezer D. and Anna T. Draper. The founder and leader of the enterprise through all its subsequent vicissitudes was the Rev. Adin Ballou, at that time pastor of the First Church and Parish of the town of Mendon. He was a man of commanding presence, great intellectual ability, and a character above reproach. Count Tolstoi, in a recent interview, named him as the best writer that America has produced, and though that may be a partial estimate, I here state my belief that she has produced no better man. He is to me the highest embodiment of Christian character and unselfish devotion to duty, as he saw it, that I have ever come in contact with. In my brief account I shall quote from his history of the Hopedale Community such facts and statements as may seem pertinent, this being the only authority accessible, outside of my personal recollections.

The decade beginning with the year 1840, saw in the United States a large number of these efforts to establish a better order of things by voluntary co-operation. As Emerson wrote to Carlyle in the autumn of that year, "We are all a little wild here with numberless projects of social reform. Not a reading

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man but has a draft of a new community in his waistcoat pocket." Within a few years of that time no less than sixty of these communities were established in different parts of the country, and of the sixty not one now remains. Hopedale was one of the first to be organized, and one of the last to be finally abandoned. The believers in communistic theories now advocate their enforcement by governmental power, upon populations at least partially unwilling. If the voluntary associations failed, what may be expected of unselfishness maintained at the point of the bayonet?

Each member and proposed member of the Association was required to sign the following declaration:

"I believe in the religion of Jesus Christ, as he taught and exemplified it according to the Scriptures of the New Testament. I acknowledge myself a bounden subject of all its moral obligations. *Especially* do I hold myself bound by its holy requirements, never, under any pretext whatsoever, to kill, assault, beat, torture, enslave, rob, oppress, persecute, defraud, corrupt, slander, revile, injure, envy, or hate any human being, even my worst enemy; never in any manner to violate the dictates of pure chastity; never to take or administer an oath; never to manufacture, buy, sell, deal out, or use any intoxicating liquor *as a beverage*; never to serve in the army, navy, or militia of any nation, state, or chieftain; never to bring an action at law, hold office, vote, join a legal posse, petition a legislature, or ask governmental interposition, *in any case involving a final authorized resort to physical violence*; never to indulge self-will, bigotry, love of pre-eminence, covetousness, deceit, profanity, idleness, or an unruly tongue; never to participate in lotteries, games of chance, betting, or pernicious amusements; never to resent reproof nor justify myself in a known wrong; never to aid, abet, or approve others in anything sinful;—but through divine assistance, always to recommend and promote, with my entire influence, the holiness and happiness of all mankind."

Equality was established by the following section of the original constitution:

"SEC. 7. All members of every Community shall stand on a footing of personal equality, irrespective of sex, color, occupation, wealth, rank, or any other natural or adventitious peculiarity."

In June, 1841, the Community purchased the so-called Jones Farm, of 258 acres, in Milford, (now Hopedale), and their holdings were afterwards increased to about 600 acres. The first settlement was made in October, 1841, and community life began the following spring. At the start the joint stock subscribed was \$4,000, and the individual property of the entire body, including this \$4,000, was estimated by Mr. Ballou at \$10,000. The general plan adopted was that the Community should own the farms and shops as they should be established, — *the instruments of production*, — and that individuals might personally own their houses and furniture. An exception to this was that my uncle, E. D. Draper, retained the patent business inherited from his father and elder brother, as a personal asset. This was of great pecuniary advantage to the Community, as my uncle invested in their joint stock all or substantially all his business profits; but it was doubtless the occasion for jealousy, and may have had to do with the final breaking up of the organization. It is, however, fair to say that if this business had been put in as a general asset under the general control, the end would probably have come much sooner.

The Community undertook to furnish employment for all connected with it who were able to work, and at the beginning the uniform rate of wages for adults was fixed at fifty cents for each day of eight hours. The same price was paid for intellectual work as for manual labor. A question soon arose whether nursing mothers should be included, as well as women doing domestic work; and one member insisted that his wife, who was occupied in both directions, should receive sixteen hours' pay daily. A compromise was made on the basis of eight hours' daily pay for both classes, who should perform such domestic service as they were able.

At the close of 1842 the above general arrangement was found impracticable, and a provision was adopted by which members were to be paid according to the productiveness of their service, but not exceeding a dollar per day, or three hundred dollars per year. It was also provided that profits up



to four per cent. should be divided pro rata among the holders of the joint stock, but that any excess should be devoted to such religious, educational, or charitable purposes as the Community might determine. (I may say here that the excess never came, and that the four per cent. was frequently, if not generally, lacking.) These provisions were considered too individualistic by about a dozen members, who seceded, including the brother who insisted on double pay for nursing mothers.

At the close of 1844 the pendulum swung in the other direction, and the industries were assigned to bands, or sections, who should elect their monitors each fortnight and a director every two months. Each family and individual was to be provided with house-room, fuel, light, food, washing and mending, medical and nursing attendance, and conveyance by horse and carriage fifty miles each, per annum. Each adult operative was further to receive for clothing and pocket money twenty-five dollars per annum.

At the close of 1846 Mr. Ballou wrote: "A careful inspection of the reports of our managers revealed the fact that the actual production of their several departments was not what reasonably might have been expected, — was not in average proportion to the amount of time credited for labor."

In January, 1847, a by-law was enacted, again making changes in the organization and government of the Community industries. Under its provisions the operatives in each branch of business were constituted a co-operative association, having a voice in the control of affairs, and in the arrangement of details, subject to the supervision of a manager appointed by the executive council. This did not cure the troubles, as is shown by Mr. Ballou's comment at the close of the year. He said:

"We still had among our workmen and operatives too many persons both unaccustomed and indisposed to methodical habits of industry, and regularity of action in any direction, — too many undisciplined recruits in our industrial army, — persons unfitted by lack of sagacity and training, by their loose and heterogeneous ways, to render service satisfactorily in decently managed establishments anywhere in the world. They failed to observe proper hours, to care for their tools or

implements, to execute nice work, and, in general, to conform to the necessary conditions of success in their respective callings. The most salutary rules, the most wisely arranged plans, the most indispensable requirements, with such availed nothing."

Also,

"Financial resources were running low. More money was needed than could be easily obtained. Our expenditures exceeded our income. To meet the demands upon us we had to fall back upon one of our more fortunate members (Mr. E. D. Draper), who was engaged in business outside of Community jurisdiction, that yielded him a sufficient revenue to enable him to help us in every emergency, by additional subscriptions to our joint stock."

A complete reorganization seemed necessary, and was made by the adoption of a new constitution July 17, 1847. This preserved the original declaration as to principles, but placed the management of the Community property and industries in the hands of a board of trustees, annually chosen. They were to pay to holders of the joint stock four per cent. dividends (if made), and any excess was to be devoted to educational purposes. Mr. Ballou writes:

"The change was not simply desirable or expedient, but indispensable. . . . Without it we should have gone to pieces."

This change caused the secession of several members, including one who wrote a sarcastic letter, stating that the Community had ceased to be.

During the next two years matters moved more smoothly, but still not profitably in a pecuniary sense. Community managers were sometimes thought to require too much of their subordinates, or to be too domineering and ungracious toward them. The employment of outsiders, too, skilled in some of the work carried on, but not sympathizing with the objects of the Community, was a source of trouble. A resolution was passed in 1849 to the effect that no person outside of Community members, visiting friends, etc., should be employed, boarded or

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harbored, on the Community territory, for a longer time than one month, without a special vote.

In '48 and '49 a savings bank was established; also an Industrial Army, which embraced the able-bodied, and gave a certain amount of time to general improvements, — grading streets, building sidewalks, setting out shade trees, etc. An income tax of one and one-half per cent. was levied for educational purposes. The Hopedale collection of Hymns was also published, and I here quote one of Mr. Ballou's, which he has thought worthy of preservation in his history.

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O Lord, our scanty faith we mourn,
So languid, weak and dim;
We scarce perceive the heavenly bourn,
And faint in every limb.

Far down thy holy mountain side,
With Alps on Alps above,
Vast distances our tents divide
From thy bright throne of love.

How can we climb those rugged heights
And gain those sinless skies,
Till grace our dormant will excites
To grasp th' immortal prize.

Rend off, O Lord, this sensual shroud
That binds the torpid soul;
By faith eternal things uncloud
And speed us to our goal.

Then shall our darkness turn to light,
Our rough ascent grow smooth,
And tottering weakness clothed with might
At length triumphant prove.

A new board was established, called "The Council," which was to examine all applicants for membership and probation,

and approve or disapprove them; also to "maintain a scrupulous watchfulness over the morals and manners of the entire population, to apply proper restraints and correctives to existing wrongs and misdemeanors; to hear and pass judgment upon charges of ill conduct of any sort; to arbitrate in cases of controversy or serious disagreement; and in a general way, to exercise fraternal supervision and authority in all matters pertaining to the moral and religious welfare" of the Community. Mr. Ballou writes that this Board proved to be an efficient and most helpful arm of the public service. I can remember that it was regarded with fear and trembling by the juvenile residents of Hopedale.

In 1851, as dividends on the joint stock had not been earned, a resolution was adopted by which they were scaled fifty per cent., and eight per cent. of the *wages* of the past year was assessed to pay the remainder. Further, it was provided that ten per cent. of the wages to be paid in future should be retained till the close of each year, to make up the four per cent. dividend on the stock if it should be required, — otherwise it should be divided among the wage earners. In the same year the Community made itself an insurance company, to protect members and probationers against loss or damage by fire and other casualties. A commercial exchange was also founded, to act as an agent for the distribution and sale of the products of industry, and for the supply of material entering into them, "together with the multiform necessities of human consumption." It was also voted that any member should have the privilege of setting up and carrying on any industry or handicraft pleasing to him, and that work might be done under Community auspices by the piece or the quantity, — thus, as Mr. Ballou says, "developing in all craftsmen and employees whatever latent capabilities they might possess, and a deeper sense of personal accountability." This was a long step toward individualism, at least as far as employees were concerned, but the Community still retained the control of the business done, — through its trustees, who were elected annually by vote, regardless of ownership in the joint stock.

The result was favorable. In 1851 the Community for the first time earned the interest on its joint stock capital, and a small surplus besides. "Hope had changed to glad fruition, faith to sight, and prayer to praise." The annual report gives the "plan of jobbing, or piecing out, the work," credit for being one of the greatest causes of the gain. With the rendering of this report and an impressive valedictory address, Mr. Ballou resigned his position as president and was succeeded by Ebenezer D. Draper.

In 1852, '53, and '54 matters went fairly well, the regular dividends on the joint stock being, if not quite, very nearly earned, — as the accounts were kept. A Free Love episode took place in 1853, in which certain members avowed their belief in the so-called "new" philosophy touching personal liberty, sexual relations, and the conjugal bond. Their views were voted down, as "specious and subtle licentiousness," and the parties withdrew to a community on Long Island, called Modern Times, where what was then called individual sovereignty, or what is now called anarchy, was the fundamental doctrine. I am glad to say that this community held together but a short time. In 1854 the Hopedale Home School, an excellent institution giving an academic training, which I afterwards attended, was established.

My father, George Draper, moved to Hopedale in 1853, becoming a partner of his brother, E. D. Draper. He was fully in sympathy with the principles of the Community, but he was a clear-headed business man, — clearer-headed than his brother even, though E. D. Draper was an able man.

The financial make-up of 1855 was a bad one, showing no dividend for the joint stock and a small deficit even beyond that, — but this was not all. No depreciation had been made on buildings and machinery, not only this year but for a long time previous, if ever; and in one department property was carried as existing which had been appropriated by the manager, who was guilty of a breach of trust. The impairment of capital was substantial, wiping out a large percentage of the joint stock, if, in fact, it was not sufficient, (as my father feared), to make a

settlement in insolvency probable, — in which case the individual property of the joint stockholders would have been legally held for the general debt. As an instance of the over-valuation of machinery, my attention has since been called to the case of a second-hand planer, bought for \$125, — the value of a similar *new* one being about twice that sum. The old planer came to repairs, and instead of depreciating its value, the cost of repairs as made from time to time, was added thereto, until when it had reached the real value of old iron the book valuation was greater than the cost of a new machine. Such bookkeeping is not confined to Community accountants, but where it exists the failure of the concern to meet its obligations is only a question of time.

My father, after learning the true state of affairs, insisted either on a sale of the property to pay the debts or a withdrawal of his interest, under the terms of the agreement; and after consideration and careful examination, his brother joined him, and liquidation became necessary as the two brothers owned three-quarters of the joint stock. They took the bulk of the public property and cancelled all the liabilities of the Community, including the face value of the stock not held by them, — thus suffering the entire pecuniary loss, while the others interested participated in the disappointment caused by the failure of the enterprise. There was much hard feeling toward them on the part of some members, who would have been glad to have had them take the risk of bankruptcy in keeping on. Mr. Ballou did not sympathize with this feeling, though the Drapers' decision caused him the keenest disappointment. He writes:

“ Neither of them ever sought to enrich himself at the Community's expense, or took advantage of its necessities, or shirked his share of its burdens, or tried to absolve himself from any of its obligations. On the contrary, both helped it in many a time of need, by augmenting its capital, by enhancing its credit, by co-operating cheerfully with their brethren in maintaining its honor, and not infrequently, (especially in the case of the elder), by making it important and gratefully received donations.”

At the time of the wind-up the Community was carrying on sixteen branches of business, with a payroll of \$18,000 per annum for all. Almost all these branches had been continuously unprofitable, being sustained by the one or two that were more successful; and after the change substantially all were closed out, except the machine business, which was profitably continued, in connection with the patent business of the Messrs. Draper, and under their management.

The Community continued, as a moral reform organization, maintaining its membership largely, till the war, which brought too great a strain on the peace principles of a large part of its members, and it finally went out of existence in 1873, when its trustees conveyed to the trustees of the Hopedale Parish all right, title and interest, in "the Community square, the meeting house standing thereon, and the Hopedale Cemetery."

In reviewing its history Mr. Ballou says:

"The membership of the Community during its entire existence was composed of men and women belonging to the more substantial, self-respecting middle class of American society, — the rank and file of the American people. It included, first and last, six or eight ordained ministers of the Gospel, two experienced and skilful physicians, several well-equipped and competent teachers in the various branches of useful knowledge, writers for religious and reformatory journals, platform speakers, conference room exhorters, together with numerous farmers, gardeners, carpenters, machinists and a goodly number of other handicraftsmen, — a plain, common sense, intelligent, high-minded population. . . . Not a dollar was expended by us for intoxicating liquor, for enervating pleasure, or pernicious amusement. Bad habits, always more or less costly, were under proscription, and for the most part absolutely prohibited. Even tobacco, when previously used, was laid aside by those entering our membership, one person only continuing the indulgence, and that after repeated ineffectual attempts to overcome the appetite. We spent nothing on military trappings or displays; nothing on spectacular and boisterous demonstrations of any sort; nothing on political manœuvring or masquerade; nothing on police supervision or litigation — no occasion for the former ever existing, and all differences or controversies among ourselves or with our neighbors being settled by amicable conference or

peaceful arbitration. As to constables, sheriffs, criminal prosecutions, or court proceedings, outside of simple probate concerns, we had no use for them."

The cause of the failure he ascribes to the fact that "the experiment was born out of due time, it being scores and perhaps hundreds of years ahead of the age in which it was put on trial." He says further:

"No Community can be a success except its membership consist of persons the like of which the world even now possesses very few. . . . I sincerely believe that if we had gathered our numbers from the rank and file of any church, philanthropic organization, moral reform society, or philosophical club in or out of Christendom, organized them, and put them to the work of social reconstruction under circumstances like those amid which we were placed at Hopedale, we should have met with a no less disastrous defeat than we encountered, and very likely at an earlier date. The religion, ethics, philanthropy, culture, of general society, or of any particular class of reformers or moralists, impose too little self-discipline, self-denial, self-restraint, upon individuals and families to fit them for a voluntary, close intimacy, and union of the manifold secular interests and business activities of life."

He also refers feelingly to a letter from Dr. William Ellery Channing, written him in the early days of the movement, quoting from the letter the following words:

"I have for a very long time dreamed of an association in which the members, instead of preying on each other, and seeking to put one another down after the fashion of this world, should live together as brothers, seeking one another's elevation and spiritual growth. *But the materials for such a community I have not seen.*"

In this connection a quotation from the Bradford Manuscript regarding the departure in 1623 from the co-operative production first established by the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, seems pertinent. It seems that even with these conscientious men, who were suffering the privations, and braving the dangers of

the wilderness, for their religious faith, the fear of starvation was not enough to ensure on the communistic plan sufficient production of the first necessity of life, — food. I quote from Pages 162-4 of the Bradford History :

“ All this while no supply was heard of, neither knew they when they might expecte any. So they begane to thinke how they might raise as much corne as they could, and obtain a beter croke then they had done, that they might not still thus languish in miserie. At length, after much debate of things, the Govr (with ye advise of ye cheefest amongst them), gave way that they should set corne every man for his owne perticuler, and in that regard trust to themselves; in all other things to goe on in ye generall way as before. And so assigned to every family a parcell of land, according to the proportion of their number for that end, only for present use (but made no devisiion for inheritance), and ranged all boys & youth under some familie. This had very good success; for it made all hands very industrious, so as much more corne was planted then other wise would have bene by any means ye Govr or any other could use, and saved him a great deall of trouble, and gave farr better contente. The women now wente willingly into ye feild, and tooke their litle-ons with them to set corne, which before would aledg weaknes and inabilitie; whom to have compelled would have bene thought great tiranie and oppression.

“ The experience that was had in this comone course and condition, tried sundrie years, and that amongst godly and sober men, may well evince the vanitie of that conceite of Platos & other ancients, applauded by some of later times; — that ye taking away of propertie, and bringing in comunitie into a comone wealth, would make them happy and florishing; as if they were wiser than God. For this comunitie (so farr as it was) was found to breed much confusion & discontent, and retard much employemet that would have been to their benefite and comfote. For ye yong-men that were most able and fitte for labour & service did repine that they should spend their time & strenght to worke for other mens wives and children, with out any recompense. The strong, or man of parts, had no more in devisiion of victails & cloaths, then he that was weake and not able to doe a quarter ye other could; this was thought injustice. The aged and graver men to be ranked and equalised in labours, and victails, cloaths, &c., with ye meaner and yonger sorte, thought it some indignite & disrespect unto them. And for mens wives to be commanded to doe

servise for other men, as dresing their meate, washing their cloaths, &c, they deemd it a kind of slaverie, neither could many husbands well brooke it. Upon ye poynte all being to have alike, and all to doe alike, they thought themselves in ye like condition, and one as good as another; and so, if it did not cut of those relations that God hath set amongst men, yet it did at least much diminish and take of ye mutuall respects that should be preserved amongst them. And would have bene worse if they had been men of another condition. Let none objecte this is men's corruption, and nothing to ye course it selfe. I answer, seeing all men have this corruption in them, God in his wisdome saw another course fiter for them."

I have diverged from my personal story to tell this story of Hopedale, because, as before said, of the influence of this community life on my views and character, and also because the subjects of communism and socialism are exceedingly interesting to-day, and all such experiments as that made at Hopedale are most valuable for present study. The propositions tested on a small scale at Hopedale are among those now considered by many thinkers, who believe that society will be organized on a socialistic basis in the near future, — by the force of a majority vote, and against the will of the minority. Some of these thinkers would doubtless use force, beyond the vote, for the accomplishment of this result; in which they differ from Mr. Ballou, who says in his history:

"I never attempted or desired to dictate, coerce, over-rule or over-persuade any one, even to save the Community from dissolution. I never could respect, or love, or have confidence in any social experiment that was not undertaken by intelligent, free-minded, willing-hearted men and women, — persons sincerely and reverently obedient to divine moral principles, and not blindly subservient to mere human authority of any sort whatever. Much as I desire and pray for a true Community, I want none for the sake of merely temporal and worldly advantage, and none in which the individual member loses his identity in the general mass, and is made less a man or woman by socialistic organization or polity."

In any view, whether one believes that successful socialistic organization to-day is impossible or that it simply needs to be

established on a proper basis to be made successful, a study of the experiences at Hopedale will be found interesting and valuable.

My father was undoubtedly responsible for the breaking up of the Community as an industrial institution, while it was still able to pay its debts. His views, as expressed to me, were substantially these, — that he was willing to give his best work for the public good and to receive no more for the expense of living than those who produced less, — in other words, “to give according to his ability, and to receive according to his needs.” He was, however, unwilling to participate in and be responsible for business that was badly managed because the poor manager was more popular than the able man, or to have business questions decided by a majority vote of people who had not the capacity to understand them. This view might seem to count against republican institutions in government, and to some extent it certainly does. The able despot, working intelligently for the public good, however, is infrequently found, and is pretty certain not to be found in a royal line, while in the competition of individual business the ablest managers come to the front by natural selection. If the man or men best fitted to manage governmental affairs could be found and placed in authority, as infallibly as the best fitted men are selected for management in large private affairs, there is little doubt that the governmental affairs would be conducted immeasurably better than they now are. This being impracticable, a republic seems the best government attainable by an intelligent people, but the town meeting principle in business affairs would, in my judgment, produce results vastly inferior to those attained under individual management.

Into this village and community of Hopedale I came with my father's family, as a boy of eleven. The change from the ordinary village life to which I was accustomed was marked enough to give me impressions which I remember clearly. The children were under certain community regulations, outside of the usual

parental control, among which I remember especially the designation of certain hours for play, and the restriction of amusement to those hours, anywhere outside the domicile of the child's parents. Going to the neighboring town of Milford was discouraged, except in case of emergency, and when we did go we were glad to get back, as the boys there did not sympathize with the Community, and greeted us with opprobrious epithets, if nothing worse. We were sometimes assailed, and if the number were not too great on the other side the Hopedale boys were inclined to depart from the non-resistance principles of their fathers.

In my first year I attended the Community school, — ungraded, — of which Miss Abbie Ballou, (later Mrs. Heywood), was the teacher, and a most excellent one. After this, it being one of the tenets of the Community that boys should be taught to work, I spent three years in manual labor between April 1st and Thanksgiving Day, and attended school only during the winter terms. Two years I was employed by the "garden" branch, in raising vegetables for the Milford market, being expected to hoe my row with the men employed and succeeding fairly well. The year that I was fourteen I went into the machine shop, then under the charge of my uncle, Mr. J. B. Bancroft, and he gave me as good a chance as he could to learn the use of tools, consistent with my doing a fair amount of work. I remember surprising him by doing in a day a certain job which had usually occupied a man of slower motions and less interest an entire week. My performance was later taken as a standard of what ought to be accomplished in a given time.

After leaving the shop I attended the Home School above mentioned a little more than a year, and concluded my schooling just before I was sixteen years old. At this time I was supposed to be fitted to enter Harvard College, and I was further advanced in mathematics and languages, to which I had given special attention. My father thought I was too young to enter college at this time, and he also believed in the gospel of work; so, after a month or two spent in Worcester in the study of

mechanical drawing, I was sent to a cotton mill in North Uxbridge, (the same one where my father first worked), with a double object, — to learn as much of the cotton manufacture as I could while doing an operative's work and to keep me employed.

Before continuing I will relate a few personal recollections of the Community régime, which continued in force nearly up to this time. A lyceum was held every Tuesday evening, in which the boys were all interested, and in which, later, some of us took a part. Here were discussed the details of living, as well as general subjects. The question of vegetarianism, as against the use of animal food, was discussed at great length, and the boys were all with the advocates of *meat*. One orator stated that not only should animal food be dispensed with by the truly refined, but that the use of vegetables should be determined by the distance from the ground at which the ripened product was gathered. Potatoes and turnips were of the earth, earthy; cucumbers and squashes were not much better; and he recommended the use of grains which grew several feet from the ground, adding that no doubt as the human race progressed, it would subsist entirely upon fruit. The meat-eating advocate responded, amid the applause of the boys, that nuts, growing still higher, would be a proper food for the gentleman who had last spoken, but he had learned on inquiry that he was one of the greatest meat-eaters in the village. This conviction of inconsistency floored him.

Discussions also covered the use of tea and coffee, and of eggs, which are animal in origin, and some even objected to milk, on the same ground. Dress and the private relations of life were also discussed to our delectation, and there was an evident desire on the part of leading members to regulate living down to the minutest detail. In an annual report of my uncle, as president of the Community, in 1855, he said:

“ I think the meetings held of late to discuss matters relating to expenditures and modes of living . . . have been and will be productive of much good. When we can come together and talk plainly

concerning what we shall eat, drink and wear, — talk of economizing in a way that shall be understood by those at fault, — and all preserve a loving disposition and maintain a proper self-control, I think it speaks much for our good.”

The Sunday meetings were unusual, and sometimes very interesting. There were, I think, five regular preachers, taking turns; and the pulpit was also frequently occupied by eminent men from abroad, including unordained reformers. Among them I distinctly remember William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Stephen S. Foster, Henry C. Wright, and Prof. William Denton. I have been told that Anna Dickinson made her first speech in public in the Hopedale pulpit. After the address, whether from home or outside talent, any listener was allowed to speak or ask questions, and meetings often lasted several hours.

I remember a case in which my father took part. An advocate of Free Love had the pulpit, and delivered an address. My father questioned him, and made an opposing argument, and a vote was taken in which he, (my father), was nearly unanimously sustained. About a month later the same man came again with a similar sermon. My father rose and said we were told to “prove all things and hold fast that which is good,” but that if the task of proving the same thing to the same man was to be repeated every month, the labor would become monotonous and little progress would be made. He finished by saying that he thought some foundation principles should be considered as settled, long enough to remember what they were, — and once more he was rewarded by a unanimous assent, and the free lover never appeared there again.

Another incident of another kind, that my mother told me, may be interesting. When we moved to Hopedale, among our household goods were some old-fashioned stuffed parlor chairs, covered with horsehair, such as were in most New England parlors half a century ago. A short time after our arrival my mother received a call from a committee, who lectured her for having such extravagant furniture, when there were so many

poor people in the world. Wooden bottomed chairs were pronounced good enough, and I agree that they are more comfortable than the kind criticized. My mother replied that the extravagance of buying them was committed before coming to Hopedale, and the occasion passed with a warning to do so no more. A few years later, after the financial change in the organization, my mother, calling upon one of the former committee, found some modern upholstered chairs and asked why "such extravagant furniture was in use when there were so many poor people in the world." The reply was, "Mrs. Draper, I have changed my mind." It may be fair to say that the party's circumstances had also changed.

My aunt, the wife of the president of the Community, made the mistake of buying an easy chair, which caused a great excitement, until it was agreed that it should be used as a sick chair and sent from house to house for use by invalids, in case of illness, — and that when not so needed, my aunt should be its custodian.

One excellent institution was a Christmas Festival, which was then a much less common observance than it is now. There were addresses by some of the clergy, songs by the musical, pieces spoken by the children, and short plays by the young people, — all being crowned by a Christmas Tree. Those who desired to give presents to members of their families or others brought them to the tree for distribution, and a committee, of whom my mother was one, saw that no man, woman or child of the village went without some remembrance. To those not otherwise provided a handkerchief was given, and at my first Christmas a handkerchief was all that I received. Stocking hanging at home was replaced by the tree, and I remember feeling that communism was a disadvantage as far as I was concerned; especially since most of the other children, and even my younger sisters, had little presents on the tree from their parents. The next year I determined to make a better showing, so I bought a pocket book with some of my farm wages, hung it on the tree for myself, — and received the pocket book *and* a handkerchief. After this my recollection on this point

is not clear. I was either better treated or had less feeling about it.

One more anecdote, and I will pass on. In the fifties there was a movement for the reform of women's dress, which consisted in the adoption of a costume designed and first worn by Mrs. Amelia Bloomer. Corsets were abandoned, skirts were shortened to the knee, and supported from the shoulder, while trousers similar to those worn by men, (if I remember aright), completed the costume. As Hopedale was in the front rank in the adoption of real or alleged reforms, several of the ladies temporarily adopted this dress and were regarded as great curiosities when they went outside the "Dale." My mother's mother paid us a visit before she had seen or heard of this innovation, and one day in looking out of the window she saw a dress reformer coming down the street. She called my mother, and pointing to the apparition, said, "Hannah, what is that?" My mother replied, "That is what we call a Bloomer." "Is that all?" said my good grandmother; "I thought it might be the Devil."

CHAPTER III

LEARNING A TRADE

IN the spring of 1858, when I was sixteen years old and well developed physically for my years, my father arranged for my employment in North Uxbridge, in one of the cotton mills of P. Whitin & Sons. As I have before stated, I knew what the processes of the cotton manufacture were from observation in the mills where my father had been superintendent. I had also studied mechanical drawing and worked in the Hopedale machine shop the greater part of a year, the work produced there being parts of machinery used in the manufacture of cotton cloth. The arrangement made for me was that I should do the work of a regular operative and be changed from machine to machine as fast as I had become sufficiently proficient and vacancies existed. Owing to this latter provision my pay for a year was kept at the price paid for the lowest priced work assigned me,—two dollars and a half for a week of seventy-eight hours.

To show exactly what factory hours were at that time, I will explain that my work began in summer at quarter of five in the morning, and ended at seven at night, twenty-five minutes being allowed for breakfast and thirty-five for dinner, and supper being eaten after work was finished. In the winter we commenced at a quarter past five in the morning, and worked till half past seven at night, making the same number of hours. Saturdays we finished an hour and a half earlier, and possibly a little more time was gained if we were lively in cleaning the machinery, which was stopped for that purpose in some departments a part of the Saturday afternoons.

I boarded with my uncle, Mr. William Knight, in the house

built by my great-grandfather, Benjamin Thwing, in 1776, which was situated perhaps an eighth of a mile from the mill. The house now stands, in good preservation, and is occupied by relatives of mine. I paid for my board two dollars and a quarter per week, washing included, and hence had twenty-five cents a week left for other purposes. It is fair to say, however, that my father supplemented my wages to a moderate extent, — in fact, he provided everything that seemed to me necessary at that time, — though my wants were certainly more limited than those of young men now-a-days, as shown by my cash account, to which I shall refer later.

For a year I worked in the carding department of this mill, learning to run each kind of machine, and actually running each for weeks or months, as the case might be. The last two or three months I was employed as a “fixer,” under the supervision of the overseer, Mr. Robie, who taught me how to adjust the machines when out of order. I then went into the weaving department and learned to weave, and for several months I ran a set of four looms, making yard wide sheetings. Premiums were paid for a certain large production, and on one occasion I took it, so I must have been reasonably expert. As a weaver at that time, I could earn on four looms about four dollars and eighty cents a week. Most weavers ran this number, but some *men* attended five, making a dollar a day of thirteen hours.

North Uxbridge is only seven miles from Hopedale, and while employed there I frequently walked home and back, so as to spend Sunday with my parents. Sometimes I rode one way, or even both, but this was counted a luxury.

In the fall of 1859 a new cotton mill was started at Wauregan, Conn., which was supposed to be equipped with the latest machinery, in the best possible manner then known. My father, well acquainted with the agent, Mr. Atwood, thought this would give me an excellent opportunity to learn, and arranged with him to employ me at the rate of four dollars per week, to help start the mill, — machine by machine. I secured board with the overseer of spinning, Mr. Barrett, and entered upon my work with great interest. The hours of labor were less

here, being seventy-two per week instead of seventy-eight. Still there was very little time left for anything but eating and sleep, except on Sundays, and very little temptation in a small village to go out evenings, even if I had had the time. I therefore read evenings or discussed the problems of manufacturing with Mr. Barrett, who was a very intelligent man. Being of a mechanical turn of mind, and having had some experience, I was able to do my work satisfactorily, and when the mill was started I remained a few months, in charge of a section of looms. The practical knowledge acquired here has proved of the greatest value to me since, in improving the arts of spinning and weaving; and to-day, when a practical problem arises, this experience stands out clearer in my mind than that acquired later through instructing others to make experiments and noting their reports. When I left Wauregan Mr. Atwood expressed the opinion that I had sufficient practical knowledge for an overseer of either carding, spinning, or weaving; and I believe I then understood fairly well the underlying principles of these arts, and the machinery employed in them.

In April, 1860, my father thought I had earned a vacation, and took me with him to New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, — my first visit to any of these cities. The trip occupied about a fortnight, and we visited various points of interest daytimes, and went to the theatre evenings. I enjoyed this outing as only a boy could who had never before had one; and I verily believe that I saw more of these places, from the sightseer's standpoint, during that trip, than in all my visits since, added together.

After returning home my programme was changed, as it was thought best to supplement my practical knowledge of machinery by some acquaintance with the theories of its construction. Accordingly I was sent to the Saco Water Power Co., at Biddeford, Maine, (where the machinery and mill plans made were considered of the best), to spend a year in its drafting room, without salary, doing such work as was assigned to me and learning all I could. Mr. Eustis P. Morgan, one of the most skilful engineers in the country, had charge of the designs for machinery;

and Mr. James H. McMullan, also a very competent man, and later agent of the company, made the plans for the arrangement of the machinery in mills. Under these able instructors I was employed in practical work as a draughtsman, and acquired a considerable knowledge of planning and building machinery, in addition to the knowledge of operating it, which I possessed already. Though I received no salary I was at liberty to do work for outside parties who desired to have drawing or designing done, and I supplemented my father's allowance in this way.

Since this brings me to a consideration of pecuniary matters, I will say that I have recently found my cash book for 1859-60, used later as a sketch book by one of my boys. This book is kept to the cent, and properly balanced. From it I find that in the year 1860 my expenditures were \$403.12, and that I summarized them at the end of the year as follows :

Board	\$154.83
Clothes	92.12
Traveling	108.46
Amusements	37.79
Sundries	9.92
	<hr/>
Total	\$403.12

Traveling seems a large item in proportion to the rest, but it included my trip to New York and Washington, to which I have referred.

I have also summarized during this writing, the expenditures of the year 1859, when I was at Uxbridge and Wauregan, with the following result :

Board	\$121.46
Clothes	22.43
Traveling	45.90
Donations	4.30
Tools	12.00
Sundries	42.10
	<hr/>
Total	\$248.19

Prices for most commodities, outside of board, were higher than now, and I had, or thought I had, all that was necessary, and as much as other young men with whom I associated. The low figures, therefore, probably indicate the moderate expenditures of those days, rather than any special economy on my part.

The year 1860 was the year of the presidential campaign which resulted in the election of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States. I was very much interested in the campaign, and attended all the meetings within range. My father having been an abolitionist, I inherited his hatred for the "peculiar institution," and was naturally an ardent Republican. I should have said earlier that, with my father, I was one of the crowd in Boston at the time of the Anthony Burns riot, and though not a participant I was yet an active sympathizer with the rioters. When the Wide-awakes were organized in Maine I was an early recruit, and marched a great many miles, — hundreds, I think, — in processions in which my special company took part. We had officers who knew something of military drill, and I practised it with the belief that I should afterwards find it valuable, and so it proved. I also joined a fire company and "ran with the machine," — this also from political motives, as there were Democratic and Republican fire companies in the city of Biddeford, where political feeling at that time ran high, — higher, I believe, than I have ever seen it since, and higher than it ran even then in our staid Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Republicans traded at Republican stores, and Democrats with members of their own party, while all the Protestant Democrats of the city worshipped in one church, the others being unanimously Republican, or nearly so. The clergyman, even of this church, was a Republican, and we young fellows used to taunt our friends of the other side with the statement that it was impossible for them to find a minister of their political faith.

In the spring of 1861, leaving Biddeford, I engaged myself with the Everett Mills at Lawrence, Mass., to start a lot of new looms built for so-called fancy weaving. About a month after

this change Fort Sumter was fired on, and the entire North was ablaze. Two companies of the Sixth Massachusetts, which furnished the first martyrs of the rebellion, in its march through Baltimore, were located in Lawrence. I had never served in the militia, but had acquaintances in these companies, and wrote my father, asking his permission to join one, in the expectation, (which was realized within a few days), that they would be called out for active service. The reply was a telegram to come home immediately, and I went, losing a chance of immediate military service, — as I had determined to enlist.

When I reached home my good father reasoned with me in this wise: That there was no lack of men for the service needed, as those ready to volunteer exceeded the number called for several times over, and that my life career would be much more interfered with, if I enlisted, than that of the average man; — that my education was unfinished, and that I probably would never finish it as he had planned, if I became a soldier; and finally, that if the time came when men were really needed, he would bid me Godspeed, and perhaps go with me himself. I accepted his view reluctantly, but at his further suggestion I went home and reviewed my studies, with the expectation of entering Harvard in the fall, as I was then nineteen, and old enough, in his view, to commence my college course.

During the spring and summer, therefore, I remained in Hopedale, not only looking over my text books but studying military tactics, — learning the manual of arms, and learning it well, from an old soldier who happened to be in the village; and practising in firing at a mark, with others similarly ambitious.

After our reverse at Bull Run my father gave his consent to my enlistment, and set about raising a company in our town of Milford and vicinity and selecting suitable men among them to serve as officers, so that I might go under favorable auspices. He had already been active in recruiting, and was in close relations with our distinguished war governor, John A. Andrew, who was a personal friend. With him he was in close contact all through the war, as a member of what the governor called his private Advisory Board.

CHAPTER IV

WAR. THE TWENTY-FIFTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT

I PREFACE the account of my military service with the brief general statement that I intend to make it personal. Comments on military operations in which I was engaged, there may be, and criticisms of methods and perhaps of men, but I am not attempting to write a history of the war. Certain side lights of more or less value to the historian may be thrown by the recollections and minutes of a subordinate officer who saw as many campaigns as I did, but he can write of the plans of those above him only as any other man can who has access to official reports. I shall make little reference to these reports in my writing, as they are often lacking, or even erroneous, in detail, and independent narratives like mine may serve to explain or correct them, on minor points.

All the preliminary arrangements having been made for raising a company of volunteers in Milford, headquarters for enlistment were opened on the 5th of September, 1861, at the town hall, and mine was one of the first signatures on the roll. Enlistments came rapidly and included some of the best young men of our town and its neighbors, — Mendon, Upton, and Hopkinton. Substantially all were of American birth, but we had a little sprinkling of the sons of the Emerald Isle, whose courage in fight, and jokes in camp or on the march, were never lacking. Most of the men were mechanics, though some had been clerks and farmers, and others, like myself, enrolled themselves as students.

Every day we drilled under the direction of Willard Clark and William Emery, who had had experience in the militia and

were selected for the position of captain and first lieutenant by my father, if the company should ratify his choice by vote. By the 18th the company was full, having 101 men, as I remember, and an election was held for the choice of officers. Willard Clark, before mentioned, was chosen captain; William Emery, first lieutenant; and I, second lieutenant, receiving a number of votes for the next higher position, which my father felt that I ought not to accept, even if it came to me.

This system of providing officers would not be desirable under ordinary conditions, but it seemed to be the only way practicable, when the large number of men enlisting, and the small number of men who had had any military experience, was considered. After the first elections vacancies were filled by appointment by the governor, made on the recommendation of the regimental commander. A year later, in Massachusetts at least, the governor appointed all the officers above the grade of second lieutenant, when new regiments were formed. There was then more experienced material to select from, and it had been discovered that the most popular officers were not necessarily the best.

This is perhaps a good place to put in a part of a letter from my dear relative, James Sumner Draper, which I wish to quote as showing the views of many men who up to the time of the war had embraced both anti-slavery and peace principles. My cousin was the son of my father's elder brother, James Draper, and had sympathized up to this time with the views held by the Hopedale Community. Two of his own sons joined the Union Army later, and one of them, Captain (now Doctor) Frank W. Draper, of Boston, rendered distinguished service.

“WAYLAND, 3rd August, 1861.

“*Cousin William:*

“Yesterday I had the pleasure of a brief interview with your father. I have said ‘the pleasure,’ but it was much more than that, for several reasons.

“In the first place, the fact of his earnestness in the cause of imperilled Freedom, and the course he has and is taking, so commend themselves to my own sympathies, and so coincide with my own sense

of duty, that our unexpected meeting was attended with a high satisfaction as well as pleasure.

“In the second place, the information he gave me of your determination to *resist*, in *person*, the aggressive movements of demonized men, and to sustain the cause of Justice, Freedom, and Humanity in our land by the only human power that seems of avail in the emergency, — *this* added much to my gratification.

“Much as I regret that armed resistance is necessary, not only because that, in itself, there is so much appalling and dreadful, but *more* because it indicates on the great dial plate of civilization the low degree that we, as a Nation, have attained, — with all our boasted privileges, — yet I am compelled by that common sense which *practically* takes the lead of all mere theories, to give my warmest sympathies to those who are willing to stand ‘in the imminent deadly breach,’ and with true heroism make good all their *patriotic protestations*.”

After the election of officers we were sworn in to the United States service, and spent a week more at home in drilling and in marching to the neighboring towns, to practise our legs. On the 25th, orders having been received, we went to Worcester and camped on the Agricultural grounds with a number of other companies which formed the nucleus of the 25th Massachusetts Regiment. This regiment was one of the most famous that Massachusetts sent out, made so not only by its general gallant conduct, but by its phenomenal charge at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864, in which, according to Fox, it sustained the fourth heaviest regimental loss in killed and wounded of the entire war, — or seventy per cent. of the men engaged. In the proportion of number *killed or mortally wounded* in a single engagement, it stands second only to the 1st Minnesota at Gettysburg.

Nine companies of the regiment were raised in Worcester County, and one, (Captain Cornelius G. Atwood’s company), largely in Boston. The men were the representative young men of the county, and, as I have said of Company B, mostly of American birth. We had one company of Irishmen, or men of Irish descent, commanded by Captain Tom O’Neil, who fell at Cold Harbor; and a German company, commanded by

Captain Louis Wageley. In the latter company were several excellent singers, whose melodious voices, chanting in the evenings, furnished one of the pleasant features of our early campaigning.

We remained at Worcester a little more than a month, being organized, armed, equipped, and drilled. Our company was given the regimental colors, and our line officers made third in rank, the regiment consisting of ten companies. Edwin Upton, of Fitchburg, who had had a long experience in the militia, was commissioned as our colonel, and Lieutenant-colonel Sprague and several of the captains had had three months' experience in the field. Colonel Sprague and Captain Pickett, our senior captain, became later brigadier-generals by brevet. We were armed with Enfield rifles, and splendidly equipped, being furnished even with a regimental band, which was one of the luxuries cut off after a year or so of service.

The order for our reporting to Worcester, together with Regimental Orders No. 1, appear below.

“ Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

“ HEADQUARTERS, BOSTON, Sept. 25, 1861.

“ Special Order }
No. 478. }

“ Colonel Edwin Upton, authorized by Special Order No. 439, to raise a Regiment of Volunteers for the service of the United States, will direct the following named persons, reported by him as ready with recruits, to proceed forthwith to the camp in Worcester, and report to the officer in command.

Josiah Pickett,	J. Waldo Denny,
Orson Moulton,	Willard Clark,
Thomas O'Neil,	Alfred H. Foster,
Charles H. Foss,	Louis Wageley.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief,

WILLIAM SCHOULER, *Adjutant-General.*”

Capt. C. G. Atwood, commanding Co. C, and Capt. V. P. Parkhurst, commanding Co. I, reported at Camp Lincoln a few days afterwards.

“Headquarters Twenty-fifth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers.
 “WORCESTER, MASS., Sept. 25th, 1861.

“General Orders }
 No. 1.

“I. The camp of this Regiment, on the grounds of the Agricultural Society, will be designated as formerly CAMP LINCOLN.

“II. All Companies or parts of Companies enlisted for this Regiment will report forthwith at this camp. All persons engaged in recruiting for this Regiment are requested to exert themselves to secure the requisite number of good men, to fill it to its maximum strength at the earliest possible day.

“Hours of daily duties will be as follows:

Reveille	6:00 A. M.	Company Drill	2:00 P. M.
Squad Drill	6:30	Recall	4:00
Recall	7:00	Retreat, at which time	
Breakfast	7:15	there will be a Dress	
Surgeon's Call	8:00	Parade	5:30
Guard Mounting	9:00	Supper	6:00
Company and Squad		Tattoo	9:00
Drill	10:00	Taps	9:30
Recall	11:30	When <i>all lights</i> must be extin-	
Dinner	12:00 M.	guished except at headquarters	
		and at the guard tents.	

Lieut. F. E. Goodwin is hereby detailed as recruiting-officer of the camp, and all persons wishing to enter for the purpose of enlisting, will be sent by the officer of the guard to him, at headquarters.

By command of

COLONEL EDWIN UPTON.

E. A. HARKNESS, *Adjutant.*”

“During our stay in Worcester,” (I quote from the regimental historian, Captain J. Waldo Denny), “Camp Lincoln was thronged by the people of Worcester and towns represented by companies and soldiers in the regiment. There were many notable instances of the highest esteem entertained towards members of the battalion by neighbors and friends, who, with the warmest interest, were watching the preparations for departure. The field and staff, commissioned and warrant officers, together with many privates, received substantial tokens of regard. These instances of generous forethought were too

numerous to be specially mentioned here, and it is, perhaps, sufficient to say that the many occasions of public presentations created widespread interest, and gave many an orator an opportunity to record himself upon the side of the Constitution and the Union."—(*Wearing the Blue*," Denny, Page 20.)

On the 29th of October Colonel Upton received orders to report with his regiment to Brigadier-general Burnside, at Annapolis, Maryland. I again quote from our historian, who says:

"The 30th of October was made memorable by the visit to Camp Lincoln of Governor Andrew, accompanied by Colonels Ritchie and John W. Wetherell, of his staff. In the afternoon His Excellency reviewed the regiment in the presence of a great multitude of people. After the review the governor addressed the battalion, saying he had seen all the regiments which the State had sent to the field, but the Twenty-fifth was the handsomest one he had ever set his eyes on and was composed of the noblest looking body of men he had ever seen assembled in uniform. He spoke of the immortal Fifteenth Regiment, and its noble commander, Charles Devens, Jr., the fame of whose gallant action would last as long as the hills around him should endure. For every drop of Massachusetts blood that had been shed in that unequal contest at Ball's Bluff, he charged this regiment to take righteous vengeance, not with the spirit of barbarism, but for the purpose of overthrowing this most foul conspiracy against the Constitution and the Laws. He closed with the expression of his earnest hope that the men before him, led by such gallant officers, would strike an effective blow at the rebellion, and be prepared for any fate, — and, God willing, return safely, after the achievement of the great victory which ultimately awaits our arms."

The 31st of October we left for Annapolis, via New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. During the month before leaving we devoted ourselves to drill and the detail of guard duty, with such a result that Governor Andrew's compliment was not entirely undeserved. Colonel Sprague, Adjutant Harkness, and several of our captains, had served during the three months' campaign at Fort McHenry, in company with regular troops, and we profited by their experience and instruction. I may

add that the 25th Massachusetts became one of the best drilled and instructed regiments that I ever saw, either in our own or foreign armies. Nothing notable occurred to me during the month, except the theft of a silver knife, fork and spoon, which my mother had given me. I also remember that a large part of the line officers, including the writer, had their swords ground to a cutting edge, though I doubt if any of them was ever stained with human blood, — an officer's sword then and now being an emblem of authority, rather than a weapon for use.

As before stated, we broke camp at Worcester October 31st, a collation provided by the ladies of Worcester being served before our departure. Line was formed at three P. M., and we marched through Highland and Main Streets to the Common, where, at four, cars were taken for New York, via the Norwich Line. The Worcester *Spy* the next morning gave us a special editorial, of which I quote a part.

“This regiment, in which our good City of Worcester has so large and so precious an investment of its sons, brothers and husbands, left us with colors flying, and ‘merry as a marriage bell,’ yesterday afternoon at four o’clock. It is of the same good stock, we need scarcely say, as the Fifteenth, of whose achievement we are all so justly proud; and we know it will be equally worthy to represent the valor and the love of liberty of this county of Worcester. It was too plain for concealment, and it is no reflection upon any other Regiment, that the heart of our city was more deeply touched by its departure than by that of any previous one. Our whole community watched its gathering and its organization with the deepest interest, and it was present in unprecedented numbers to cheer it off. . . . We have good reason for believing that there is not a man in the Twenty-fifth who does not know how warmly his regiment is cherished here; and we know there is not a class, or sect, or party, or nationality, which has not representatives in it, of which each can say, ‘By them *we* will be judged.’ . . . As a living power in defence of a good cause, this regiment will be known widely hereafter. May the God of justice be its helper! for with Him is victory, and out of victory must come peace, its blessed fruit.”

My parents and many kind friends were there to bid me farewell. I wrote, “The parting was sad for many, but I,

looking only on the bright side, was less affected than the friends I left behind."

We reached New York the next forenoon, marched to the City Hall, where arms were stacked, and the men provided with soup and coffee by the Sons of Massachusetts, the officers being given a banquet at the Astor House close by. Later in the afternoon we marched to the Jersey City ferry, and took a slow train to Philadelphia, arriving about half past one in the morning. There we, like other Union soldiers passing through, were most hospitably entertained at the celebrated Cooper Shop, the tables being served by lady volunteers. It is said that twelve hundred thousand Union soldiers were fed here during the war, and that twenty thousand wounded and sick soldiers were nursed in the hospitals connected with this institution, — the whole being supported by the voluntary contributions of patriotic citizens of Philadelphia.

After our supper we marched in the rain to the station, and the next day reached Baltimore about one. On our way we noted the blackened timbers of the bridges across Bush and Gunpowder Rivers, which had been partially burned by rebel sympathizers two or three months before. In Baltimore, while marching to the steamer that was to carry us to Annapolis, we recalled the passage of the 6th, particularly in crossing Pratt Street, and half hoped that some one would try to interfere with our passage. The passage of troops, however, had become such an old story that we were hardly noticed, and we embarked on the steamer *Louisiana* without incident.

The next day, Sunday, we steamed to Annapolis, noting the fortifications at Federal Hill, occupied by Duryea's Zouaves, — also Fort McHenry and Fort Carroll lower down. Baltimore was still considered to need watching, though later she sent some excellent regiments into the Union Army. At Annapolis, which one of my letters home styles "an antiquated looking town," we landed and marched to the Naval School buildings, which were occupied by the 21st Massachusetts Regiment, which left the State about two months before we did, and whose members assumed with us the air of veterans. The school had been

transferred to Newport, R. I. We made our first acquaintance here with southern mud, which my memorandum says was a foot deep in the unpaved streets. We stayed one day at the academy and graduated, marching out to a field a mile from town and establishing a camp, where we remained about two months. The encampment was named Camp Hicks, in honor of the Union governor of Maryland. Next us was the 51st New York, the regiment that charged across the bridge at Antietam later and which furnished several general officers to the service, including the distinguished Major-general Robert B. Potter, who was its lieutenant-colonel at Annapolis.

Our camp here was regularly laid out, and was most comfortable. We drilled seven hours daily, and had reviews and inspections galore. Additional regiments arrived every few days until we had about fifteen thousand men in camp. General Burnside assumed active command and divided the force into three brigades under Generals Foster, Reno, and Parke. We were assigned to the 1st Brigade, commanded by General Foster, with the 23rd, 24th, and 27th Massachusetts, and the 10th Connecticut, the 25th holding the right of the brigade and of the entire force, which we then thought was a great honor but learned later that it was rather an empty one.

From my diary and letters home I note a few personal experiences at Annapolis. Colonel Sprague instructed the line officers in the bayonet exercise, so that they might in turn instruct their men, and my proficiency was such that he selected me to fence with him in illustrating the thrusts and parries. I took fencing lessons of Lieutenant Richter, a former German officer, and boxing lessons of Color-sergeant Jim O'Neil, who was said to have had experience as a prize-fighter; and being young, active, and interested, I acquired considerable skill in both exercises. My father paid me a visit, and obtaining a three days' leave we visited the Milford Company in the 40th New York, near Fairfax Court House, Virginia, where we saw General McClellan's grand review of the Army of the Potomac. About November 20th came the first death in the regiment, — private Shepard of my company, from typhoid fever. I was much

impressed by the military funeral given him, — a ceremony that was lost sight of a little later, when deaths became so frequent that they were hardly noticed.

One night, when officer of the guard, a runaway slave came to Post 1, and was referred to me. I must confess to a disobedience of general orders, for I took him in and kept him in the guard tent over night. He had been whipped by his master, and sought refuge in our camp, convinced that Massachusetts soldiers were his friends. I reported his arrival at regimental headquarters, and a subscription was taken up for him, and he was sent on his way North, in the early morning. Later in the day civil officers searched our camp, but the bird had flown. About the same time a man, named Peck, attempted to desert, and got outside the guard line. I followed him, pistol in hand, and brought him back, placing him in confinement.

December 17th the paymaster came to camp, and I received pay up to November 1st, amounting to \$151.13. Of this I sent \$140 to my father, with the request that he add it to my previous savings, which my letter shows amounted to about \$150, and send me a note for the whole sum. It seems that I had not at that time forgotten my economical training, which has, in fact, been an advantage to me all my life.

On the evening of December 26th an order was read at dress parade, detaching Lieutenant Bessey and myself for service in the Signal Corps of the expedition, which was being organized by three officers sent from Washington, — Lieutenants Fricker, Robeson and Foster. This was considered a special distinction, though we were very glad to get back to the regiment later, coming to the conclusion that though special duty was easier and far safer, the line was the place for one desirous of advancement. If a man did his duty there, and was not killed, he was sure of advancement to higher grades, in which the enemy's bullets made vacancies rapidly. We reported in town the next day and were examined as to general acquirements, and particularly in spelling. We were also told that we should be very fortunate if we passed, as signal officers were to rank as captains in the regular army, — that we were to be mounted, etc.,

etc., — all of which anticipations were doomed to disappointment. Two days later we were informed that our examination was satisfactory, and we were set at work, learning the signal code and practising it with flags. Two officers and four men had been detailed from each regiment for this duty, and the officers were required to learn an a-b-c code, with some shortenings. These letters and words were expressed by motions with a flag to right, left, and front, — the officer repeating certain numbers and his flag-men waving accordingly. At night a lighted torch took the place of a flag. This corps was a valuable, almost a necessary, adjunct to the army in certain cases, in directing the movements of troops and conveying information. It was of little use in actual battle, as we generally fought in the woods, or where the view was interrupted by woods, and the smoke, too, prevented the reading of signals on or near the firing line. Nothing has yet been devised, — and nothing will be, in my opinion, — to take the place of a mounted staff officer, for conveying orders or information on the field. The Signal Corps did its crowning work in our war when General Sherman signalled to Corse at Allatoona, “Hold the Fort; I am coming.” I made rapid progress with the code, — so rapid that I was promised a position on the staff of General Burnside, and the promise was made good later.

I was quartered with my regiment during this time, remaining with them till they broke camp January 6th and went on board steamers bound for a destination unknown so far as we were concerned but which proved to be Hatteras Inlet, via Fortress Monroe, where the expedition was to rendezvous before capturing, or attempting to capture, Roanoke Island, New Berne, and Fort Macon, — in all which attempts it succeeded later. It was also proposed that from New Berne the Weldon railroad from Richmond south should be cut, and this was done in December, 1862, at Goldsboro, but no permanent lodgment was made and the interruption of traffic was only temporary.

Though the expedition was successful in its original objects, and though its success was of great value in its effect on the general public, I question if from a military standpoint it would

not have been better to occupy Hatteras Inlet, — take Fort Macon if desired, — and use the main body of the troops in connection with the Army of the Potomac, concentrating forces instead of scattering them.

Returning to my personal experience, I described the breaking up of the camp as follows :

“Tents were struck before light, the regimental line formed, and three volleys fired as a parting salute. Two or three inches of snow lay on the ground, and as this was lighted up by innumerable fires, made from the débris of the camp, I thought I had never seen anything more picturesque and beautiful.”

About light the regiment marched to the city, and we were separated, they embarking on board the steamers *New York* and *Zouave*. I reported at Signal Corps headquarters, and two days later, with the rest of the corps, took up my temporary abode on the schooner *Colonel Satterly*, — a name that I shall remember with disgust to my dying day. She was a slow old schooner, and her captain, Garmow by name, was worthy of his craft. She was the last vessel of the expedition to leave Annapolis, — though there was no reason for delay beyond the captain's over-caution, — and the last to reach and leave Fortress Monroe, while our arrival at Hatteras Inlet was a full fortnight later than that of the bulk of the expedition. A letter to my father, mailed at Fortress Monroe, gives an almost photographic view of our quarters and occupation, and I cannot do better than quote it.

“On board Schooner *Colonel Satterly*,
“CHESAPEAKE BAY, Jan. 12, 1862.

“DEAR FATHER: — As you may see from the date of this, we have embarked at last. We, with the other troops, commenced going on board last Sunday morning. They all got on board Wednesday, and the most of the fleet sailed then. Our vessel did not leave on account of fog, until yesterday morning, and since that time we have gone about 25 miles. This schooner contains 1600 bags of oats, a large quantity of cartridges and shell, and the Signal Corps, — 25 lieu-

tenants and 50 men. Our accommodations are miserable. We officers occupy 'between decks, amidships,' if you know what that is. Well, it is a space designed for freight, 25 x 20 and 6 feet high, where we eat, sleep, keep fifteen days' provisions, and so on. When it is rough we have to shut the hatch to prevent being drowned, and only escape that fate by partial suffocation.

" OLD POINT COMFORT, Jan. 15th.

" We arrived here the day before yesterday, and found the fleet gone. I never was so disappointed in my life. To think that the expedition, in which we had centered so many hopes, had sailed and left us behind was nearly insupportable. But since, I have heard that they lie just outside, so that there may yet be opportunity to join them. I expect and hope to be detached from this schooner, to go on some other vessel and act as signal officer. To-day I went on shore and looked around a little; went inside the Fortress, which is the largest and strongest in the country.

" Perhaps you would like to know something of my associates on board. There are twenty-five lieutenants, all talented, good hearted, young men, but some of them addicted to gambling and kindred amusements. Bluff and Vingt-et-un are very prevalent, and a faro bank flourished a few days, but now the less skilled gamblers have nearly all got cleaned out by the more shrewd or more fortunate, so I hope that in future 'Make your bets, gentlemen, six loses, ace wins,' will not be the last thing I hear before going to sleep. Common self-interest keeps me out of this business. Our water here is miserable. It is stored in whisky barrels, — is thick and ropy, — and tastes strongly, but not strongly enough, of the before-mentioned liquid."

In addition to what I then wrote, I will add that at Annapolis we cleared the oats out of our quarters, bought some boards, and made bunks along the vessel's sides, to hold two men each. We also built a rough table lengthwise in the center for eating and card playing. A mast and hatches, opening above and below, took up a part of the room, and a small door aft opened into the captain's cabin. For seats we had our trunks and a few camp stools, which some of us had had the forethought to buy. Our men were in a similar hole forward, but twice as thick, as there were twice as many of them in about the same

space. A man's comfort often depends less on what he has than on what he has in comparison with others. We thought of the other officers of our regiments on comfortable steamers, — each two being assigned a stateroom, — and growled accordingly. The first day out the captain of the vessel forbade any of us to enter his cabin, which, though a tiny place, had a stove and was far more comfortable than ours; and this did not improve the relations between us, which later became somewhat strained.

At Fortress Monroe, where we remained two days, we saw with great curiosity the rebel flag, floating over batteries across the Roads, at Sewall's and Willoughby's Points.

The morning of the 16th, with a fair wind, we sailed to rejoin the expedition, which we now knew was at Hatteras Inlet. The distance being only 120 miles, we hoped that even our slow vessel would make it by night. We did get in sight of Hatteras Light, but the cautious captain preferred to lay to rather than keep on, — thereby adding greatly to his own troubles and adding also to our experiences. The next morning we had drifted out of sight of land, and left our course, on account of the movements of a strange vessel which the captain insisted was a privateer. If it had been, it could not have failed to catch us. Five more days we beat about, the captain fearing to get near the land; and at last, on January 22d, we, who were the stronger, told him he *must* make the shore, and we anchored at night in sight of the masts of the fleet. This day I wrote:

“Provisions have grown scarce, and our water grows worse daily. One swallow of it makes me sick at the stomach. We wash in salt water. All, or nearly all, of us have been seasick, and some are really ill.”

At this time the water in whisky barrels had given out, and we substituted water kept in turpentine barrels, which was thicker and ropier, — “liable to catch in the teeth,” one of our jokers said. We had been very fortunate so far in escaping a storm off Hatteras at that season, but it came now, and one of

the worst for years. The sails were furled when we anchored, and as the wind rose, everything possible was made fast. Toward morning our anchor began to drag and it was taken in and the vessel put before the wind, which was luckily offshore. We were now at the mercy of the winds and waves, and the frightened captain told us that our only chance for life lay in the seaworthiness of the vessel. She carried us through, and I suppose I ought to thank her for that. All that we could do was to stay below and hold on to something solid. The gale increased during the day, and was fearful at night. I tried to hold on in my bunk, but was twice thrown out, and finally took refuge in a snug corner behind the mast, with my feet in the water which covered the lower deck. The waves broke over the vessel, and, as the hatch could not be entirely closed without suffocation, the water poured down through the cracks that were left. Toward morning we had a foot of water on the floor, and our trunks and the remains of our boxes of provisions went smashing from one side of the vessel to the other as she rolled, while our lights went out and we could see absolutely nothing. It seemed as though our cup was full, but more was to come. A peculiar smell filled the cabin, — if I may dignify such a hole by that name. We called to each other, asking what it was. "Smoke," at last said one, giving voice to the fear of all, and smoke it soon proved itself to be. Where did it come from? If it was the lower hold we had nothing to do but say our prayers, as we were largely loaded with gunpowder. Some of us crawled among the crashing trunks to the lower hatch, succeeded in opening it a little, and satisfied ourselves that the smoke did not come from below. We then broke through the door to the captain's cabin, and found the cause, his lamp being securely fastened and burning. He, thinking his last hour near, had determined to die happy, and had devoted himself to his private stock of stimulants until he was thoroughly intoxicated. Feeling cold, he had worked his way to the stove and tried to make a fire, which under the circumstances ended in the smoke which had frightened us. Luckily he had not set the vessel afire. We found him on the floor, rolling about with

the cabin as the vessel rolled, and fastened him in his berth, threatening to put him in irons if he made more trouble, and putting the mate in command till he should be sober. We kept the mate in substantial command thereafter till we rejoined the fleet.

The next day the wind went down, but the waves ran high. I wrote in letters a description of the sight when at night I first put my head through the hatch, — the waves mountains high, the phosphorescent light, etc., — but I spare my readers. After the skies cleared, observations were taken, and we found ourselves 400 miles from Hatteras, — a tremendous distance for our slow vessel. We were now really short of provisions and went on to short allowance, placing an officer in charge of the entire stock. We also learned that the captain had a private tank of water, and took possession of it, limiting our issue to a small tumbler per day for each man, which we could supplement, if desired, from the thick turpentine water before mentioned. We were, however, blessed with fairly favorable winds and used our control of the vessel to make all the headway possible; and in three or four days, the night of January 27th, we arrived opposite the Inlet, and made signals of distress, — firing muskets, discharging rockets, etc. The next morning a pilot came out with a tug and took us in. We broke our cable going over the bar, but an additional tugboat, with a stronger cable, succeeded in dragging us inside into smooth water.

We found that the expedition was still here, or just inside, the time having been spent in getting the vessels over the inside bar, called the Swash, into Pamlico Sound. The channel was a little over seven feet deep, while many of our vessels drew eight feet loaded, so that men and material had to be temporarily transferred, and the larger vessels taken over one at a time, — a task difficult and dangerous, and, worse than that, consuming valuable time. We personally, however, were glad of the delay, as it enabled us to take a part in the coming experiences of Burnside's command. We learned that the *Colonel Satterly* had been given up for lost, and that it was so reported to the New York papers. Some of them even added the detail that

sixty of our dead bodies had been washed ashore some distance north of Hatteras, — the journalistic instinct to print news of some kind being then strong, though perhaps not as strong as now.

As soon as we were anchored inside, and provided with something to eat and drink, we took steps to communicate our arrival to friends at home and then scattered for visits in row-boats to our respective regiments, where we were most warmly greeted as having returned from the dead.

February 4th we left the *Satterly* for our respective staff positions, I being assigned and reporting to General Burnside, on the steamer *S. R. Spaulding*, and finding most comfortable quarters and a good mess, — a great contrast to the *Satterly*. My month on that vessel seems one of the most disagreeable of my war experiences, perhaps because it was the beginning of privations. I have ever since been prejudiced against sailing vessels as a class, and the finest yacht, dependent upon the wind for propelling power, has had, and still has, no attractions for me.

CHAPTER V

ROANOKE AND NEW BERNE

ON the 5th I commenced my duties with General Burnside. Early in the morning I took my post, with my flag-men, on the upper deck. Before long Admiral Goldsborough signalled the gunboats to get under way, and they moved off to the north. An hour later General Burnside ordered me to send messages to the same effect to the brigade commanders, and we were soon on our way up the Sound, in the order of brigades. Roanoke Island was only forty miles away, and long before night we arrived in sight and dropped anchor, the navy keeping up steam in front. The next day was misty and cloudy. We lay still till toward night, when we moved a few miles farther up the Sound and again anchored.

That night I had an interesting and perilous duty. A small boat, rowed by four men, was furnished me for special observation. I was in command, with instructions to pass beyond the navy, row a mile or two to the front, where I could observe any movement among the enemy's fleet and give information by the discharge of rockets. A red light was to mean "one steamer approaching," — red and white, "movement among the enemy," — and green, "the enemy advancing in force." I was to remain till daybreak, and then return if there had been nothing to communicate. I obeyed my orders, and fortunately, — for me, at least, — had no news to signal. The night was cold and the situation an anxious one, — far beyond the ordinary picket duty. I strained my eyes, and again and again thought I detected movements, but was cool enough to wait till I was sure; and at daybreak I returned, having done nothing but

my duty. The general received my report kindly, and I lay down for an hour or two, when I was again called to my post to send signals. At eight o'clock we got the fleet under way and spent nearly four hours in getting into position for commencing the engagement, during which time I was continually occupied in sending messages.

At ten minutes past twelve the first shot was fired. The Battle of Roanoke Island, which was to follow, was the first important victory of the war, preceding by a week our great victory under Grant at Fort Donelson. We destroyed or drove off the enemy's fleet, to be destroyed a day or two later at Elizabeth City, landed our forces, carried a well defended redoubt, and took 3,000 prisoners. The position taken was deemed important, commanding the entrance to Albemarle Sound and considered also the key to Norfolk, which was connected with this Sound by canal. Being under fire during the naval battle, but on the steamer while the land engagement took place, I will give a brief account of the action, as seen and reported to me.

The Sound was here not more than seven miles wide, while the island above occupied the whole space except a narrow channel on each side, which was completely commanded by batteries. The side of the island next us was low, and nearly covered with pine forest. As the channel on the east side of the island was very shallow, the Rebels had given their attention principally to the western passage. At the southwest corner of the island was a low bank, which we soon learned was a rebel battery, and farther up the channel was another. Between these two forts a chain of obstructions commenced, and continued across to the main land. Above these lay the fleet of the rebel commodore, Lynch, in battle array. The first gun was fired from the gunboat of our commodore, Goldsborough. Other vessels soon opened fire, and very soon the enemy began to respond and the firing became general. General Burnside had the *Spaulding* steam up to the front, from the line of transports, and gave the lower battery two shots from the thirty-two on our bow; then we fell back just out of range, and watched the progress of events. The firing was very heavy

and continuous, all our vessels, and the enemy's batteries and fleet, being engaged. We could see the sand fly as our shells struck in the enemy's batteries, and the splash of the water caused by their missiles sent in return. Three times during the day a fire was visible in the rear of the lower fort, but each time it was extinguished. Toward night I sent messages to the brigade commanders to prepare to land. Soon our light draught gunboats moved along the shore to the right, shelling the woods as they went.

This done, our troops were transferred to the light draught steamers and moved in toward the shore. Each steamer was crowded with men and had large numbers of boats, also filled, in tow behind; and as they bore down on the shore with colors flying, and bands playing, amid the cheers of the men, while the heavy guns furnished the bass, my blood fairly boiled with enthusiasm. But the Rebels did not permit this to go on undisturbed. They sent down their gunboats below the obstructions, and essayed to break through our navy. Half an hour's firing, and they went back, one of them disabled, and the movement of our vessels continued. They neared the land, the men leaped into the water and rushed on shore, and the landing took place unresisted. It was now nearly dark and firing ceased, while by unwearied effort our available troops were landed before daylight. The landing was effected at Ashby's Harbor, a point some three miles east of the lower battery, which received its name from the fact that a fisherman named Ashby had his hut there.

A night of watchfulness and anxiety for the morrow was followed by a morning most unpropitious, as far as weather was concerned. A drizzling rain fell, but the reports of musketry from the shore soon convinced us that fighting had commenced. The fleet kept up a light fire on the battery at the point, while that of the enemy kept quiet above the obstructions. After breakfast General Burnside and most of his staff went ashore, and from that time till noon we heard nothing thence except the sounds of musketry, which seemed to grow more and more distant. At noon a boat came off from the shore, with the latest

reports of the engagement. Our men were fighting gallantly, it was said, and the 25th Massachusetts was in the front of the battle. I obtained what I had in vain asked for before, — permission to go on shore and an order to report to General Burnside, and on the return of the boat I went with it.

Before we arrived at Ashby's Harbor the firing had ceased, and we concluded that of course we were victorious. Arrived at the landing place we found some twenty rods of mud, knee deep, to go through before reaching solid ground. Having passed this I made my way through the crowd of stragglers and detailed men, inquiring for General Burnside's headquarters. I was very coolly informed that they were on the *S. R. Spaulding*, and that he had gone on with the troops, who had driven the Rebels from their fortifications, and were rapidly pursuing. As he had more than an hour's start and was mounted, while I was on foot, I thought my chance was poor to catch him that night, so I stopped to look over the ground and hear descriptions of the battle. Ashby's house, a miserable log cabin, was being used as a hospital for the wounded, and there I first saw the fortitude with which our brave soldiers have always borne suffering. Men with arms or legs off were in good spirits and spoke only of the victory. Going toward the battle-field I met two of the Signal Corps, who said the troops were some five or six miles away and still marching rapidly. They had attempted to join them, but had given it up and were returning to their boat, which lay close to the landing. It now being nearly dark, I accepted an invitation to stop with them, and we betook ourselves to the cabin of the *Patuxent*, General Reno's boat. There we heard full accounts of the land fight, which I will here transcribe briefly, availing myself, however, of more definite accounts received a little later.

Early in the morning the expedition moved up a cart path leading from Ashby's Harbor to the interior of the island. Brigades and regiments moved in their order, the 1st Brigade and 25th Regiment ahead, with Co. A deployed as skirmishers. They had advanced about a mile when the enemy's skirmishers were encountered and driven back to their works. These

works were simple in themselves, but in a very strong position. The road ran straight through a swamp, extending for miles, in which mud and water were about two feet deep, while briars and brambles made it well nigh impassable. Across the road and commanding it for half a mile was a rebel earthwork, containing a battery, with wings for the protection of infantry, running back on either flank, forming an angle of perhaps 140 degrees. From this work they opened fire when their skirmishers were driven in, and our 1st Brigade at once deployed, — the 25th Massachusetts on the left of the road, the 10th Connecticut next them on the right and the other regiments in reserve. Meanwhile the 2nd Brigade, and part of the 3rd, was ordered to make way through the swamp, so as to strike the enemy in flank. Reno took the left; Parke, the right. A part of the 3rd Brigade was left to protect the landing. The regiments in front deployed, advanced to within 300 yards of the battery and opened fire, which was kept up continually till their cartridges were exhausted, when they were relieved by the reserves in the rear. Several small guns were meantime brought up from the boats, and stationed in the road, directly in front of the rebel battery. Continuous firing was kept up till nearly noon, we losing considerably, when Hawkins' Zouaves of Parke's Brigade, and the 21st Massachusetts and 51st New York of Reno's, reached their assigned positions and were ordered to charge. This they did gallantly, and carried the work, the Rebels leaving in their flight their guns and the dead and wounded. The troops were then arranged in their order for pursuit, marching by the flank with skirmishers ahead, the 24th Massachusetts, which had not been engaged, taking the lead.

Before following them I will mention a few statistics in regard to the battle. Our force engaged comprised nearly all the expedition; that of the Rebels was probably not more than 2,000 men, who, however, fought with the advantage of breast-works. Our loss was about 50 killed and 200 wounded; theirs, I think, was less than 50 killed and wounded. My regiment, the 25th Massachusetts, lost more severely than any other save

the 21st, their casualties amounting to 48. Among the officers killed on our side were Colonel Russell of the 10th Connecticut and Lieutenant-colonel De Monteil of the 53rd New York. Two officers in the 25th were wounded, — Captain Foster in the eye, and Lieutenant Foster in the left elbow. The Rebels lost Captain A. Jennings Wise, son of ex-Governor Wise, mortally wounded. He had formerly been editor of the Richmond *Inquirer*, and a violent and bitter partisan. Among the dead Confederates found was a Lieutenant Selden, who was recognized by many of our men as having sold them trinkets at Annapolis. He met with his retribution early, it seemed.

After a pursuit of eight miles, fording several streams by the way, our men came up with the Confederates at their barracks. Here Colonel Shaw, their commander, surrendered the island and his entire force to General Foster. About 3,000 men, 50 guns, and a large quantity of stores were included in this capitulation.

This last glorious intelligence reached me on board the *Patuxent* that night, and I also heard that General Burnside had gone on board the *Spaulding*. There I reported the next morning. The next day I went ashore again to visit my regiment and see the island. I took passage on a craft known in the expedition as the *Wheelbarrow*, which was a flat-bottomed, stern wheeler, drawing very little water. Indeed, some said (though I cannot vouch for the truth of the statement) that it would run anywhere on land after a heavy dew had fallen. The cabin of this vessel was that morning filled with wounded, while on the deck lay stark and stiff the bodies of two of my own regiment, exposed to a driving hailstorm. Terrible enough this seemed, and was, but war is a terrible business. In this case I covered the faces, and left the men in their shrouds of army blue. We passed the obstructions, which our gunboats had broken through the day before in pursuit of the Confederate fleet, and landed at the upper battery, — Fort Bartow, as it was called by the Rebels. This was a strong earthwork, mounting several heavy guns. Thence I proceeded down along the shore to the Lower, or Park Point, Battery,

some three miles distant, which had borne the brunt of the engagement with the navy. There our shells had made their marks pretty plainly, though they had not done as much damage as I expected. The fires during the bombardment had been caused by the burning of barracks in the rear. Leaving this battery and striking again into the interior, I overtook Lieutenant Richardson of my regiment, and a party of men who were escorting four rebel officers to the grave of young Wise. With them I kept on to the battle-field, still strewn with the débris of the conflict, though the dead and wounded had been removed. One or two gun carriages stood in the rebel battery, perfectly riddled with bullets. The Rebels had a strong position, but had relied too much on the supposed impassability of the swamp. Passing down the road toward the landing, we came to the spot chosen for the interment of the dead. Some had been buried, and others lay, horribly mangled, awaiting their consignment to North Carolina soil. They had been wounded in every conceivable manner, and the sight was heart-sickening to a novice in military matters. I was shown the body of one poor fellow who had had both feet and one arm shot away, and who yet, when the battery was taken, had swung his hat in the other hand and given three cheers. Each of our men was wrapped in a blanket and buried in a separate grave, while a board at the head told his name and regiment. The Rebels were interred together, it being impossible to identify them.

Having dined off half a raw sweet potato, I made my way to the landing, and there waited five hours in the mud and rain for an opportunity to return to my vessel. I reached it at last, however, just in time to receive a dispatch, sent by torch from Commodore Rowan's boat, steaming down the channel. It was this: "Elizabeth City is ours, and the forts, and the ships." A second explanation was: "We gave them Hell." It seems that the navy had followed the fleet of Commodore Lynch to Elizabeth City, had taken or sunk all their vessels, and had also taken the town and shore batteries. This news I hastened to convey to General Burnside, who went to visit Commodore Rowan, while I went to bed.

February 11th the Confederate officers were paroled, and sent away the next day on the *S. R. Spaulding*, General Burnside's steamer, while his staff (including myself), and headquarters, were transferred to the *Phoenix*, a small steamer that had been used in the transportation of stores. Here I was kept busy, as there were many messages to send, — all orders for movements, and many others, passing through me.

The 18th the non-commissioned officers and privates taken were exchanged. I wrote concerning them :

“ Our prisoners taken are very poorly clothed, almost no two alike. A large proportion of the men are of the class known as poor whites, — less than a hundred of the enlisted men being able to sign their names to the parole papers. Many of the officers, however, are educated men.”

I also wrote concerning Roanoke Island, which we had captured :

“ It is situated in Pamlico Sound, or perhaps more properly, between Albemarle and Pamlico, and, as I have said before, but a narrow passage is left on either side between it and the main land. It is said to have been the first place settled by the English in America, but how they ever found it or why they chose it as an abiding place I cannot imagine. It is easier to account for the fact that the colony was abandoned. The island is about eleven miles long by three broad and covered with a heavy growth of pines. The land is low and swampy, and the climate malarious and frequently deadly to strangers. The principal productions are turpentine, moccasin snakes, lizards, and briars, and the inhabitants obtain a subsistence by fishing. It derives its military importance from its position, commanding the communications of Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds more surely than does Gibraltar that between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean.”

While we were at Roanoke letters were received from my father by Colonel Sprague and Captain Clark, based on my reported death and making final inquiries about my service. They had replied in a complimentary manner, expressing

satisfaction with the fact that I was alive and well, and that up to this date I had performed my duties creditably.

The 8th and 9th of March I was assigned to accompany a little expedition against the town of Columbia, on the Scuppernong River, which flows into Albemarle Sound. There was supposed to be a recruiting camp there, which we were instructed to break up. About 600 men were embarked on the *Alice Price*, under Colonel (afterwards General) Griffin of the 6th New Hampshire, and we were accompanied by gunboats and one or two more regiments. The duty assigned me was to stay in the pilot house and watch the pilot, and to shoot him if there was any sign of treachery on his part. All went well, so I had no shooting to do. We landed at night six miles from town, and marched in, the gunboats keeping on to the town. We found no camp, no Rebels and only a few houses, most of whose inhabitants left in advance of our arrival. The next morning, after such houses as were deserted were plundered, we re-embarked and returned to Roanoke. My diary expresses indignation at the looting propensities of some of our men.

The next day, March 10th, General Burnside came on board, made the *Price* his headquarters boat, and sent his orders, (largely through me), for the move towards New Berne, which commenced the next day, we reaching Hatteras at night and receiving the news of the fight between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*.

Early the next morning we sailed again, still keeping a southerly direction, which confirmed the idea that our destination was New Berne. At night the fleet anchored in the Neuse River at the mouth of Slocomb's Creek, some fifteen miles east of that city. Much signalling was done during the day, we learning among other things that Washington Bridge had been destroyed by some of our men. This was an important bridge across the Tar River at Washington, N. C. A small boat was shelled during the day, and finally picked up. Two men were found therein, supposed to be rebel spies.

The next morning we commenced our dispositions for landing. The woods on the south side of the river were shelled for half

an hour, while the lighter draught boats were loaded with troops. Our boat took on board the 51st New York, the first regiment to go ashore. I had permission to go with the troops this time, and had the honor of planting the first signal flag on the beach. An hour or two was consumed in the landing, after which we took up our line of march inland, with skirmishers ahead. The troops marched in order of brigades, but the Signal Corps went where they chose. I was supposed to be attached to General Burnside's staff, but, as the rest were mounted and I on foot, we could not keep very close together. For this campaign I was equipped with my accoutrements, blankets, overcoat, haversack with enough food for one meal, and a field glass. My men carried the usual signalling apparatus and a bunch of rockets, to be used in communicating with the fleet. The morning was rainy and the mud nearly a foot in depth, so that we made rather poor progress in marching. About two miles on, we came to a rebel camp, deserted. It was quite large, and the barracks, as at Roanoke, were very comfortable. A mile more brought us to an unfinished work, which would have been formidable, well manned. We augured that we should meet with no resistance anywhere if they abandoned works like this.

I disposed of the contents of my haversack at a small church some five miles from the landing. From this point toward New Berne there were occasional farm houses along the route, and as we passed them we saw that the occupants were very likely to be relieved by our stragglers of any superfluous eatables. Occasionally a man would find a well-stored smoke-house, the locality of which could soon be traced by following back a line of men, each with a large piece of bacon upon his bayonet. Our army was not as well disciplined in those days as later.

At dark the day's march ceased, about ten miles having been made. Although the distance was short, the march was a hard one, as the road was very muddy and the men just off transports. I, with my men, and one or two other officers of the corps with theirs, determined to be on hand in the morning and pushed forward till stopped by the pickets. The regiments

had halted in a piece of pine woods, and there we stopped also. It rained, — very hard. The men collected some wood as dry as could be found, and with the aid of the contents of some of our canteens we endeavored to make a fire, but failed. Then, not liking the prospect for the night, we bethought ourselves of a house about a quarter of a mile back, and, hardly able to drag one foot after the other, we made our way there and found a sentinel, who informed us that “the Generals” stopped there. A quarter of a mile further back we remembered another house, and there we got accommodations in the negro quarters. A young colored woman got us some corn cake and sweet potatoes, while she told us that her master had told her that the Yankees, if they came, would cut out her tongue and sell her to Cuba! This we were to do with all the colored population. But she said, “Law sakes, Massa, we didn’t bleeve it,” while we assured her that our mission to the slave was of an altogether different nature. Having got partially dry I enjoyed a night’s rest on the floor of the cabin, as much as I ever did in my life.

The morning of the 14th of March was like the day before, cloudy and rainy, — yet it was to see a glorious victory for our arms in North Carolina. I was a participant in the battle of New Berne, but before relating my personal experience I will endeavor to give a general account of the engagement.

The enemy were strongly posted in a line of entrenchments, which ran from the river to the New Berne and Beaufort Railroad, a mile or more distant. On the river was a strong work, called Fort Thompson, mounting several heavy guns, some of which commanded the river while others enfiladed the front of the breastworks. At several points along the line were batteries of light artillery, and it was defended by about 7,000 men. Our attacking force numbered less than 10,000. A clearing had been made in the pine forest for one hundred yards in front of the works, so that an advance would necessarily be made without protection from the missiles of the defenders of the works. Our troops were deployed in single line, a few battalions being held in reserve. The 1st Brigade had the right, the 2nd the center, and the 3rd the left. They advanced to the edge of the clearing,

and of course were opened upon by the enemy and opened fire in return. Heavy fire continued for about three hours, we naturally losing the most men and our cause began to look a little hopeless. In the meantime a part of the 21st Massachusetts had made a charge, capturing some cannon, but they were driven back again with loss. Our generals, it is said, were considering a change of plan, when suddenly a charge was begun by some one, (Colonel Rodman, of the 4th Rhode Island, had the credit of ordering it), which extended along the whole line, and our men went over the rebel works, the enemy flying like sheep. They fell back towards the railroad on the left. The 25th Massachusetts was then pushed forward an eighth of a mile. It formed facing the railroad to New Berne and was ordered to charge, — which the men did, striking the railroad and taking some 200 prisoners and two Confederate flags. A pursuit was then undertaken, both by the dirt road and the railroad, but the most of the Rebels were too fleet of foot for us and escaped. Arrived opposite New Berne, the city was found evacuated, and a portion of it in flames. The railroad bridge across the Trent was also burned, which caused some delay in entering the town, but the navy soon forced its way above the obstructions and furnished transportation across the river. The town was found deserted by the enemy, and the fires being extinguished our troops took possession. The people left in town told us that the Rebel force was completely demoralized, many of the men having swum the river and run through the town naked, such was their hurry to escape. We were also told that just as the routed Rebels reached town, a train from Wilmington arrived, bringing them 2,000 reinforcements; but as it was thought too late to accomplish anything, the engine was reversed and they led off in the retreat.

Had they arrived two hours sooner, the issue of the battle might have been different. Indeed, it has seemed to me since, that had the Rebels known our situation the night before the battle we should have been driven in confusion to our gunboats; and again, that we owed our success in the day of the fight as much to good fortune as to good management, though I have

no fault to find with the latter. Had the Rebels attacked us the night before, as we lay in the woods within a mile of their fortifications, we should have been no more capable of resistance than a mob without organization, as no line of battle was formed and the condition of most of the guns would have unfitted them for use. Again, just before the engagement the next morning, our generals rode along within short musket range of the Confederate line, reconnoitring. The Rebels thought them their own officers, while the generals thought the works deserted. The latter discovered their mistake first, and riding back made dispositions for the attack. A volley while they were reconnoitring would have made sad havoc with our plans. Finally, as I have said before, at the very moment of success it was feared by our leaders that a retreat would be necessary, and that at once.

But succeed we did, and the rank and file derived therefrom a feeling of invincibility. As a bayonet charge at both Roanoke and New Berne decided the day in our favor, it was felt that in the bayonet lay our strength, — and no wonder that feeling prevailed, when works like those at New Berne were abandoned, almost without resistance, when a charge was made.

Our loss in the battle of New Berne was about 700 men, including many officers. Lieutenant-colonel Merritt, of the 23rd Massachusetts, was killed, and Lieutenant-colonel (since Major-general) Potter, of the 51st New York, was severely wounded. The Confederate loss, exclusive of prisoners, must have been much less than ours. We captured a great quantity of artillery, small arms, and munitions of war of all kinds, as well as a large amount of rosin and turpentine. The main reason, however, for the capture and occupation of New Berne, was to obtain a position on the main land within striking distance of the great lines of railroad leading from Virginia southward, though we failed to utilize the position to any great advantage.

But to return to my personal experience! On the morning of the battle I awoke early and breakfasted on corn cake; then

with several other signal officers, and our men, pushed once more for the front. The troops, most of them, had moved before us, and firing commenced just after we started. All kept on till the fact that we were within range was made known by a 12 pound shot, which came crashing through the trees a short distance from us. The rest of our party then determined to halt, but I had determined to be "in" that day, so leaving my signal apparatus with my men I pushed straight for the front, in hopes of finding my regiment. Shells and bullets whistled by and wounded and stragglers came back, but I kept on till I came to the line of the 27th Massachusetts Regiment, which was heavily engaged with the enemy. There I met acquaintances and soon found employment. A man lay dead near the right of the regiment, from whose hands I took a rifle, and ammunition from his cartridge box, and I blazed away for about half an hour. We were in the woods, on the edge of the clearing, on the other side of which was the Rebel line. The morning was foggy and the smoke dense, and all we could see of the Rebels or their works was the flash of their muskets and cannon. After awhile, becoming assured of my steadiness under fire, I determined to find my regiment, that the boys of my company might be assured of this fact also. First I came to a battery of naval artillery, commanded by Lieutenant Hammond. Beyond this I crossed the road, and passed the 24th Massachusetts Regiment. Beyond this there seemed to be nothing, and having walked along some distance, I turned to the rear and ran upon my regiment, who had been ordered to relieve the 27th, and were trying to find them. Knowing where they were, I piloted the 25th to the position, which was hardly reached when the general charge took place all along the line. I expected volleys that would bring death to at least half of us before we reached the works, but the enemy ran, after firing a few shots over our heads. Sergeant O'Neil planted our State color on the rampart before any other color in our part of the line reached it. Inside we found several cannon and a few dead and wounded, — it seemed too small a number to cause them to abandon such works. There was no abattis, but the

works themselves were strong, with a wide and quite deep ditch outside. Once inside we re-formed our broken lines, and our regiment made the movement I have described before. During this movement one of my company was shot dead, immediately in my front. I exchanged the gun I took from the 27th Regiment man for his, and pushed on toward New Berne. More fighting was expected, but the Rebels were too thoroughly frightened to make more resistance, and a march of four miles brought us opposite the city. In the battle my own company lost 2 men killed and 3 wounded. One shell killed one of the two, (Rogers of Upton, a fine fellow and an excellent soldier), and wounded the three, — Hadley, Davenport, and Tilton. Hadley lost his right arm, Davenport's arm was broken, and Tilton was hit in the stomach. Fiske, the other man killed, was shot immediately in front of me; and as I was standing at the time and he half lying, and as the bullet came from a skirmisher, I have reason to believe it was meant for me. He was the captain's clerk and had never before done duty in the ranks, which made his death seem the more sad.

When we arrived in sight of New Berne it appeared as though the whole city was in flames. A black pall of smoke hung over it, and in various places the fires were visible. A nearer view, however, disclosed the fact that the conflagrations were of limited extent, the blackness of the smoke being caused by the burning of turpentine. In a short time the flames were extinguished by the navy, and the troops began to cross over into the city. My regiment was among the first to cross, which we did on one of the gunboats and an old steamer which had been captured. Four companies of us were landed at a wharf at the northern end of the town, and marched through the streets to the camp ground, just out of the city. This showed evidence of having been deserted in a hurry; and having stacked arms, we proceeded to appropriate such valuables as were left. Two or three hours were spent in this agreeable manner, during which time I personally found a large number of new Enfield rifles, which I reported, and sundry other articles which I appropriated. Among the other articles were an officer's sword, a Confederate

lieutenant's new coat, which he had not worn, a fine sash, which I presented to General Burnside, and several "Yankee Slayers," or large knives made from scythe blades, which their former owners had left for Yankee trophies. I also picked up a letter addressed to Colonel Reuben Campbell, and signed Hayne Davis, asking for a lieutenant's position in his regiment. In closing, the writer said, "I send you a bottle of brandy for your stomach's sake, and Mrs. Davis sends a bottle of catsup and some beef tongues, — the catch-up to be taken just before starting after the Yankees." This particular time the colonel must have used it to "catch up" with his retreating compatriots. About dark we fell in with our plunder, and marched to the quarters assigned us in town. There I had the pleasure of occupying one-third of a very poor bed, — nevertheless I slept as well as I could have slept upon down.

The next morning I reported myself on the *Alice Price*, and interchanged experiences in the fight with those of my associates of the Signal Corps. Mine had been more exciting than the average, as the most of them had remained in the rear till the battle was over. The most of this day and the next week was spent in looking about the city of New Berne; and I copy my description of the town, written more than forty years ago.

"It is situated at the confluence of the Neuse and Trent rivers, about forty miles from the mouth of the Neuse, and one hundred from Hatteras Inlet. The river is navigable to that point by vessels of seven or eight feet draught of water. It was a place of considerable trade before the war, of which turpentine and rosin formed the principal items. It is connected by rail with Goldsborough, Raleigh and the interior in one direction, and with Morehead City and Beaufort on the Atlantic in the other. It had contained some five or six thousand inhabitants, of whom, judging from appearances, the larger portion had been in comfortable, or even luxurious, circumstances. It was laid out in squares, was well built, and the streets lined with beautiful shade trees, making it very pleasant in appearance. The site, however, was low, and the vicinity said to be unhealthy."

The fires which we had noticed the day before had not damaged the city as much as we expected. One was the burning

of a large quantity of turpentine and a turpentine distillery; and another large fire was caused by the burning of the Washington Hotel and a large block of buildings connected therewith, which left a gap in the business section. Most of the white inhabitants had deserted the town, leaving their habitations and property to the tender mercies of the invading army and the negroes, — and for two or three days the business of appropriating valuable movables was lively. The city was full of wealth of this kind, and I have no doubt that tens of thousands of dollars' worth of silks, laces, books, silver, etc., was sent home by soldiers, while from the style in which the negroes dressed afterwards it was evident that they did not suffer in the distribution of clothing, at least. Money was found in some places and liquor everywhere, and for a day or two New Berne gave us a faint idea of a city given over to be sacked. Order, however, soon came out of confusion; the troops were regularly quartered in and about the city, and guards stationed at every corner.

During the time I have just mentioned, I, being an officer, was too scrupulous to join in the general occupation, though I had had no scruples against plundering a military camp; and, as I have said before, I spent the time mostly in looking about the city and selecting a residence. The house chosen, which was assigned to the Signal Corps afterwards, was a large two-story brick mansion, elegantly furnished throughout, having two pianos in the parlor, Brussels carpets on the floors, a fine library, and everything in like style. There were servants' quarters in the rear, which were occupied by an old negro named Stephen, a young mulatto woman called Phyllis, and two children. Stephen was engaged to black boots, etc., for the officers, while Phyllis, at a good salary, was installed as maid of all work. I occupied one of the front chambers, with Lieutenant Niles of the 23rd Massachusetts for a companion. The 25th was installed in the town as provost guard, and in a day or two Lieutenant Bessey and I called on Colonel Upton at his headquarters. We had become tired of the Signal Corps, for several reasons, (1), the promotion, or higher rank, that we

had been promised, did not come along; (2), we did not seem to be considered as important a body as we had expected to be; (3), while our expenses were greatly augmented, our pay was not raised in proportion. Hence, as we thought we might get along faster if we were with the regiment, we had resolved to make an attempt to get back there if possible. Colonel Upton expressed a desire to have us return and sent a petition to General Burnside to that effect. He referred it to Lieutenant Fricker, commanding the Signal Corps, who informed us very coolly that he could not spare us. He, however, said that if we were promoted, we should be relieved from signal duty, and we so reported to Colonel Upton, who promised us the next vacancies. Bessey, being senior, was promoted and returned to the regiment almost immediately, as a vacancy occurred, caused by the resignation of Major McCafferty. The colonel at the time informed me that I should certainly be remembered soon, as he should be glad to get me back with the regiment by any means within his power.

General Burnside lost no time in carrying out the third item of his programme, the capture of Fort Macon, the task being assigned to General Parke and the 3rd Brigade. Fort Macon was an old United States fort, built on Bogue Island, for the protection of Beaufort Harbor, which opens into the Atlantic, and is said to be the best on the North Carolina coast. From Beaufort a railroad ran through New Berne to Raleigh, and it was deemed important to take and hold this harbor, which had been and might be used by blockade runners and also furnished a better means of supplying and communicating with New Berne than Hatteras Inlet.

I asked and obtained permission to accompany the expedition, as did Lieutenant Niles, a colleague in the Signal Corps. We reported to General Parke on the *Alice Price*, and were told that we would be called on if needed, and that meantime we might make ourselves as comfortable as the circumstances would permit. We sailed for Slocomb's Creek, where we joined the brigade, which marched from New Berne. They remained in camp a day, but Lieutenant Niles and I, who were staff

officers without horses, determined to provide ourselves. Hearing from an intelligent contraband of a plantation three miles away, which had been deserted by its owners, we paid it a visit, taking Mr. Schell, Frank Leslie's artist, along. We found no horses, but the colored men there provided us with mules and bridles, and we returned to camp mounted.

The next week gave us one of the pleasant experiences which give a charm to army life. We marched at night and the next day, reaching Carolina City, a small village on the coast, in the afternoon. This was formerly a watering place, but the principal hotel had been burned, and it did not compare very favorably with Newport or Bar Harbor. We, however, slept under a roof. In the morning, early, our party was up and pushing for the front. We came to our pickets, who had orders to allow no one to pass, but who did allow us to do so, one or two of them going with us. The enemy in our front was said to be a Colonel White, with a few hundred men who constituted the garrison of Fort Macon.

We pushed down the railroad track, each step expecting to come upon the rebel pickets, until we reached Morehead City, where we were met by several citizens, who surrendered the city to us, (I was the senior officer present), and assured us that the last Confederate soldiers had sailed for the fort about half an hour before. Becoming satisfied of this, we took possession of the principal hotel and for two hours were the observed of all observers.

We found that the privateer *Nashville*, which we had hoped to capture, had run the blockade one or two nights before; and soon after our arrival the Rebels in the fort set fire to a sailing vessel lying near them. After we had been in town two hours, Captain Gardner, General Parke's adjutant-general, arrived with a detachment and was somewhat displeased to find us ahead of him. He, however, left a guard and, taking a scow, crossed over to Beaufort and received the surrender of that town. Having rested ourselves we found accommodations for our mules, took excellent rooms in the hotel, and passed a very quiet night.

The next day we spent in looking about the vicinity, Mr. Schell making sketches of Fort Macon from various points of view, in which our party always appeared in the foreground. I had the pleasure of seeing these pictures reproduced in Frank Leslie's a few weeks after, excepting only the parts where our portraits came in. There were extensive salt works near by, the taking of which, it was thought, would greatly cripple the Rebels. These we visited, and learned the process of obtaining salt by evaporating sea water.

This day General Parke had communication with the fort, demanding a surrender, which was refused, and it became necessary to prepare for a siege. This left the Signal Officers nothing to do, (in fact, we had done nothing except accompany the expedition, and go ahead of it into Morehead City), and General Parke gave us an order and a pass to return to New Berne. I presume he was not pleased with our unauthorized capture of Morehead, — and in fact, our performance was most foolish, there being at least nine chances out of ten that we should be killed or captured, ourselves. The enemy, however, were demoralized by their defeats at Roanoke and New Berne, and the sight of a few men in blue coats was enough to make them retreat. It was not always thus, however, as we learned later. Siege material having been brought up, operations on the island were commenced April 11th, and the fort surrendered April 26th.

To return to my narrative! We secured saddles for our mules, and started back in the afternoon. On the way to Carolina City one of the mules, ridden by Lieutenant Niles, brushed his rider off under a large tree and traveled on alone. A pursuit of two or three hours caught him, but rather delayed our progress. On leaving Carolina City we took a swamp path, which it was said saved several miles. The mud and water were deep, nearly to the mules' bellies, but we had started that way and determined to go through. In the deepest hole of all, the correspondent's mule gave a plunge, throwing him into the mud, and set off again. Leaving Niles to take care of him, I

went in pursuit. For miles I chased that mule, while it kept all the time just beyond my reach. When I went slowly, muley would do the same; and when I slyly increased my speed in order to reach the bridle, he would kick up his heels as if to say, "No, you don't," and set off at a round trot or gallop. At last, in crossing a stream his desire to drink overcame his prudence, and my hand reached the bridle rein. Proudly I started back toward Carolina City, leading my captive behind me. He came along meekly enough for a mile or two, when taking a vicious idea, he jerked back his head, releasing the bridle rein from my grasp. Off he started once more, and once more, disgusted with my carelessness, I followed in pursuit. Water had no charms for him this time, and I discovered after pursuing him past the place of his previous capture, that my chance of catching him was hopeless, and once more I faced toward Carolina City. After a ride of five miles I met Niles, who informed me that Schell and he had "got out of the Wilderness" and the mud also, and had secured lodgings at a small house near by, occupied by one Pelatier. We had progressed just five miles during the day.

We passed a pleasant evening at Mr. Pelatier's, who was a well-to-do farmer, with a very pretty daughter. He was well informed, and, (of course), pretended to have always opposed secession. Our conversation, I believe however, ran mostly upon turpentine farming, which was the principal business of eastern North Carolina. The pine forests of that section are, or have been, great sources of wealth to its people. A kind of cup was cut in one side of the tree, into which the sap ran and from which it was daily dipped. Each year a fresh strip of bark, half an inch wide, was cut off above this cup to allow the sap to run. When one side of the tree was cut as high as a man could reach, a new cup was cut on the other side, and the same process repeated there, and this was continued until the tree was girdled. It was then cut down and into lengths, and burned in a peculiar kind of pit, when the remaining sap became tar and the residuum charcoal. The crude turpentine that was dipped from the cups was distilled and refined, the residuum

being resin. The business, Mr. Pelatier said, was very profitable before the war.

After a pleasant evening and a good night's rest, to say nothing of a corn cake and sweet potato breakfast, we prepared to set out once more. Mr. Pelatier had an open wagon and harness, rather the worse for wear but still in working order, which he was called upon to furnish for transportation, we promising to return it and also our mules, if we could get them to him. Hitching one mule in this wagon and the other to it, we bade our host "good morning," and went our way. We went along, with occasional stops to mend the harness, till we arrived near the house of a Mr. Taylor, when a severe storm set in, and we rested for the night. The storm being over the next morning, we kept our course until we reached the battle ground, when our team and mules stuck fast in the mud, which was not less than three feet deep, and though we got in all over ourselves, we could not get the wagon out and hardly extricated the mules. Though we did save them from being buried alive, we found to our sorrow that their strength was well nigh exhausted, and we were glad to leave them at the next house, to be returned with the wagon to Mr. Pelatier. Whether he got them or not I have never learned, and my conscience troubles me a little on that point. Footing it thence to the ferry opposite New Berne, we crossed over the Trent and soon were relating our adventures to our friends at the Signal Corps mansion.

The next two weeks were spent in the study and practice of the signal code, I having been appointed chief instructor; and meantime Captain Clark of the 25th resigned and went home. The 15th of April I was promoted to first lieutenant and went back to my regiment. This promotion seemed greater than any I received afterward, and it gave me the advantage of returning to the line, which I greatly desired.

My change in quarters was not for the better, though those I found were very good for a soldier. Company B occupied a good sized brick house and a wooden one, and the officers were quartered in the parlor of the larger house, a well furnished

apartment some 18 feet square. We had a piano and other luxurious furnishings, and cot beds therein. The regiment, at the time I rejoined it, was doing provost duty in the city, half the men being on duty daily. New Berne was divided into three districts, to each of which a lieutenant and about one hundred men were assigned each day. Another lieutenant acted as assistant provost marshal each day and a captain served as officer of the day. Horses, or apologies for them, were furnished for the officers of the guard, that they might the better make their rounds. My turn to take charge of some one of these districts came nearly every other day. It was our duty to maintain good order, arrest all drunkards, soldiers without passes, and every person out after nine P. M. without the countersign. Another duty was to supervise the disorderly houses, of which there were several, both white and colored. A sentinel was maintained at the door of each, and the officer of the guard was expected to visit those in his district about ten P. M., to see that all was quiet and lights out. For three weeks after I rejoined my regiment, it did guard duty in the city, when we were relieved by the 23rd Massachusetts and ordered to the front to perform picket duty.

During this time a few incidents may be worthy of note. The evening of May 6th, Captain Emery, whose promotion to that rank left the vacancy that I filled, was married to a young lady who had come out as an assistant in the 25th hospital. All our generals honored the occasion with their presence. Several other evenings I visited the prayer meetings and dances of the colored people. Concerning them I wrote:

“Of the former I will say nothing more than that they exceed our Methodist meetings in religious fervor and excitement, as much as theirs do the gatherings of the other sects at home; but the dances must be seen to be appreciated. The performances of our so-called negro minstrels are as nothing to them.”

Some of our sentinels in the streets were fired upon, at night, and one or two were wounded. To prevent a repe-

tion several houses were demolished, and there was no further trouble. Our guard mountings were particularly fine, — equal to any I have seen at royal palaces abroad. The men were thoroughly drilled and equipped, and took pride in the ceremony. As Captain Denny writes :

“ Everything was in perfect order; every boot on the line possessed an excelsior shine; every strap, buckle, and button was in its place; and the bayonets and brasses shone with a brightness that proved the industry and painstaking character of the men of the battalion.”

The 8th of May we were relieved by the 23rd Massachusetts, and marched to the Red House, the outer picket station, about twelve miles from New Berne. About four miles further out, at Tuscarora, was said to be a rebel force, but it left whenever we advanced, and returned when we did. We did picket duty there about three weeks, taking part in one or two reconnaissances in which a few men were killed and wounded, but nothing special accomplished. Our pickets covered two or three miles and were in very bad position, so that frequent inspection of the posts was necessary, especially in the night. This was not an agreeable business, as the men were instructed to fire on any man or party approaching who did not halt at the summons; and it was uncomfortable, in making the rounds, to hear the click of cocking the gun, and the word “ halt ” at about the same time. A man might be nervous and fire too soon. This did not occur, however, there, but the regiment was twice turned out in the night by the pickets firing on stray horses. After three weeks of this duty, we were called in and established a camp just outside of New Berne, which we occupied substantially all the time until I left the regiment, three months later. All plans for an offensive movement on our part were temporarily given up, and our duty was simply to hold on to New Berne and the other positions we had captured. New Berne was meantime fortified, and our camp was between the fortifications and the city. We drilled constantly.

On the 11th of June I wrote :

“We are still in camp outside of New Berne, and go through the regular routine of camp duties, drills, etc. Our dress parades are considered the best in the division. It is a duplicate of our life at Annapolis. We hope for more active service soon, as we don't wish the Army of the Potomac to do all the fighting and win all the laurels.”

June 14th I was presented with a sword by the noncommissioned officers and men of my company, — a surprise and compliment which I fully appreciated. June 23rd my minutes say:

“The prevailing topic here now is heat. The mercury stands at 110 degrees in the shade at noonday. Of course, we do not drill much, but let us keep as still as we may, the heat is almost intolerable. Things do not look as much like a move as they did a fortnight ago.”

The 26th I went on a scouting expedition across the Neuse river and returned ill, being confined to my tent a week with malarial fever. The 6th of July two of our divisions sailed to reinforce the Army of the Potomac, which had suffered severely in the seven days retreat from near Richmond, — otherwise called a “change of base.” Our division chafed at being left, but we had plenty of chance in Virginia afterwards. July 27th I was sent to hospital, being told that I could not get well if I stayed with the regiment. August 3rd, after a course of calomel and quinine, I returned to camp for duty.

About this time I was offered the position of Major of the 1st North Carolina Union troops (white) as soon as the regiment should be filled up. I took the matter under advisement until the recruiting should be completed. There were many sick among our troops beside myself, and the heat was so intense that several men fainted at each dress parade.

About this time the call for 300,000 more men for three years was issued, and Massachusetts furnished ten or twelve new regiments, besides recruits for the older organizations. Governor Andrew officered these largely from regiments already in the field, and by the recommendation of Colonel Upton, supple-

mented by the personal work of my father, I was commissioned as captain in the 36th Massachusetts August 12th, and September 4th I received an order from the War Department to report to my new regiment in camp at Worcester, Mass. The first chance to leave was on the steamer *Guide* from Beaufort, September 9th, so I had a few days to get ready and say good-by to my friends. In one sense I was very sorry to leave my comrades, but promotion had great attraction in those days, and I was also glad to leave New Berne, where the climate evidently did not agree with me.

The 25th went on, making its glorious record, — at Kinston, Whitehall, Arrowfield Church, Drewry's Bluff, Cold Harbor, and elsewhere, — while my service took me into fields widely separated from theirs. I shall always be proud of the achievements of that gallant organization, in which I commenced my military service.



MRS. LYDIA JOY DRAPER.

CHAPTER VI

MARRIAGE — THE THIRTY-SIXTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT

I SAILED on the *Guide* the 9th, and on the 11th reached Hampton Roads. There we took the boat for Baltimore, where we heard that the Confederates were crossing the Potomac, after their victories of the Second Bull Run and Chantilly. I kept on east as fast as trains would carry me, and reaching Boston Friday, the 12th, learned that the 36th had left the State and were at Leesboro, Maryland. I determined to spend Sunday, at least, with my family, and went to Hopedale, where I learned that my father and mother, together with Miss Joy (to whom I had become engaged by correspondence) and her father and mother, were in New York, hoping to meet me on the arrival of the *Guide*. Telegrams were sent and they reached home late Saturday night, when the hardships and perils of war were temporarily forgotten in the pleasure of reunion.

Here I should perhaps explain that Miss Joy was the daughter by adoption of the Hon. David Joy, of Nantucket, Mass., and an old schoolmate at the Hopedale Home School. Her own father was a descendant of a brother of General Warren, who fell at Bunker Hill, and her mother was a daughter of Captain Alexander Bunker, who was said to have brought more oil into Nantucket than any other skipper and had a record of 229 sperm whales killed with his own hand. Her father and mother both died when she was very young, and she was adopted, as before said, by Mr. and Mrs. Joy, who were wealthy for that day and spent their time largely in travel in Europe and elsewhere. Mr. Joy was a retired ship owner, and had been a member of Governor Everett's Council. Both he and Mrs.

Joy were prominent in reform movements previous to the war, and their sympathy with such ideas caused them to send their daughter to school in Hopedale. After her graduation there they traveled in Europe for two years, during which time we kept up a desultory correspondence, and they returned to America shortly before my enlistment. The correspondence continued after that event and resulted in an engagement; and this was our first meeting under the new conditions.

The next day, Sunday, was spent as might be imagined under the circumstances. After a family council we came to the conclusion that it would be better for us to be married before my return to the army, since Lilla would then be privileged to visit and care for me in case I should be ill or wounded. This settled, it was decided that we should be married the next evening, the 15th of September, as I felt obliged to leave for the seat of war Tuesday. Monday I visited Governor Andrew at Boston, to transact certain military business and to obtain, if possible, definite knowledge of the location of my regiment. Concerning the latter I could learn nothing certainly, but I received an order to join it with the least possible delay. I was unable to return home till the last train and did not reach the house till seven p. m., the hour for the wedding being eight. At the appointed hour, or a little later, the ceremony was performed by my good friend, Rev. Adin Ballou, of whom I have before written, our immediate families and Mrs. Ballou being the only wedding guests. My wife, like many other brides, wore a dress from Paris, — not ordered for the occasion, but purchased by her there a year before, while traveling. I was arrayed in a new uniform, with huge captain's straps upon the shoulders, a pair of new cavalry boots and white cotton gloves completing the inventory. We were not married upon as long notice or in as much style as might be considered desirable to-day, but I don't think we lived the less happily for want of either. My age at the date of my marriage was twenty years and five months, and my wife was nearly seventeen months younger, — and from my experience I can recommend early marriages.

It may be well to state my pecuniary circumstances at this

time, when that kind of calculation is often made. I had continued my economical living, and sent home my savings, so that I had about \$900 in my father's hands. My wife was promised \$1,000 by her father when we should start housekeeping, if we ever did, and my salary as captain was at the rate of \$1,500 per annum. These figures of principal did not seem to us in the least small, and the income appeared to be, and in fact was, far beyond our needs, under the existing conditions. We had more important matters to consider than those which are vital to most young couples.

The day after my marriage was spent in preparations for departure, and in the afternoon train I left for the seat of war, my wife and father accompanying me. We proceeded to New York, via Norwich; arrived at Jersey City early in the morning; and waited in the depot for the departure of the train. The dreaded time came at last, and, giving a parting kiss to my newly made wife and a grasp of the hand to my father, I was borne out of the depot and away toward the South.

It may be well at this point to make a brief review of my service and military qualifications to date. I had served in staff and line duty, as second and first lieutenant, — had been engaged in two battles, Roanoke and New Berne, — had performed a large variety of military duty, — and learned to command men. Outside the actual fighting and my disagreeable experience on the *Satterly*, however, my campaigning had not been of an arduous character. We were within easy communication with a base of supplies the most of the time, and had regular rations, sufficient and comfortable clothing, and most excellent equipment in detail. The line officers had wall tents in camp, and the men had Sibley or A tents, and in moving we had transportation enough for necessaries and a great many unnecessaries. Each company had a wagon to carry its baggage, and several wagons were assigned to regimental headquarters. Later we were glad to get a baggage wagon for a regiment, and two wagons meant luxury. Of course, the food was at times open to criticism, and hardtack as a steady diet not altogether

pleasing. Of course, also, we got wet on guard, and learned to lie down in the mud on picket, — but we could purchase luxuries from the sutlers, and had good quarters to get dry in. On the whole, except for malaria, which affected most of us, the experience was a pleasant one for men in the prime of life and in good physical condition. We were in camp more than half the year and nearly two months on provost duty; and hence we had a first-class opportunity to become proficient in drill and guard duty, the opportunity being well improved, as I have before stated. On the whole, my experience fitted me well for my new position and furnished a good foundation for any further advancement that might come.

Taking up my narrative, Philadelphia and Baltimore were passed in due season and Washington was reached that night. There I stopped at Willard's. Full accounts had arrived of the battle and victory of South Mountain, which made me exceedingly anxious to join my regiment, which might have been engaged there and might be engaged again before I should be able to reach it.

The next day I devoted to searching for tidings of the 36th, and in the afternoon I found at General Halleck's office that it had been assigned to General Burnside and that he was somewhere beyond Frederick. The cars were expected to run to that point soon. Immediately returning to the hotel I took from my trunk my blankets and a change of underclothing, leaving the remainder of my baggage, and set out for the front, via the Relay House. Arrived there we found that no train had gone forward on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad for some days, but that one was expected to go the next morning. Securing a bed for the night, — or rather, half a one, my companion being Captain Hall of a New York regiment, — I made myself as comfortable as the circumstances would permit, before the departure of our train. The hotel was crowded with officers on the way to their regiments and citizens anxious to return to their homes, now that they were out of danger. Morning came and the train for the West, at last. We ran very slowly up

through Maryland to Frederick, or rather Monocacy, where the bridge across the river of that name had been destroyed by the Rebels. This was three miles from Frederick, and the field of a Union defeat two years later.

We arrived at noon, and never have I beheld a scene of greater confusion than there met my eyes. The cars stopped on a high embankment, just east of the burnt bridge, and below it to the left was a flat, almost packed with army wagons, ambulances, cannons, and caissons, some of them parked, but nearly all in motion, with no apparent object in view. There seemed to be no head, no management to anything. Each teamster had perhaps some object, but no one knew the business of anybody else. My friend, Captain Hall, found a wagon master belonging to his regiment, but I could find no one in the crowd who knew anything about the 36th Massachusetts. After about half an hour I descried an omnibus making its way toward the cars and, learning that it was to convey passengers to Frederick, three miles distant, I secured a seat. On inquiry of the driver I found that a regiment, the 36th something, had passed through the city the evening before, singing "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave." This cheered me considerably, for it not only made it seem probable that I should soon overtake them, but that they had escaped the carnage of the recent battles. I did not wish to have my company engaged before I was with them to share in their dangers.

Our route lay over a high hill, whence we descended into Frederick, and from its summit we obtained a fine view of that place and its surroundings. The scene was a beautiful one. The little city, decorated with Union flags, seemed to lie in a perfect garden, and we could hardly believe that Lee with his devastating legions had but just swept through that lovely valley. Across the valley lay Middletown Mountain, about 1500 feet in height, while further on rose the peaks of the Blue Ridge and the Alleghenies. Just before entering the town we met some hundreds of "Johnnies," or "Greybacks," as they were then called, who had been captured at South Mountain. In the city the streets were full of officers attached to the quarter-

master's, commissary, or medical departments, and officers and men going to their regiments, while here and there an arm in a sling or a pair of new crutches showed that the wounded had begun to arrive. I obtained dinner after frantic exertions, and after paying for it commenced looking for a horse to carry me to the front. I visited stable after stable, but found "Johnny Reb" had been there before me. There was not a horse to be found. General Lee, in this invasion, maintained general good order in his army, but horses, boots and shoes, and provisions he confiscated.

On my way to the last stable I saw a man with "36" on his hat. Hailing him I found that he represented the 36th Massachusetts, which he said was then on the march and would halt at night about fifteen miles from Frederick. He introduced himself as Lieutenant Smith, formerly a sergeant in the 21st Massachusetts at New Berne and afterwards chief commissary for the Army of the Potomac. He was there with a wagon for rations and was to overtake the regiment that night. Of course I decided to accompany him, and, after a second dinner in a private house where Lieutenant Smith was acquainted, we set out on our march. Our course lay due west from Frederick, over the Middletown Mountain. The sun was hot and the road was dusty, but I was sure of soon finding my regiment and was not troubled by such trifles. This road had for some days been used as a thoroughfare for the supplies of the army, as was evident from the number of dead horses and mules that lay by its side, poisoning the air for long distances around them. We met occasional trains of wagons coming for supplies and ambulances loaded with wounded men. Numbers of the latter, also, who were able to walk, were making the best of their way to some place where they could be cared for. Some of these were from Burnside's command and recognized me as having been in North Carolina.

Not till after dark, on the 19th of September, did we reach the camp of the regiment, which was beyond Middletown on a part of the South Mountain battlefield. Going to the colonel's quarters, I presented myself, and was introduced to the Field

and Staff. Then being shown the position of Co. F, I hunted up the quarters of Lieutenant Tuttle (in a shelter tent), and introduced myself to my future comrades. With Lieutenant Tuttle, who had commanded my company since it left the State, I passed the night, and the next morning I made my *début* as captain.

Before going further I will give a few facts regarding the organization and roster of the 36th Regiment. It was raised in July and August, 1862, under the Presidential call for "300,000 more," and was composed principally of Worcester County men. Our Field and Staff were as follows:

Henry Bowman	of Clinton	Colonel
John B. Norton	Charlestown	Lieutenant-colonel
Jas. H. Barker	Milford	Major
Jas. P. Prince	Lynn	Surgeon
Albert H. Bryant	Natick	Asst. Surgeon
Warren Tyler	No. Brookfield	Asst. Surgeon
Francis B. Rice	Worcester	Quartermaster
Chas. T. Canfield	Worcester	Chaplain
S. A. Ranlett	Charlestown	Adjutant.

The Line officers were as follows:

Co. A. Captain T. L. Barker. Lieutenants Geo. S. Chipman, Joseph A. Marshall.

Co. B. Captain Albert Prescott. Lieutenants T. E. Ames, P. Marion Holmes.

Co. C. Captain Arthur A. Goodell. Lieutenants E. A. Morse, Henry W. Daniels.

Co. D. Captain Amos Buffum. Lieutenants Levi N. Smith, John C. Cutter.

Co. E. Captain S. Cady Warriner. Lieutenants Robt. M. Cross, Julius M. Tucker.

Co. F. Captain Wm. F. Draper. Lieutenants Otis W. Holmes, Augustus S. Tuttle.

Co. G. Captain S. H. Bailey. Lieutenants Henry S. Robinson, E. T. Raymond.

Co. H. Captain C. Sawyer. Lieutenants Joseph Gird,
 ——— Howe.

Co. I. Captain C. S. Hastings. Lieutenants Wm. F. Brigham, Fred A. Sibley.

Co. K. Captain Jas. B. Smith. Lieutenants Austin Davis, Wilder S. Holbrook.

Of these line officers, before the expiration of the regiment's service, Captains Buffum, Prescott and Bailey, and Lieutenants P. M. Holmes, O. W. Holmes, Daniels and Gird, were killed or died of wounds, and Captain Hastings and Lieutenants Brigham, Sibley and Howe, died of disease; while Captains Barker, Goodell, Warriner, Draper, and Smith, and Lieutenants Marshall, Ames, Morse, Tucker, Robinson, and Holbrook, were wounded in the course of their service, — 22 out of 30. Of the other eight, Captain Sawyer was discharged as an invalid, Lieutenant Smith was made commissary for the Army of the Potomac, Lieutenant Tuttle was made quartermaster, Lieutenant Davis was on recruiting duty in Massachusetts, Lieutenants Chipman, Cutter and Cross resigned; while Lieutenant Raymond (afterwards captain and brevet major) went through all our engagements, and came out without a scratch. Of these officers, several had served with me in the 25th Regiment, Capts. Smith and Buffum having been lieutenants, and Lieutenants Holmes, Morse, Raymond and Tucker, non-commissioned officers. Colonel Bowman had been a captain in the 15th Massachusetts, taken prisoner at Ball's Bluff, and later major of the 34th, in camp at Worcester. Capt. Warriner had served in the 10th; and most of the other officers had had militia experience. Lieutenant Ames, a fine officer, had passed two years as a cadet at West Point.

During the evening of Sept. 19th, the day I joined my regiment, I received several visits from former acquaintances among the officers of the regiment, and the men of my company. About nine, tired with my long walk, I fell into the arms of Morpheus and passed my first night under a shelter tent very comfortably. The next morning we were ordered to march at eight. I rose

at six, breakfasted on hardtack and coffee, and superintended the preparations of my men. There was much to be done, as usual, — tents to be dried, breakfast to be eaten, knapsacks to be packed, canteens to be filled, guns to be cleaned, etc., etc. Then the sick were to be taken care of, and their guns and equipments to be put into the wagons. All these things take time, especially with new soldiers. At last the signal was given to fall in, and I got my company into line in time to lead the regiment out of camp. My place in line was next to the right, though I considered that the right belonged to me; and this morning I had it for some distance, owing to the failure of Captain (since Colonel) Barker to get his company ready. Before starting I made my men a short speech, stating what I should expect of them, and what they might expect of me, which ended with three cheers given for their captain. I am happy to say that when I left the regiment more than two years later, I was honored in a similar manner.

My company seemed very different from the one I had left in the 25th, — the difference between the raw recruit and the disciplined soldier. They were of the same stock. Perhaps these were a little older on an average, as the younger men had largely gone under the call of 1861. They had had almost no drill, and, with exceptions, did not know the manual of arms. They had learned to fall into line and to face to the right and march forward when they were ordered, and that was about all. The rest of the regiment was in a similar condition, except Captain Prescott's Company B, from Charlestown, who even then were quite "smart" in the manual. I told my men that we would beat them before long, and we did (allowing me to be a judge), but the task seemed almost impossible at the start.

That morning we marched through Boonsboro, a Maryland village of one street, filled with our wounded; and a few miles farther on we passed Keedysville, another and a poorer village, in the same condition. At noon we halted close to the Antietam battle ground, where we formed a part of the reserve and received orders to make ourselves comfortable. Here I commenced my discipline by having a street laid out and tents

pitched with regularity, which was something to which the men had as yet been unaccustomed. I found on investigation that some six or eight guns and sets of equipments, for which I was pecuniarily responsible, were missing when I joined the regiment. Lieutenant Tuttle, however, made that all right in some mysterious way, and in a week I was able to account for all. The above mentioned officer displayed so much talent in this direction that at last he was assigned to his proper sphere, the quartermaster's department.

Next morning, Sunday, I had an inspection, (another new institution for the 36th), and found that my men were lamentably deficient in caring for their arms, as well as in drill. I was, however, particularly struck with one man, a Corporal Wright, (afterwards captain), who went through the motions with the precision of a veteran and was neatness personified in person and equipments. On inquiry I found that he had practised much, and that he was the grandson of a sergeant major in the celebrated 42nd Highlanders (British), who was wounded in front of the cotton bales at New Orleans. He was the best soldier I ever knew. After ordering some men to clean guns, others to brush up equipments, and still others — I am sorry to say — to wash their hands and faces, I dismissed the company, and taking a walk with Captain Smith, had the pleasure of seeing that my inspection had imitators.

At noon we had orders to march again, and passing through the town of Sharpsburg, which showed the effect of stray shells from the great battle, we camped on a wooded hill about one hundred feet above Antietam Creek, which flowed below. Here we remained several days, awaiting our assignment, and in the meantime drilling as much as company commanders desired. While here, several dead bodies floated down the creek from which we got our water.

Our first alarm occurred here. About three o'clock in the morning the reveille sounded, and I jumped up to superintend roll call, and met Colonel Bowman running about and inquiring why the regiment was not in line. I wondered at his expectations, as the reveille requires nothing but a roll call, but ordered

my men to fall in, with arms and equipments. We soon had a line formed, and waited three hours, no one being allowed to sit down or leave the ranks, when the colonel perceived that there was no excitement outside of our regiment, and dismissed us to quarters.

A day or two after this we were brigaded with the 45th and 100th Pennsylvania, two veteran regiments of good reputation, but terribly jealous of each other. Colonel Welch of the 45th Pennsylvania was placed in command of the brigade. On being brigaded we broke camp and moved about two miles, to a field near the village of Antietam Iron Works. On camping here I was much amused by a sight which soon became familiar to me. The field, as well as others near it, was excellently fenced, and as soon as the order "stack arms" was given, the old regiments broke for the fences and our boys soon followed them. The fences disappeared as if by magic, and everywhere were to be seen men loaded down with piles of rails. Rails were used for various purposes. They made excellent fires, and by splitting them the men got pieces to pitch their tents. After the rails were brought, this time, some adventurous youth discovered a stack of straw, and soon after, it moved bodily toward the camp. That night I slept by a fire of those rails and on some of that straw, in the open air.

Next morning, having just got our tents pitched, I was detailed to go on picket with my company. We guarded a mile and a half of the Potomac River, which at the time was very low. After being relieved we returned to camp, where we remained till October 7th, improving the time in drilling. We had a few battalion drills, in which our colonel exercised us in running over stone heaps, by the flank, and swearing at those who lost distance. We also went through certain simple movements, and some complex ones never mentioned in any Tactics, during which those who were supposed to make mistakes were so informed in no very polite manner. I was "picked up" once when I knew I was right, and after drill repaired to the colonel's quarters with the Tactics. He informed me that he sometimes varied from them, — but he never questioned my

knowledge of drill again. While at this camp we were reviewed by President Lincoln and General McClellan, when I saw the former for the first time.

The night of the 6th we received marching orders, and the 7th we performed a march that taxed my powers of endurance more than almost any subsequent one, though the distance marched was comparatively short — twelve miles — and the necessity for quick movement — nil. The route lay over Maryland Heights, which were, at the point where we crossed, some 2,000 feet above the sea; and we marched half way up, the road being steep, all the way down the other side, which was still steeper, and nearly two miles farther, without a halt or a rest. The time between halts, if I remember aright, was two hours and thirty-five minutes. This, for men loaded in heavy marching order, was almost too much for endurance. Writers on logistics state that men should never be marched more than an hour without a halt, and I think from my own experience that men will march farther in a day, and feel fresher at night, by having a rest of fifteen minutes after each three-quarters of an hour of marching. Of course a large part of the men straggled, — more than two-thirds of my regiment did so. On our arrival in camp the roll was called, and but thirty-four out of over ninety of my company replied to their names. Personally, on reaching camp, I dropped in the shade of a tree and lay there till dark, completely exhausted. After a night's rest, however, I was able to move about and attend to the establishment of my company quarters, for we were ordered to lay out a regular camp. Our stragglers in due time came up, and all the non-commissioned officers among them were reduced to the ranks, by order of the colonel. This order was, however, rescinded, and a reprimand given them at the next dress parade, in which the colonel took occasion to say that some of the line officers would be killed off in the next fight and he wanted to have men to succeed them who would keep up in their places on a march. All very true, it seemed to me, but hardly a pleasant manner of mentioning it. The manner of marching was simply the result of ignorance on the part of the brigade commander. He lacked

experience in this line, and, being in the saddle, failed to realize the necessities of men afoot, carrying loads. The lesson was learned, however, and that style of marching was never repeated in our brigade.

We remained in camp in what was called Pleasant Valley till Saturday night, spending most of the time in drill. Here I was mustered into the service once more, on my captain's commission, by Major Davis, of General McClellan's staff. I was mustered back to the date of my leaving the 25th Regiment, which made me third in rank among the captains, though the date of my commission should have made me first. About this time I was sent for by General Wilcox, with a view to service on his staff, but as I told him that I preferred to remain with my regiment, another officer was substituted in my place. I wrote after arriving at the command of a regiment, — "Were I to enter the service again I should prefer a staff position to anything less than a colonel's commission," — but when I had the opportunity of choosing, I preferred the hard-working, less brilliant line.

As I have intimated, Saturday, Oct. 11th, witnessed a change in our situation once more. We were just forming for dress parade, when we were ordered to go back to quarters, put on overcoats and haversacks, leaving our blankets and shelter tents (I added canteens for my men), and then to form line again. As we were coming out the second time the color company was a little slow, when the colonel shouted, — "Bring out those colors; we want to get some bullet holes through them." This brought the delinquents out at double quick, and, the line being formed, we took the road leading to the Potomac River at Weaverton, a small village on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. The remainder of our brigade moved with us, but no other troops seemed to be disturbed. We halted at the railroad depot, and loading into freight cars, after the usual delay of two or three hours, steamed off on the Baltimore road. We had heard of Stuart's raid, and that he was at Chambersburg, Penn., and supposed that that place was our destination. Our train, however, stopped at Frederick about twelve p. m., and there we

unloaded, marched down the street, and received the order to halt. Hearing nothing more for some time, we stretched ourselves out on the sidewalks and lay till morning, those of us sleeping who could, in a raw October night, without a blanket. My somnolent propensity has always been powerful, and I, having secured half a cellar door for a bed and Lieutenant Holmes for a *backer*, slept soundly till morning. The good people were much surprised at the use to which their sidewalks were put, when they first looked about in the morning, which was Sunday.

That day we spent in marching about, first a mile or two one way, and then another, according to the latest news from "J. E. B." (Stuart). Toward night the news came that he had reached the Potomac and was recrossing, when we once more marched to the depot and took cars, we supposed for camp. We were, however, doomed to disappointment. Our train did not leave Frederick till after dark, and as it crept along very slowly it was late in the evening when it stopped and orders were given to get out. We supposed we were again at Weaverton, but a flash of lightning disclosed our mistake. A board at the station was inscribed "Point of Rocks." Here we formed a line by the flashes of lightning, and marched up a road leading northward; halted; sent out pickets; and received orders to "make ourselves comfortable for the night!" The rain fell in torrents, the surface of the ground was mud, and but little shelter was available. The kind of comfort found was various; most sat or lay down by the roadside and took the water as it came, but some were more adventurous. My orderly found refuge in a hogshead, and three or four non coms. turned a porker out of his pen, and made a bed therein. Morning found all wet, cold, and uncomfortable, and some sick. However, before noon it cleared away, and we built large fires and dried ourselves. About noon we were brought into line and marched over a hill to the rear of the town and halted in a valley, where we could not be seen from the opposite side of the river. There we received orders to keep off the hill in our front and to make ourselves as comfortable as we could. Fires were prohibited

after dark, which made the nights very uncomfortable, as we had neither tents nor blankets and the nights were cold enough for frost. The other regiments in our brigade fared better than we, as experience had taught their commanders that it was not safe for men to leave camp on an expedition, without blankets, it being uncertain when they might return. We lay in this hollow two days and nights, suffering much from cold and living on short rations. During this time all sorts of rumors were in circulation, as usual, and we had just got settled in the belief that we were to remain there some time to hold that part of the river, when we received orders to return to our old camp.

This excursion gave us a long sick list and subjected us all to needless exposure, simply because of the absurd order given in regard to what we should carry. To take men out in cold weather for an indefinite time, without blankets, shelter tents, or even canteens, — when all were at hand and could be easily carried, — was simply a needless sacrifice of life and health. It was a repetition of the folly of the march over the mountain to which I have referred, and showed that officers, as well as men, had much to learn in their early campaigning. The old regiments in our brigade had a mere excursion, while we were made to experience real hardship, from the lack of knowledge of our commanding officer.

Here I may as well describe the shelter tent, with which our men were provided and which served an excellent purpose. It was pieces of sheeting or drilling, about four feet square, with buttonholes at intervals on the edges and corresponding buttons set a little way in. Two of these buttoned together, and, drawn over a pole held by two crotched sticks, the outer ends being fastened to the ground, made a tent four feet long and perhaps equally wide at the bottom and very nearly three feet high in the centre. A third piece attached to the rear made it long enough to cover a man and reasonably comfortable for two people, when once in, though it was necessary to crawl in and lie down when there. They kept out ordinary rain and were vastly better than no tents at all. The rubber blankets, which every man carried as long as he could carry anything, were

spread on the ground inside, and the woolen blankets served for covering at night.

Referring to Stuart's raid, a friend of mine in the 40th New York told me a little later that his division lay within a mile of where Stuart recrossed the Potomac into Virginia, — that the men knew of their crossing, and that they could have killed or taken the entire command, had orders been received. The orders, however, were not given, and Stuart escaped, — another evidence of incapacity in high places.

We lay quiet five days, and then, the 26th of October, came a real move. All "spare" baggage was left behind, and all men unable to march. There were some seventy of these in our regiment, largely victims of the forced march and the Point of Rocks escapade; and out of that number I think not a dozen ever saw the regiment again. Some died (two excellent, patriotic men from my company, among the number), some were discharged for disability, and others stayed about hospitals till the expiration of their service or the formation of the Invalid Corps, a refuge for such men. The ease with which any man who was sent to a hospital could finish his service there was always inexplicable to me.

When all was ready we marched down the river bank some five miles, to Berlin, where we crossed a pontoon bridge to the "sacred soil" of old Virginia. The rain fell and we marched very slowly, so that by the time we halted for the day, about three P. M., we were soaked with water, and only two miles from the Potomac. A line was formed, facing the south, and the position of our regiment was in a ploughed field, about three inches deep with mud. Orders were given to stack arms, camp immediately in rear of the stacks, and to *take no rails for fuel*. Everyone was cold, wet, tired, and disgusted. Non-commissioned officers threatened to desert, and some of the commissioned talked "resign" very strongly. The men could not lie down in the mud, and as rails were the only available fuel, it was thought by us that it would be better to burn a few "secesh" rails than to kill Union soldiers by unnecessarily obliging them to sleep in the mud without fires. Before night,

by dint of much representation at the higher headquarters, our colonel got leave to fall back a hundred yards or more to a rough field, covered with stubble but not muddy; and during the night the rails disappeared from the vicinity. I warmed myself by a fire made of them, but I saw no one take rails, — it would not have answered. No complaint was ever made of this nor any serious effort made to enforce similar orders in future, and I suppose they were given to make a show of protecting private property; but they served only to demoralize the men and lessen their respect for orders in general. Personally I passed an uncomfortable night, getting dry only in the morning. The sun then came out bright, and I set my men to cleaning their guns and equipment, so as to be ready for the action daily expected. Three of my company were sent back to the hospital from the effects of that night, and none of them ever rejoined the regiment.

From here we marched slowly south, through Waterford, Philomont, Upperville, Rectortown, and Salem, to a point on Carter's Run, near Waterloo, — a distance of not over 50 miles, which we had covered in ten days, with no enemy in front. We were nearer Richmond than the main body of Lee's army was, and it seemed as if we moved slowly to give him a chance to get ahead of us.

Probably it was to keep between him and Washington, though, as we were taking the offensive, we ought to have moved rapidly and forced General Lee to think of his Capital rather than ours. On the march between Rectortown and Salem we passed a house, duly guarded by our soldiers, where an irate woman stood at the door and addressed us. "Where are you-uns all going?" said she. "To Richmond," some of the boys replied. "Well," said she, "you'll have a *Longstreet* to go through, and a big *Stonewall* (Jackson), to get over before you get there," — and the results proved that she was correct.

At Carter's Run we remained a week without establishing a camp, expecting to move every day. The supply trains did not come up, and the rations were reduced to two ears of corn and a small piece of meat per man per day. The name given this

locality was "Hungry Hollow." While we were here General McClellan was removed from the command of the Army of the Potomac, and General Burnside substituted in his place. I will not make extended comment further than to say that the army as a whole was greatly dissatisfied with the change. General Burnside, my old commander in North Carolina, did not consider himself competent to command an army as large as the Army of the Potomac, and the result proved that he was right. He was, however, an excellent commander of a smaller army, as shown at Roanoke and New Berne, and later in East Tennessee; and he was one of the most unselfish and patriotic men who ever wore the army blue.

November 15th the army commenced to move toward Fredericksburg. Our corps moved south to Sulphur Springs, as though our destination was Culpepper Court House. At Sulphur Springs there was a little skirmish, but we were not engaged. This had been a celebrated place of summer resort before the war, but either one side or the other had destroyed most of the buildings. The lieutenant-colonel and adjutant of the 35th Massachusetts were here taken prisoners at a house outside the lines where they went for a meal.

About noon of the 16th we marched again, this time nearly due east. We had a long hard march that afternoon and camped near Warrenton Junction. About noon of the 17th we marched again toward Fredericksburg, this time the road containing several parallel columns. The morning of the 21st we reached Falmouth, having marched part of each day for four days, much of the time in the rain. During this march I wrote my wife:

"Perhaps you would like to know what I carry when I march, — an overcoat, a woolen and a rubber blanket, my equipments, including sword and pistol of course, a canteen full of water, a haversack with three days' rations or less, dependent upon the time, a cup, knife, fork, spoon, towel, soap, and candle, a piece of tent cloth four feet square, and a hatchet. When we stop we first get rails for a fire, fasten our flies together for a tent, get water from the nearest spring, well, or stream, make coffee, and then spread our blankets. I am getting to

be quite a cook, make excellent coffee, and can broil meat on a sharp stick in the most approved style. I sleep in overcoat, boots and cap, and sometimes with equipments on. A haversack makes an excellent pillow."

The march might have been made much more expeditiously, it seemed at the time, had it been necessary; but since the pontoons for crossing the river did not come, it might have done no good. Part of the army, it seems, reached Falmouth on the 17th, so that there was no object in our hurrying unless to support them.

Arrived in camp I was ordered to take three companies (about 200 men), and picket the left of our corps, from the Rappahannock up a road to the north, where we should meet the pickets of another division. We were long in finding our position and getting posted, accomplishing the latter about eleven P. M., and after visiting the posts once to see that all were on the alert, I was glad to drop down in a puddle of water and sleep till morning. I breakfasted at the house of a "poor white" the next morning and remained on duty till night, when I was duly relieved and returned to camp. During my tour on picket the Rebels ran several trains out of Fredericksburg, which our batteries shelled. The next day the sun shone out, and we found opportunity to dry our clothes, get off the cased-on mud, pitch our tents, and make ourselves tolerably comfortable.

CHAPTER VII

FREDERICKSBURG

WE lay on a plain with tens of thousands of other troops, facing Fredericksburg, a mile and a half away, across the Rappahannock. Rebels now seemed to be plenty across the river, though on our first arrival a crossing could have been effected without difficulty had the pontoons been there. It is my private opinion that we made a great mistake in not crossing at one of the fords above Fredericksburg, without waiting for the pontoons, which we might easily have done. Holding both banks of the river a bridge could have been improvised without great difficulty. However, we waited, and the Rebels arrived, and if we were to cross at this point it had become necessary to do it in spite of their opposition.

We lay quiet, or nearly so, on this plain for three weeks, doing occasional picket duty and going through a grand review and several inspections. Thanksgiving, Captain Holmes, Lieutenant Tuttle and I endeavored to celebrate, at least partially, by partaking of a chicken, procured after great trouble and at some expense. But alas! our outdoor fire did not operate as well as sometimes or our cook (Gaylon Davis) was careless, and our chicken was burned and our dinner poor; and we all wrote *blue* letters home.

About this time I met an old friend at General Sumner's headquarters, Lieutenant Barrett of the Signal Corps. His signal station was near the Lacy House on a commanding hill and through his large telescope glass could be seen swarms of men in gray, laboring on earthworks and mounting guns, while through the streets of Fredericksburg sentinels paced and

couriers rode to and fro. It seemed as though they were making themselves comfortable for the winter.

Our picket duty here was especially interesting from the associations connected with the spot where that duty was performed. The part of the line that it usually fell to my lot to hold was on the old Washington Farm, where General Washington passed most of his earlier years, and where he cut the cherry tree with his little hatchet but could not tell a lie. The old homestead served as my headquarters several times, but it finally was entirely torn down for fuel and to assist in making comfortable the headquarters of the nearest regiments. Our picket posts were on the bank of the Rappahannock, which is here not more than ten rods wide. Just across the river were the rebel pickets, who stood around their fires, perfectly indifferent to our presence. This was the first occasion where I had seen the pickets so near each other and on such friendly terms. The Johnnies called across to see if our boys would exchange coffee for tobacco. Some of them offered to come across and make our better acquaintance if we would allow them to return, but as we did not agree, we received no visits at that time.

Meanwhile, as I have before stated, General Lee was fortifying the heights back of Fredericksburg; and there was not a little impatience expressed by our soldiers at the delay in advancing upon the enemy. Quoting substantially from the "History of the 36th Massachusetts" (Pages 25-29), —

"This delay, however, could not be avoided, on account of the necessity of opening communications with Aquia Creek, and also of procuring pontoons with which to cross the river. Indeed, the preparations for the movement upon the enemy, urgent as General Burnside was, were not completed until December 10th. On that day the 36th received orders to be ready to move. At night the Stafford Heights, and the left bank of the Rappahannock opposite Fredericksburg, were occupied by 147 pieces of artillery; and before dawn our pontoniers were busily employed in preparations for laying five bridges, upon which the troops were to cross.

"The 36th was early in line on the morning of the 11th, and, with the brigade, moved down toward the river, and there remained during

the rest of the day, while an attempt was made to lay the bridges under cover of our artillery. But the workmen near the Lacy House were greatly hindered in their efforts by sharpshooters advantageously posted on the opposite bank of the river; and a terrific shelling of the city did not succeed in dislodging them. At length, from the regiments near at hand, volunteers were summoned to cross the river in boats, and drive the rebel sharpshooters from their position. Men from the 7th Michigan, 19th Massachusetts and 20th Massachusetts answered the summons; and with men from the 50th New York as boatmen, crossed the river. Then, darting up the bank, in a few minutes they compelled the enemy to withdraw. The work of laying the pontoons was soon pushed rapidly forward, and late in the afternoon the bridges were completed. The army then began to cross, Lee being unable to oppose its advance on account of the commanding position afforded our batteries by the Stafford Heights. Franklin's grand division crossed below the city, and formed the left wing of the army; Sumner's crossed at the upper bridges, and formed the right wing; while Hooker's grand division was held in reserve on the northern bank of the river, ready to reinforce either Sumner or Franklin. Most of the troops crossed on the 12th. That morning the several divisions of the 9th Corps were early in line; and as they reached the Fredericksburg side of the river they were placed in position on the left of Sumner's grand division, and just below the city. In the crossing a few men were killed or wounded by the enemy's shells, that fell short of our batteries, at which they were aimed. Two men of the 36th were in this way slightly wounded.

"That night we moved up into the city, and stacking arms in the street, spent the night on the sidewalk and in the deserted houses in rear of the guns. Early in the morning of December 13th preparations were made for the approaching battle. Burns' division of the 9th Corps, to which our brigade belonged, was assigned to a position below the city. There, across Hazel Run, behind a rise of ground, we remained under arms, in reserve, listening to the roar of artillery and musketry, as the battle raged along the line from left to right, expecting every minute to be called to participate in the terrible conflict; but no orders came until afternoon, when we moved further down the river, crossed Deep Run, and were placed in position in front of the Barnard House, covering the lower pontoon bridge. At dark the 36th moved forward and supported a battery in front of the Sligo House.

"During the day General Meade, with his division, won a tem-

porary success on the left, but was at length compelled to fall back for want of adequate support. In rear of the city the divisions of French, Hancock, and Humphrey, successively endeavored to carry Marye's Heights, but were repulsed with great loss. General Burnside was greatly disappointed at the result of the day's fighting, and he accordingly determined to renew the battle early in the morning, and lead his old corps, the Ninth, in person, in an assault on Marye's Heights, with the right and left vigorously supporting. In reference to this proposed attack, Colonel Leasure of the 100th Pennsylvania, who commanded our brigade, says: 'I received an order, through General Burns, from General Willcox, stating that the Ninth Corps would assault the enemy's works on the next day, and that my brigade, the Third, would lead the attack; and I was requested to submit a plan of attack, subject to the approval of the commanding general. Consequently I submitted the following: I would advance my own regiment, the 100th Pennsylvania, or Roundheads, in the darkness of night, as close as possible to the enemy's works, as skirmishers and sharpshooters, supporting them as nearly as possible with the remainder of my brigade, — the 45th Pennsylvania and 36th Massachusetts, — which in turn were to be supported by the remainder of the division and the other divisions of the corps. In the gray of the morning the 100th should advance suddenly, driving in the enemy's pickets, or capturing them, and as much as possible pick off their gunners, then charge their works in the confusion, throwing in brigade after brigade. This plan was sent to General Burns as the one most feasible; but with it went my most solemn protest against the inevitable destruction of my brigade if it should be adopted, and it was sent to General Burnside with the protest endorsed on it by the commanding officer of the corps, and also by General Sumner. But notwithstanding, it was early morning before the assault was abandoned.' In fact, the Third Brigade took position at the front in accordance with the above plan, the 36th, with the 45th on its right, being in line of battle behind a steep, wooded bank, above which in the early dawn the outlines of the enemy's works were plainly visible. The 100th was well up towards the enemy's lines, lying low. And here we remained on our arms, expecting every moment to charge the rebel works on the left of the open field, where so many of our brave comrades had fallen the day before, when, unexpectedly to all, we were ordered back to our old position below the city. At daylight, after rations were issued, our whole division moved up to the city, where the Ninth

Corps was massed near the river. No further advance was made, and there we remained throughout the day. At night we moved back again to our old position below the city, where we remained during the night and all the next day.

“About dark on the 15th we were again in line. The 100th Pennsylvania and the 2nd Michigan were ordered out, while the 45th Pennsylvania and the 36th Massachusetts remained under arms awaiting orders. To secure strict silence the men were not to speak, and to avoid coughing as much as possible. This, together with the ominous injunction of Colonel Leasure to his old regiment as they joined him, ‘Now do your duty, Roundheads,’ was interpreted as meaning serious work near at hand. About ten o’clock in the evening the rest of our brigade moved up into the city quietly, where, to our surprise, we found the place was nearly deserted, there being in the streets at this point only one regiment, the 89th New York, and that had just been withdrawn from the picket line. Several batteries were near the river, limbered up and all ready to move. The 36th relieved the 89th New York and waited for the 100th Pennsylvania, which was on the extreme front of the picket line. So we were among the last troops to leave the city. We crossed unharmed, and returned to our old camp on the morning of December 16th, sharing with the rest of the army the disappointment that was felt on account of the repulse and the serious losses sustained by many of our regiments, yet feeling that while the fruitless task that was assigned to others had not fallen to our lot, we had done all that was required of us as faithful soldiers.

“On the 17th general inspection was ordered. The 36th mustered about 650 guns. Of the remaining 350 of our comrades who left Massachusetts with us, a large number were detailed on special duty, many were on the sick list, and 10 had died.”

From our position in reserve, or rather from the top of the bluff in front of our position, I had a fine opportunity to see at close range the successive assaults on Marye’s Heights. The lines were formed and moved forward gallantly, under a terrific fire, and leaving a trail of dead and wounded behind. The ranks closed together as men fell, and they kept on nearly to the works, when the line fell to the ground and remained there or staggered back. This operation was repeated several times

and once or twice I expected to see our flags crown the breast-works, but it was not to be. Whether the works could have been carried if the whole force engaged had charged simultaneously instead of by successive divisions I don't know, but I thought then as I do now, that our only hope of success lay in such tactics. The real fault, however, lay in not making our real attack on the left, where we gained some advantage and only failed of real success for want of additional men, who could have easily been sent there, instead of waiting in reserve or attacking an almost impregnable position in front.

During the night of the 13th, after the battle, we lay in mass under the bluff next the river, and if General Lee had followed Stonewall Jackson's advice and made a night attack, the Army of the Potomac would have been substantially destroyed or captured. The space where we lay was packed with men, not one in twenty of whom was in position to fire a shot at an attacking enemy. However, we escaped this and recrossed the river, having lost 13,000 men in our ineffectual movement, the enemy suffering a loss of less than half as many. After our return the usual routine of camp and picket duty was resumed, and continued for more than a month. The army was discouraged by its failure but still anxious for another chance to try its strength.

About the 20th of January another movement was attempted and a part of the army put in motion. This time the elements were against us, and Napoleon's fifth element, mud, was too much for us. pontoons, artillery, caissons, ambulances, and wagons literally could not be moved, and officers and men floundered about, soaked and angry. To go forward was impossible, and from sheer necessity the advance was abandoned. We were better off than some, being on picket duty, but we got our share of the drenching. Meantime the Confederates across the river put up a huge placard, inscribed "Burnside's army stuck in the mud." My Regimental History says: "It is said that the army in Flanders swore terribly. So did the demoralized Army of the Potomac as they struggled (I might say, straggled) back to their old camp."

The spirit of the army was now temporarily broken. The removal of McClellan from command, our defeat at Fredericksburg and this last discomfiture, were too much for our morale and almost for our patriotism, temporarily speaking. One of our best Massachusetts regiments is said to have cheered for Jeff Davis when a prominent general rode by. I wrote in my diary: "This army is getting into a terrible state. I think it will need to be split up and mixed with other commands to make it again efficient." A spirit of criticism and insubordination was prevalent, extending even among officers of high rank. As President Lincoln wrote General Hooker: "Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it." On the 26th of January, General Burnside, having recommended the dismissal or relief from their commands of several prominent generals and his recommendation not being adopted, resigned the command of the Army of the Potomac, and was succeeded by General Hooker. Major James H. Barker, of our regiment, resigned at this time, owing, it was said to differences between himself and Colonel Bowman. Captain Goodell was made major, and I became second in rank among the captains.

Two or three incidents recorded in my diary and letters, during the month after Fredericksburg, may be worthy of preservation. One very cold day and night my company was on picket. It rained and froze so that our clothing was stiff and our hands and feet numb. On returning to camp I sent to the commissary's and bought a pailful of whisky, which I issued as an unauthorized ration. Among the men were several total abstainers and several others who would drink all they could get; and, as I did not see the ration disposed of at once, some of the abstinent traded their whisky for sugar or crackers with those who wanted more than a single drink. As a result I had several drunks on my hands, and one of them, Mike Sullivan (an excellent soldier under ordinary circumstances), became uproarious and even dangerous. I took his gun from him and had his hands and feet tied, but that did not quiet him, so I was compelled to tie a bayonet across his mouth, — the army

method of preventing outcries. This left the rest of us free to sleep, whether he could or not. Next morning I had him brought before me for further punishment, or reprimand. When the bayonet was taken from his mouth he spoke first, saying: "Oh, Captain Draper, why will you give your men rum?" and feeling that I was perhaps the guilty one after all, I dismissed him without further comment.

In a letter to my mother, who asked about the generals' plans, I replied that I used to think that they existed and that they were almost superhuman in scope, but that I now believed that, like Micawber, our leaders were waiting for something to turn up. My father wrote in a letter dated January 4th, in reference to the recent Emancipation Proclamation, "The deed is done, the proclamation of Freedom is before the world. God bless Abraham Lincoln."

January 27th we received General Hooker's address to the army, and a few days later our corps, the Ninth, was ordered to Newport News. What the object of this movement was I did not know then and know no better now, but it gave us a six weeks' experience of the sunny side of soldiering. We were in a comfortable, well ordered camp, close to a base of supply, with no more serious occupation than drill and guard duty. While here I received a visit from my father and a two weeks' visit from my wife, who occupied a wall — not a shelter — tent with me. The nine feet square, which this tent afforded, was floored and furnished with cot, table and campstools, while various articles which Mrs. Draper brought in her trunk gave it a homelike appearance. These were luxurious quarters, and as such they were thoroughly enjoyed. The regiment improved greatly in drill, of which, as a whole, it had never had much, and I was frequently called on to take command at the battalion drills, in which, owing to my experience in the 25th, I was well versed.

CHAPTER VIII

SERVICE IN THE WEST — VICKSBURG AND JACKSON

EVERYTHING pleasant, as well as unpleasant, has an end, and the 22nd of March saw us again en route, this time for the West. We went by steamer to Baltimore, where Mrs. Draper left me; thence by freight to Parkersburg; and by steamer to Cincinnati. There we remained but a day, crossing over to Covington and moving on to Lexington at night and a little later to Camp Dick Robinson, where we remained till April 30th, again having a chance for drill, though at the latter camp we had picket duty to perform.

During this time my personal memoranda cover the following incidents. At Baltimore I was ordered to arrest and put on cars a number of regular soldiers who had been left by their train and had taken possession of some low drinking houses. The arrest passed off easily, but when we reached the cars one of them refused to get in and I was called personally. I asked him what he meant, and he stated that a regular would not be arrested by any damned volunteers, at the same time making a pass in my direction. I responded with a blow which floored him and an order to two of my men to throw his prostrate body into the car, which they did. En route one of my sergeants came to tell me that the man threatened to kill me at some convenient time later. I went to see him, and explained that such remarks would make an application of the gag necessary, and he was quiet. After that, whenever our regiment passed the battery to which he belonged, this man took off his cap to me.

At Cincinnati my regiment was in charge of the city election

day, to prevent or punish disturbances, but none came. At Covington we lay some hours in the freight station, where there were many barrels of Kentucky's favorite beverage. Arms were stacked and the men at ease, which some of them took advantage of to tap the barrels, and almost before we knew it, the larger part of the regiment was drunk, some insensible, some quarrelsome, and some merely silly. It was a task for the officers and the few sober men to load the rest in the cars. A drunken man with gun and bayonet is not easy to handle, and when the number reaches hundreds, the task becomes really difficult. Physical force was against us but discipline counted, and we got off without accident. One man in my company, who for two or three months had been pretending to be lame, in order to secure a discharge, threw away his crutches and danced a jig. Needless to say, he went back to duty.

While at Camp Dick Robinson we did picket duty on the "Dick" river, the other side of which was occupied in a desultory way by some of the Confederate General Morgan's men. Hearing that two officers of high rank in his force were at the house of one Davis four miles beyond our line, I received instructions to cross the river by night and capture them, taking as many men as I deemed necessary. I selected twenty men from my own company, and to avoid the rebel watch crossed the river at a point a mile or two from the bridge, with a contraband as guide, who had notified us of the presence of the aforesaid officers. We reached the Davis house without interruption, and having posted most of my force around it, with the rest I went to the door and demanded admission. We found Mr. Davis and his wife and a daughter of about seventeen, terribly frightened. I assured them of safety and searched the house from garret to cellar. Our guide said there was a closet with a ladder leading to a loft, where the guests were likely to sleep. We found the closet and the ladder, hidden by female garments. Cocking my revolver and followed by two or three men, I sprang up the ladder, expecting a blow or a pistol shot, but the loft was empty, — the birds had apparently flown. I then called my men together and left the house, taking all but

Sergeant Wright, before mentioned, whom I had directed to hide himself, listen to the conversation of the Davises, and await my return. Half an hour later I came back for Wright, who had accomplished his mission, having heard Mrs. Davis say that it was lucky the parties had left the day before. We then marched carefully back to camp without meeting any of the rebel patrols, having had our labor for our pains. This would have been a good story had I captured the men, and as it was I was rather pleased to get through without interruption.

April 30th, as before said, we left Camp Dick and marched southwest to intercept General Morgan, who was said to be making a raid. We spent about a month marching to and fro, — doing some rapid marching and taking a few prisoners. At Jamestown we were near having a fight, but the rapid retreat of the enemy, who were in plain sight, prevented it. June 4th, at Jamestown, we received orders to march north to Lebanon, where we were to take cars; and after covering sixty miles in forty-eight hours, we took cars for Louisville, where we were paid off in the station and learned that our destination was Vicksburg.

Despite hard marching the command was in excellent health in Kentucky. The climate was favorable, and officers and men had learned how to camp and how to march. I wrote my father, "We have had no men excused from duty for a long time now," which shows absolutely no sickness in my company. At one of our halts after leaving Camp Dick I was a member of a division court martial, trying forty-one cases, which shows that our moral health was not quite up to our physical condition.

One more anecdote and I leave Kentucky. One day on picket I got some broiled chicken at the house of a very good-looking woman, who was much interested in seeing Yankee soldiers. I had in my haversack a copy of *Harper's Weekly*, with the usual number of illustrations, which surprised her, as she had never seen a "picture paper" before. I presented it to her, and in the course of the conversation asked if she had ever been to Lexington, the nearest town of any size, perhaps fifty miles away. She said, "No," she had never been beyond

the nearest village, and did not care to visit "Greenland, or South America, or any of those *cold* counties." She evidently thought that all the countries in the world were "counties" of the State of Kentucky.

We left Louisville the morning after arrival, and went by freight as usual, to Cairo, Ill., where we embarked on the steamer *Meteor*, and commenced our trip down the Mississippi. We were stopped to show papers at Columbus and Island No. 10, and passed Belmont, New Madrid, and Fort Pillow, — historic ground. I wrote: "The fortifications of Island No. 10 are not as formidable as those at Roanoke." I was impressed with the loneliness of the Mississippi, where it seemed at times as though we were its first explorers. The banks of the river were lined with dense forests interspersed with cane brakes, and hours went by without a sign of human habitation.

Two days brought us to Memphis, where we went ashore and found a lively city, — made especially so by being the base of supplies for our army at Vicksburg. Here with my company I was detached temporarily to guard the steamer *Express* on its way down. This steamer was loaded with stores, and had on board also Colonel Comstock of General Grant's staff, and two ladies, the wives of high officers, *en route* to visit their husbands, and about two hundred teamsters, a most unruly and undisciplined lot of men. Vessels were fired on from the banks daily, and our pilot house and other parts of the boat were protected by bales of hay. We, however, got through to Sherman's Landing, in plain sight of Vicksburg, in three days, without being disturbed from the outside, though I had a mutiny among the teamsters, who refused to be bound by regulations confining them to a certain part of the boat. They invaded the cabin, where I was with my officers, and threatened to throw us overboard. Lieutenant Holmes and I drew pistols and backed up against the wall, while Lieutenant Tucker escaped by a rear door and alarmed the company. There was shouting and calling of bad names but no overt act, as they knew such a move meant death to two or more of them. The time seemed an age, but was very brief, before Lieutenant Tucker arrived with

twenty men, with loaded guns and fixed bayonets. I then ordered the teamsters to leave the cabin and enforced the order by a bayonet charge, no one being seriously hurt, but the cabin was cleared in short notice. I then went about with a squad of men, arrested the ringleaders, and put them in irons, and the incident terminated. My men told me that some of the mutineers threatened to kill me later, but such threats in the army are not usually dangerous.

This reminds me of an incident in my division later. In 1864 Colonel Daniels of the 7th Rhode Island became unpopular with some of his command, and a rumor spread that he would be shot in the next engagement. He heard of it. It was customary when guns had been loaded for some time to have them discharged into some convenient bank, and Colonel Daniels took advantage of this. Marching his regiment out with loaded guns, he faced them toward a suitable elevation, and taking position on the top of it, and in front of them, as at dress parade, he gave the commands, — *Ready*, — *Aim*, — *Fire*, — and the pieces were discharged. Needless to say, any man could have shot him with little danger of discovery, — and needless to say, also, none of them did. There were no more threats of this kind in his regiment.

Arrived at our destination my company was detailed as headquarters guard, — perhaps because of the boat incident, perhaps on account of their acknowledged reputation for drill and soldierly appearance.

The rest of the regiment landed June 17th, near Haines' Bluff on the Yazoo, and were assigned their place in line, at a place called Milldale. The regimental historian writes of it as follows:

“ This point was considered an important one, and the camp of the regiment was arranged in a kind of semicircle, crossing the road leading to Vicksburg, with a strong picket thrown out for about a mile, on the forest road which led to the Big Black River. Rifle-pits were dug, and trees cut away to give sweep for a long distance to the artillery. At this point Durrell's Battery of the First Division was placed in position commanding the different approaches. These precautions were rendered necessary by the presence of a large rebel

force, under General Joe Johnston, just across the Big Black; and it appeared that to the 9th Corps was assigned the important duty of watching him, and protecting our men before Vicksburg from an attack in the rear. Grant's army, therefore, presented the singular and rather precarious military spectacle of facing in two directions, the one portion attacking Pemberton, shut up with over 30,000 in Vicksburg, and the other facing Johnston, who, with a force estimated as between 30,000 and 40,000, was manoeuvring to break in and raise the siege. The latter was liable to be heavily reinforced at any moment, and there was no little anxiety in the mind of the commanding general lest this should come to pass."

The brief account of the location and siege of Vicksburg, which our history gives, will also not be out of place here. I quote:

"The Mississippi River, about six miles above Vicksburg, bends suddenly to the northeast, runs in this direction six miles, and then turns as suddenly to the southwest. By this bend in the river a tongue of land reaches out from the Louisiana shore, and near the end of this tongue, just below the bend, on the left bank of the river, stands Vicksburg, on a bluff 200 feet or more in height. Being also higher than any ground in its rear, it was a position of unusual strength, completely controlling the river, though Admiral Porter had succeeded, with considerable loss, in running the batteries with a part of his fleet. Stretching away from Vicksburg to the northeast is a range of hills, called Walnut Hills, which terminate at Haines' Bluff, on the Yazoo River. Here the Rebels had erected heavy batteries commanding the river, and had forced General Grant to approach Vicksburg from the south. In the battles at Champion Hill, Raymond, and Baker's Creek, Grant had succeeded in separating the forces of Pemberton and Johnston; and, following up the former, had driven him into Vicksburg, at this time getting possession of Haines' Bluff. This gave him a good base for supplies, and direct communication by river with the north. Before commencing a regular siege it was determined to try to carry Vicksburg by assault. It was thought that the demoralized condition of Pemberton's army, whipped from place to place, would render them hopeless of success, and a long and tiresome siege be avoided. The commanding general, officers and men, were all of one mind in this matter, and the soldiers were eager for the assault.

“ On the 22nd of May an attempt was made along the entire line to storm the city, but without success. The Rebels, at last driven to desperation, and protected by their ramparts, fought well, and after heavy loss it was found impossible to break through at any part of their lines.

“ Regular approaches were now commenced by sappers, and General Grant, finding his ranks thinning by the severity of the trench service, the increasing heat of summer, and Johnston with a large force threatening his rear, called for reinforcements. Such briefly was the condition of affairs, and such were the reasons which brought the 9th Corps and the 36th Massachusetts into their present position.

“ For a week prior to the 4th of July, rumors of the impending surrender or storming of Vicksburg prevailed in the camp. The last extremity of famine was nearly reached by the beleaguered Rebels, who boasted from their ramparts of the tenderness of mule steaks. No hope remained for them save from without, and Lee was too closely occupied with his movement into Pennsylvania to despatch any of his force to Pemberton's relief. Johnston clung to the east bank of the Big Black River. General McPherson's corps had pushed the lines of investment up under the very forts of the enemy, and there seemed to be nothing left but to carry their works by assault, or wait for famine to do its work. The roar of artillery was incessant. Day and night, with scarcely a moment's interval, the heavy booming of the siege guns was heard, and a thick cloud of smoke hung ever like a pall over the doomed city. If a Rebel showed so much as a hand above the fortifications he became the target of our vigilant riflemen, and the enemy found it impossible to man and serve his artillery, so deadly was the fire. If morning revealed some place where the Rebels had repaired the ramparts and brought some guns into position, ten minutes sufficed for our artillery utterly to destroy the work of the night. Their works were mined; but, wherever they suspected a mine, resort was had to countermining, and for a time spades were trumps at Vicksburg.

“ At three o'clock p. m. of July 3rd, Generals Grant and Pemberton met under a flag of truce. Pemberton proposed that his army be allowed to march out with the honors of war, carrying their muskets and field-pieces, but leaving their heavy artillery. Grant smiled at this proposal. The interview terminated in an hour, with the understanding that Grant should send in his ultimatum before ten o'clock that night. This ultimatum was that Pemberton should surrender

Vicksburg, with all its property, his officers being allowed to retain their side-arms, and the officers and men should be paroled as prisoners of war. It was accepted, and on the morning of the 4th of July (what a fitting celebration!) General Logan's division of McPherson's corps took possession of the works of Vicksburg, while the Rebels marched out, stacked their arms, and laid their colors on the stacks. The 45th Illinois regiment marched at the head of Logan's column, and placed its flag upon the Court-house. The magnitude of this victory is apparent from the fact that it comprised in its results 31,600 officers and men, prisoners (2,153 of whom were officers, including 15 generals), munitions of war sufficient for an army of 60,000, 172 cannon, many locomotives, cars and steamboats, and large quantities of cotton and other valuable merchandise."

My company's duties at headquarters were not onerous, and most of my men preferred them to service with the regiment. I, however, asked that the service be as temporary as possible, and we were returned to the regiment after Vicksburg was taken. While at headquarters I had various interesting errands, on one occasion going into McPherson's trenches to the very front, where only a bank of earth 30 feet thick separated our line from the Rebels, and we were mining under that bank. I wrote concerning this in a letter, as follows:

"We passed along by cannon in position, and by sharpshooters with their rifles rested, ready to fire at anything that might show itself above the rebel parapet, until we arrived at the end of the trench. There we got up and looked over, and found ourselves on the slope of the rebel works, and not more than 30 feet from the Rebels on the inside. They dared show themselves, however, but once in a while, when a gun could be seen pointing over the parapet, and a bullet would go whistling by. It was quite exciting, and forcibly reminded me of *old times* to stand there in the trenches and hear the 'music' made by the various missiles flying about us. Our batteries further back from the fort were throwing shell into it over our heads, and our sharpshooters were firing shots at the rate of perhaps one hundred a minute, to say nothing of what the Rebels did to furnish their part of the entertainment. There was only one heavy gun of theirs in that vicinity that we had not silenced, and that did not annoy us a great

deal. The principal danger in the trenches came from hand grenades which the Rebels threw over. They also threw over notes to our men, who returned the compliment. I read one of them, addressed to 'Yank' and signed 'Reb.' It stated that the reason they let out their mules was that they heard we were short of rations. Our men were continuing the trench, digging almost on the parapet of the fort, so completely were they protected by the sharpshooters."

Immediately after the surrender we marched, under General Sherman, against Johnston's army, which retreated before us till Jackson was reached, July 10th. This was a terrible march, owing to the heat and the lack of water, outside of the malarious swamps. The Confederates in retreating emptied or destroyed all the cisterns; and wells and ponds were rendered unusable by leaving the putrid carcasses of dead animals therein. This enraged our army from the commanding general down, and I think that every house on the road was first plundered, then burned. I *know* that a number of them were, as I was an eye witness. We marched slowly, resting every mile; but the strain was so great that men fell down and died in their tracks. Our rations, after we had exhausted our haversacks, consisted of green corn, which we roasted in the husks. There was little straggling, as straggling was liable to mean death or capture. Late in the afternoon of July 7th we encountered the worst thunderstorm that I ever witnessed. The lightning was almost continuous and balls of fire seemed to run along the lines of rifles before and behind us. One good purpose it served in quenching our thirst. I wrote home that the rain descended in such sheets that by turning my face upward as I marched and opening my mouth, I caught water enough to relieve me temporarily. Later, canteens were filled from the puddles in the road, the dirty water being preferable to that from the swamps.

Jackson was considered important strategically, being a railroad junction and also the capital of Mississippi. It was, however, more important for us to defeat or capture Johnston's army than to take the town, and though we succeeded in the latter, we failed in the former, — and failed, in the view of the rank and file, for want of pushing him with sufficient energy.

We arrived in sight of Jackson July 10th, and forming line moved forward in fine style to a hill, where the State Lunatic Asylum stood, perhaps two miles from the town. The next morning we moved forward again, drove in the enemy's skirmishers, and developed his main line: then, instead of attacking vigorously and carrying the works, which (as I believed then and believe to-day) might have been done with comparative ease, we settled down into a semi-siege until the night of July 16th, when General Johnston evacuated the city, saving his army and the most of his material. There was heavy fighting at some points, involving more than 1,000 dead and wounded to us and a larger loss to the enemy, including prisoners. After taking the city we destroyed the railroads in all directions, and then — our corps at least — marched back to Haines' Bluff.

I took part in the skirmish fighting, being ordered to take two companies early in the morning of the 11th and to drive in the Confederate skirmishers to a certain point, where I was told that I would connect with a skirmish line from another corps. We drove in the opposing skirmishers promptly, and followed them on the double quick through an open field, till I discovered by the volume of fire that what we were ordered to connect with was the rebel main line of battle. Losing several men killed and wounded and finding the position untenable, I drew my line back a few rods to the brow of a small hill, where we lay down and held on all day. I sent back word that an advance in force would carry the rebel line, but no advance was made and at night we were relieved. During the day some of the enemy climbed trees inside their line to get a better shot at us, and we had the satisfaction of seeing several of them fall head over heels to the ground, the victims of some of the marksmen in Co. F, which included several very good shots. I never felt surer of being shot than I did that morning, as the lead flew thick, and there was opportunity for taking aim, while I was a particularly good mark, since I wore a white shirt and a Panama hat. I have since been told that General Preston of Kentucky, the father of my present wife, commanded the troops immedi-

ately in front of me there; and Mrs. Draper has often threatened to take revenge for my driving in her father's skirmishers.

Jackson being taken and we having participated in the railroad destruction, we started on our march back, which was worse, if possible, than the march out, or perhaps seemed so because we were in worse physical condition. The same heat and dust and lack of water were with us, with the same results, — men fainting and even dropping dead on the march. I have written that in marching out there was little straggling. On this march the reverse was true; almost every one straggled. There was no enemy to fear and the officers made little attempt to enforce discipline. It was as much as they could do to get themselves along. Once, out of a company of about fifty guns, only *five men* stacked arms when the customary line was formed before dismissal for the night. When we reached Milldale half the corps was on the sick list, and most of the rest did not keep off long. Besides the malaria we had an epidemic of small pox, and I went to hospital for a few days with one or the other, or both. Meantime Colonel Bowman and Lieutenant-colonel Norton of the 36th resigned, both disgusted with recent conditions and undoubtedly ill besides. These changes meant promotion for me, and I, ordered to serve as a field officer, got back to duty August 2nd. Major Goodell was recommended to the governor for colonel, and I for lieutenant-colonel, though owing to conditions that I will explain later, he was made lieutenant-colonel commanding, and I major, when the commissions arrived.

On my return to the regiment sickness had so greatly increased that, according to my regimental history, the whole brigade of five regiments numbered hardly 500 men fit for service, — and probably there was not an officer or man, even of this small number, who could call himself really well. Nearly all, outside of other illness, were afflicted with boils, abscesses, or carbuncles. The deadly malaria had done its work among us.

CHAPTER IX

A FIELD OFFICER — BLUE SPRINGS — CAMPBELL'S STATION
— KNOXVILLE

DESPITE the almost universal sickness our spirits were soon cheered by the news that we were to be sent North, and the 5th of August, the very sick having been sent to hospital, the rest of us were embarked on the steamer *Hiawatha*, with two other regiments, the 45th Pennsylvania and the 27th Michigan, and Battery E, U. S. Artillery. We were further cheered by a general order issued by General Grant, which I copy here :

“ Headquarters Department of the Tennessee,
“ VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI, July 31, 1863.

“ Special Order No. 207.

“ In returning the Ninth Corps to its former command, it is with pleasure that the general commanding acknowledges its valuable service in the campaign just closed. Arriving at Vicksburg opportunely, taking position to hold at bay Johnston's army, then threatening the forces investing the city, it was ready and eager to assume the aggressive at any moment. After the fall of Vicksburg it formed a part of the army which drove Johnston from his position near the Big Black river into his entrenchments at Jackson, and after a siege of eight days, compelled him to fly in disorder from the Mississippi valley. The endurance, valor, and general good conduct of the Ninth Corps are admired by all, and its valuable co-operation in achieving the final triumph of the campaign is generally acknowledged by the Army of the Tennessee. Major General Parke will cause the different regiments and batteries of his command to inscribe upon their banners and guidons, 'Vicksburg and Jackson.'

“ By order of Major-General U. S. Grant,

“ T. S. BOWERS, *A. A. General.*”

We reached Cairo August 10th, disembarked and took cars for Cincinnati, arriving the 12th and receiving a collation provided by generous citizens at the Fifth St. Market. At every halting place *en route* we left our dead, and wherever there was a hospital our seriously sick men were transferred to it. On the 15th I received a fifteen days' absence, afterwards extended to twenty days; and started for home the night of the 16th. The regiment made its way slowly, by rail and afoot, to Crab Orchard, on the road to East Tennessee, where I rejoined it the 9th of September.

Concerning the regiment, I quote from its history :

“Every day the effect of the southern campaign was shown in the increasing number of the sick. Many were sent to hospitals and the regiment rapidly decreased. Chills and fever were most prevalent, and a disease similar to scurvy broke out and caused the death of several, whose flesh actually fell from their limbs before death relieved them from their sufferings. All complained of a feeling of exhaustion, and officers and men dragged themselves painfully and slowly about the camp. The regimental musicians, from the ravages of smallpox and other diseases, were all gone, and for a time it became necessary to obtain the services of musicians of the 45th Pennsylvania to sound the calls for the 36th.

“Aug. 27th reveille sounded at three A. M., and at half-past five the regiment was on the march, a large number being left behind, too weak to march. We passed through Bryantsville at half-past nine A. M., and when the regiment halted for a rest, at ten o'clock, it stacked ninety-eight muskets. One year ago this day the 36th Massachusetts was mustered into the United States service, 1,040 strong. At eleven o'clock we went into camp, at Camp Dick Robinson, where the regiment was encamped in the spring. August 28th we were early on the march, and a very hard one it was for what was left of the regiment, — and that was not much. We marched eleven miles, passing through Lancaster with colors flying, and the regiment stacked sixty-eight guns when it halted at noon four miles beyond Lancaster.

“These bare facts seem to render needless all further comment as to the condition of the 36th. It was no longer a regiment, but a worn and weary band, a squad of each company, struggling on, fighting bravely against fatigue and heat and illness. But what was now left

may well be called the very heart and soul of the command, — men who had never flinched, who had borne all, thus far, cheerfully and bravely, with indomitable spirit. Very many were gone; but enough still remained to guard the colors, to escort them on many a long and weary march, and carry them in the front of many a battle yet to come.

“Saturday, September 5th, the regiment was inspected by Captain Simcoe, Division Inspector General, and the report thereon was briefly: ‘Equipments much worn and clothing poor, but muskets in fine order.’”

At Crab Orchard there was a halt of twelve days, during which the health of the men greatly improved and many returned from hospital.

During our journey up the river I was on duty, serving part of the time as brigade officer of the day. My health improved, though I took quinine daily in ten grain doses and “blue mass” occasionally. With these two medicines, as well as opium, astringent powders, and cough mixture, the regimental medicine chest was well provided. When Colonel Norton left, I bought his mare, — a fine one, — and all necessary equipments, as I was to be a mounted officer in future, all my campaigning thus far having been done on foot.

During my leave I visited my wife at Glen Haven, near Syracuse, N. Y., and then, taking her with me, finished my brief vacation at Hopedale. Before leaving again for the front I received my commission as major, Major Goodell having been commissioned as lieutenant-colonel, and the regiment left without a full colonel. This was on account of an economical order issued, to the effect that if by casualty or otherwise a regiment was reduced below a minimum number on the roll, no vacancies in the rank of colonel or of second lieutenant should be filled. This was “penny wise, pound foolish,” economy, as the old regiments should have been filled up in all cases before forming new ones. The same recruits would have been worth as much again or more, if put in with soldiers who had learned the trade, under regimental officers who had acquired skill in campaigning. These real advantages were, however, sacrificed to the greater

ease of getting new men if some of them could be made commissioned or non-commissioned officers at the start. Beyond all this, it was an injustice to the best officers and a great detriment to the service to make the commanders of old regiments, which active service was sure to reduce below the minimum number, of lower rank than the commanders of new regiments, whose experience was either much less or yet to be gained. If brigades were commanded by a colonel, as they were more than half the time, the new officer took command, while the more experienced one had little chance for promotion. It would have been far better, if the old regiments were not to be filled up, to abolish in them the rank of lieutenant-colonel or major, as that would have left their commanding officers in suitable relation as to rank, with those of other regiments.

However, I purchased my new uniform and went back to my regiment, my wife accompanying me as far as Cincinnati, where she remained for the winter with an uncle, Mr. Caldwell. I reached Crab Orchard at midnight, reported for duty, and learned that we were under orders to march next morning toward East Tennessee. The regiment had grown, by the return of convalescents, to about 250 officers and men for duty, and though the line was a short one, it was composed of good stuff, as the coming winter showed.

Our destination, Knoxville, where we arrived the 26th, was about 160 miles distant, though we made it longer by a détour through Morristown. We passed through Cumberland Gap, which our advance had taken, with 2,200 prisoners, who marched by us under guard, on their way to the rear. The scenery was beautiful, especially the view from the summit of Clinch Mountain on the Tennessee side of the Gap. Some days we marched 20 miles or more and others we rested quiet, but all the time the men improved in strength and morale. I found the lot of a field officer much preferable to that of a captain. I wrote my father:

“ We are making the march very easily, and I am enjoying it. Marching is very different when one rides a horse, and has a wall

tent to sleep in at night. If the teams do not come up, we have blankets on our saddles, and if it rains, a rubber coat is there also. This mountain air does me good, and I seem to draw in fresh strength and vigor with every breath."

From Morristown I wrote:

"East Tennessee is a much better country than Southern Kentucky, and the inhabitants are more intelligent and enterprising. The Union sentiment is not as strong as I expected to find it, though Union men have been so persecuted that it is not strange there are comparatively few left. Many that have been driven out are now returning, and doubtless there will be extensive reprisals. Four Confederate enrolling officers have been killed in this neighborhood within a month."

October 2nd I wrote in my diary that we had a brigade drill, but that the regiments being so small, it was rather a small affair. October 3rd we received orders to march, and did march, with five days rations and forty rounds of ammunition per man.

Here I will let the regimental historian tell the story, which I have changed but slightly:

"We had a long day in the cars, going slowly, as the road was a pretty rickety affair in many places, and about sunset we arrived at Bull's Gap, sixty miles from Knoxville, where a small force was found, consisting of the 103rd Ohio infantry and 2nd East Tennessee Regiment. Large numbers of men were constantly coming in from the east, many of them refugees and some rebel deserters. The former were mostly anxious to enlist in the Union ranks, and seemed bitterly earnest in their desire to drive the rebels from East Tennessee. Their sufferings and privations since the war broke out had been terrible, — their homes destroyed, and families scattered or forced to hide in caves in the hills. It is no wonder they welcomed the Union army as their saviors and liberators. Old men and women stood by the roadside and audibly thanked God and blessed the soldiers, as we marched past. Little Union flags, made of the roughest material but with the true colors, that had long been hidden sacredly away, were waved triumphantly and were greeted with cheers by the Yankee boys, who

no less proudly displayed the beloved silken standard that they had followed so long, and which, like them, was beginning to have a war-worn veteran look.

“A march of four miles, October 4th, brought the regiment to a place called Lick Creek, where it remained until the 10th, awaiting the arrival of other troops and the commanding general. The 8th Tennessee infantry, and the 9th Michigan and 7th Ohio cavalry, were already here, the enemy being in force at Blue Springs, about three miles away, closely watched by cavalry pickets. Probably all who went into camp with the 36th this day recall the amusing incident of the grand rabbit hunt when the regiment broke ranks. The field seemed to be alive with the little animals, and the men, never averse to variety in their bill of fare, turned into Nimrods like magic. The bewildered rabbits, headed off in every direction, rushed upon their fate, and game suppers were *à la mode*.

“The 2nd Brigade of the 1st Division, and four large regiments and three batteries of new troops under General Willcox, arrived on the 8th, and on this day the cavalry captured a rebel foraging train of thirteen wagons and nine drivers. From them it was learned that a large force, under Generals Breckenridge, Jones, Crittenden, Courcy, and Ransom, was at Blue Springs in a strong position, and meant fight.

“The nature of the country about Blue Springs was such that it was easy to conceal a large force, and difficult to reconnoitre; hence it was necessary to approach the rebel position with caution. Early on the morning of October 10th the entire force was on the march, and moved slowly until, at about noon, the firing of artillery showed that the engagement was opened. Until about three p. m. the fighting was left to the 23rd Corps, which seemed to make little impression upon the enemy, and was meeting with considerable loss. Up to this hour our 1st Brigade, of which the 36th was a part, was in reserve, within easy rifle-shot of the rebel line, awaiting orders. Not far from the left of the brigade a section of Osborn's New York Battery was shelling a piece of wood where the rebel soldiers were posted, and had all day very obstinately resisted the efforts of the 23rd Corps to dislodge them. About half-past three p. m. General Burnside ordered General Ferrero to advance with his division, and clear out this wood at the point of the bayonet. The 1st Brigade was at once in motion, the 79th New York on the right, 36th Massachusetts in the centre, and 8th Michigan on the left, the 45th Pennsylvania being deployed

as skirmishers. After moving a short distance by the right flank to get the shelter of a wood, the right of the brigade struck the rebel line, and received a heavy fire, from which the 79th New York sustained some loss. The brigade then changed front forward, which brought the 36th and 8th Michigan into an open field, when the enemy opened a sharp fire of musketry from behind a fence that bordered the strip of wood. As soon, however, as we fronted their position, we dashed forward and in less time than it takes to tell it drove back the rebel force, killing some and capturing fifteen men of a Georgia regiment. Their entire line broke, fled through the woods over a hill, and took shelter behind their artillery, which now opened fire at short range.

“The brigade followed the retreating enemy until ordered to halt by General Ferrero, having done all it was expected to do, in a very short space of time. Just as we halted and while in front of the colors, Lieutenant-colonel Goodell fell, severely wounded by a piece of shell in the thigh. He was carried to the rear, and the command devolved upon Major Draper. There was much sorrow at the loss of the young and favorite colonel, and a desire was expressed to get at the battery that threw the shell.

“The regiment lay quietly and coolly under the fire of the rebel guns until dark and, being sheltered by the slight rise of ground along its front, did not suffer much loss. Lieutenants Holmes and Robinson were wounded, the latter in the head, and three men of Companies A, D and H. Considering the severe fire to which the regiment was exposed, its escape from great loss was noteworthy. General Burnside congratulated the brigade upon the manner in which it carried the wood.

“It was thought that the rebels, being so strongly posted and in large force, would hold their ground. During the night earthworks were thrown up along the ridge held by the brigade, and before daylight two guns of Roemer’s Battery were brought up and trained. With the earliest morn the 8th Michigan skirmished forward, and found that the Rebels had retreated, evidently in haste. The pursuit was at once commenced and pushed rapidly. The regiment marched nineteen miles, and a little after dark halted at a place called Rheatown, eight miles beyond Greenville. All along the route were seen the evidences of the hasty retreat of the enemy, who abandoned their wounded and much baggage. Their rear was harassed by our cavalry, who killed and captured many.

“All day, October 12th, orders were expected to continue the pur-

suit, and the regiment lay in line. But the cavalry reported the enemy so scattered and broken up that General Burnside concluded not to follow them further with infantry, and the corps was ordered back to Knoxville. The next day the regiment marched sixteen miles, passing through Greenville again, — a considerable town, which is noteworthy as the home of Andrew Johnson, and the place where he is now buried.

“October 14th we took cars back to Knoxville, arriving late in the night. There was a general idea now prevalent that the corps would go into winter quarters here; but after a rest of five days the regiment marched to Loudon, about thirty miles southwest of Knoxville, on the south bank of the Little Tennessee River, an attack by the enemy from this quarter being threatened.”

I have not the data of number of troops engaged, or the loss, during the fight at Blue Springs, but I should judge that there were from 4,000 to 5,000 on each side actually engaged, with a loss, all told, of 200 or 300. Our brigade, out of about 800, lost 43 killed and wounded. Our charge was very pretty and effective, and we would have gone farther and taken the artillery if we had not been ordered to halt. When men are running it is easy to follow, and it usually pays to push an advantage, in war as in other matters.

Referring to my minutes at the time, I find that I was much impressed by the outpouring of loyal Tennesseans. I recorded a conversation with one, which interests me now. I said to him that the time had come for the people of this section to show their patriotism. “Stranger,” he replied, “I think we have shown our patriotism. I have three sons in Rosecrans’ army, who stole through the mountains to enlist, and I have volunteered in the 1st Tennessee (Union) Artillery. My wife, if she is still alive, and my property, if I have any left, are in Greene County, which the rebels occupy.” I asked him if he had any reason to fear that his wife would suffer harm, and he replied that several women had been hanged in his neighborhood for refusing to tell the conscripting officers where their husbands were; and one had been shot for being too free in criticizing such atrocities.

Colonel Goodell's wound was serious and incapacitated him for further military duty. He was taken to Knoxville, and later, East, and being satisfied that he would be unable to return he resigned his commission the next spring. He was an excellent officer and very popular with the men. His wound brought me to the command of my regiment, a position which I held except when temporarily commanding a brigade, or absent on account of wounds, until the expiration of my service. I was only twenty-one years old, but had had much experience and had also the advantage, it was said, of looking several years older than I was. Later my youth was urged as a reason why I should not be promoted further, — but that will appear in due time.

Between Blue Springs and Loudon nothing of special moment came to us, though some of our cavalry south of the Tennessee were beaten and lost wagons and guns. I wrote my wife October 22nd:

“The rebel force that we beat at Blue Springs we hear is completely demoralized. General Shackelford of our cavalry has captured “Mudwall” (in contradistinction to Stonewall) Jackson, and 1,700 men. On the other hand, prisoners taken by us south of Loudon are unusually defiant. They make the assertion that within three weeks they will either drive us out of East Tennessee or starve us out. Nothing seems more probable to me than that Bragg should send a large part of his army in this direction, leaving the remainder to watch Rosecrans and Thomas. (I seem to have been something of a prophet.) Our men are now on half rations, and this morning we received an order that we must be saving of *them*, as there is no knowing when we shall get more. The rains make it very difficult for supplies to be hauled over the long road through Cumberland Gap. Clothing, of course, will not be brought until rations are plenty, and as we are almost wholly without overcoats and shoes are daily giving out, we shall suffer considerably.”

October 28th we recrossed the Tennessee, taking up the pontoon bridge, and marched six miles to Lenoir's Station. The next day we were told, to our surprise, to make ourselves comfortable for the winter. Our stay was to be a short one, but we took our orders literally, laid out a camp, supplemented

the shelter tents with log basements, so that one could stand in them, and most of these huts were provided with fireplaces, as the weather was cold. I wrote my father November 3rd :

“ We are making ourselves quite comfortable in camp now. The men are building log huts, and very good houses some of them are. We lack for axes, having only about a dozen in the regiment, so we get along rather slowly. I am all ready to receive company in my quarters, having a floor, table, and bed.”

Referring to recruiting for the regiment, which was somewhat slow, I said :

“ This government loses the services of nearly half the men it has enlisted, through two causes. The first is the system of detailing soldiers to serve outside their regiments in other capacities, such as clerks, teamsters, hostlers, and the like. Men could easily be procured to do this work, without thinning the ranks to get them. There is no limit to these details. Every aid, as well as higher officer, must have his clerk, cook, valet, and hostler, and these four men often have another detailed to cook for and wait on them. To show you the extent of this practice, I will state that in the 36th regiment this morning's report shows 152 privates on ‘ extra duty ’ and ‘ detached service,’ and 143 for duty in the ranks. (The commissioned and non-commissioned officers, added, probably made a total for duty of about 225.) These men who are detached are out of danger, have plenty to eat, and are not subjected to discipline; and the result is that many men labor for a detail, rather than a promotion, to the detriment of our *esprit de corps*. The other evil is the want of a system for returning convalescents from hospitals to their regiments. As things are now, if men who have recovered from wounds or sickness wish to come to the front, they have great difficulty in getting there, and if one desires to stay behind, there seems to be no effort made to send him forward.”

Both of these troubles will doubtless exist, and perhaps in similar proportion, if we have war again; and the second is probably inevitable without great improvement in both civil and military organization. The plan of detailing soldiers, however, ought to be absolutely abolished in time of war in any

army, as it takes men from the ranks, where the real service is done and where it becomes more difficult to replace them as the need increases. The other work can be performed by men hired or enlisted for that purpose, leaving the men whose business it is to fight to do the fighting.

On the 13th of November our winter quarters were nearly completed; trains had come up, giving us full rations for the time being; and we were looking forward to a comfortable season, from the soldier's standpoint. The next day, however, we received orders to move, and commenced a winter campaign of exceptional severity. In describing the first part of the campaign I shall make large use of Major (then Lieutenant) Burrage's widely read article, "The Retreat from Lenoir's and the Siege of Knoxville." In some places I may quote from it literally, but I shall shorten materially, and make a few changes warranted by my personal memoranda or recollection.

Lieutenant-general Longstreet, who was in command of the best corps in Bragg's army at Chattanooga, had received instructions November 3rd to move his command against Burnside. Bragg's formal letter of instructions was dated November 4th, and on that day Longstreet put his troops in motion, with orders "to drive Burnside out of East Tennessee, or, better, to capture or destroy him." He had with him more than 15,000 men, besides Wheeler's cavalry (perhaps 5,000 more) and 80 pieces of artillery. General Grant, who at that time was mustering his forces for an assault on Bragg, announced to Burnside the departure of Longstreet, November 5th, saying, "I will endeavor from here to bring the enemy back from your right flank, as soon as possible." Accordingly, two days later, he ordered Thomas to attack Bragg. But Thomas had no horses with which to move his artillery, and the attack was necessarily delayed. November 12th Burnside telegraphed to Grant: "We will endeavor to hold in check any force that comes against us, until Thomas is ready."

This force, under Longstreet, was close upon us. The next day, November 13th, Burnside ascertained that Longstreet had reached the Tennessee River at Hough's Ferry, a few miles

below Loudon. He at once informed Grant and proposed to concentrate his forces and fall back on Knoxville, so as to draw Longstreet as far from Bragg as possible. Knoxville was Longstreet's objective. It was the key of East Tennessee. Lenoir's did not lie in Longstreet's path. If we remained there he would push his columns past our right, and get between us and Knoxville. It was evident, therefore, that Lenoir's must be abandoned, and there was need of haste. The mills in the village were accordingly destroyed, and the wagon-train started north.

The morning had opened heavily with clouds, and as the day advanced, the rain came down in torrents. A little before noon our division moved out of the woods, but instead of taking the road to Knoxville, the column marched down the Loudon road. Grant had telegraphed Burnside: "If you can hold Longstreet in check until Sherman gets up, or, by skirmishing and falling back, can avoid serious loss to yourself, and gain time, I will be able to force the enemy back from here, and place a force between Longstreet and Bragg that must inevitably make the former take to the mountain passes to get to his supplies." At dark we were in front of the enemy's position, having marched nearly fourteen miles. Our line was formed in a heavy timber and we stacked arms, awaiting orders. It still rained hard; but here and there, we hardly knew how, fires were made to prepare the ever-welcome cup of coffee; and then, weary and wet, we lay down on the well-soaked ground. During the evening a circular was received, notifying us that we were to support an attack to be made on the enemy's lines at nine o'clock, by the troops of White's command; then we were told it was delayed till midnight; but with the exception of an occasional shot the night was quiet. The rain ceased about ten.

The next morning at daybreak, our line was noiselessly formed and we marched out of the woods into the road. But it was not an advance, as we anticipated. During the night Burnside had issued orders for his troops to return to Lenoir's. Such was the state of the roads, however, on account of the

heavy rainfall of the day before, that it was almost impossible to move our artillery. At one time our whole regiment was detailed to assist Roemer's battery. We reached Lenoir's about noon, and our brigade (Morrison's) was drawn up in line of battle on the Kingston road, to check any movement the enemy might make in that direction. A small force appeared in our front, about three o'clock, and drove in the pickets. The 8th Michigan of our brigade was at once deployed as skirmishers. The 36th Massachusetts and 45th Pennsylvania at the same time moved forward to support the skirmishers, and took a position in the woods, on the left of the road. Just at dark, to feel our position, the enemy made a dash, and pressed our skirmishers back nearly to our line, but declined to advance any farther.

Burnside meantime made preparations to withdraw from Lenoir's, and fall back on Knoxville. About the station nearly one hundred wagons were drawn up; and as the mules were needed to move the artillery, the spokes of the wheels were cut, and the stores and baggage were destroyed. At the same time a portion of the 9th Corps, under Colonel Hartranft, and a body of mounted infantry, were sent toward Knoxville, with orders to hold the junction of the road from Lenoir's with the Knoxville and Kingston roads, near the village of Campbell's Station. The distance was only eight miles, but the artillery could be moved only with the greatest difficulty. Throughout the long night officers and men faltered not in their efforts to help forward the batteries. In the light of subsequent events, as will be seen, they could not have performed any more important service.

Meantime the 36th and the other regiments of Morrison's brigade remained in line of battle in the woods, and neither officers nor men slept. About daybreak, as silently as possible, we withdrew from our position and took the Knoxville road, Humphrey's brigade, which had rested during the night, covering the retreat. The enemy (Hood's division) soon discovered this movement, but, lingering around the burning baggage and stores, did not press us till we were within about two miles of

Campbell's Station. Humphrey then held them in check with the loss of a few killed and wounded, — among the former, Colonel Smith, of the 20th Michigan, — and Morrison moved rapidly on to the point where the road from Lenoir's unites with the road from Kingston to Knoxville. It was evidently Longstreet's purpose to cut off our retreat at this place. For this reason he had not pressed us at Lenoir's the afternoon previous, but had moved the main body of the force under his command to our right. But the mounted infantry, which had been sent forward during the night and had moved out on this road, were able to hold his advance in check till Hartranft came up.

“ On reaching the junction of the roads Morrison ordered us into an open field on our left, and the 36th was directed to take position in rear of a rail-fence, with our right resting on the Kingston road. The 8th Michigan was on our left. The 45th Pennsylvania was deployed as skirmishers. Meanwhile, the rest of the troops on the road from Lenoir's and those which had preceded us were moving to a position selected by Burnside, a little way beyond the village of Campbell's Station; and we were left to cover the movement. It was soon evident that the enemy were moving to our left, in order to gain the cover of the woods and obtain a more favorable position for attack. Moving off also by the left flank, therefore, we took a second position in an adjoining field. Finding the enemy threatening our rear with increasing numbers, — Hood's Division, that had followed us from Lenoir's being now up, — we executed a left half-wheel, and, advancing on the double-quick to a rail fence which ran along the edge of the woods, we opened a heavy fire. The manner in which Major Draper handled the regiment in these trying circumstances was worthy of the highest praise. From this new position the enemy at once endeavored to force us. Lieutenant J. B. Fairbank, and a few of the men, were wounded. We held the enemy in check until the skirmishers of the 45th Pennsylvania discovered a body of rebel infantry pushing toward our rear from the Kingston road, when Colonel Morrison, our brigade commander, ordered us to face about, and establish a new line in rear of the rail-fence on the opposite side of the field. We advanced on the double-quick, and, reaching the fence, our men poured a volley into the rebel line of battle, which not only checked its advance, but drove it back in confusion. Meanwhile the enemy in our rear moved

up to the edge of the woods which we had just left, and opened a brisk fire. We crossed the fence, and were about to devote our attention again to him, when orders came for us to withdraw by the flank, it being no longer necessary for us to hold the junction of the roads, as all our troops and wagons had passed. We moved off in good order, but our loss in killed and wounded was quite heavy. Among the killed was Lieutenant P. Marion Holmes, (Company B), of Charlestown, Mass.

“As we left the open field and entered the woods between us and Campbell’s Station, the enemy manœuvred to cut us off from the road, but we came out safely on the outskirts of the village. Our formation by fours was well preserved in this movement, and Major Draper afterwards learned from a rebel officer that the order and steadiness displayed by the 36th under these trying circumstances prevented an attack upon us, which might have led to a serious disaster. He said they thought there was a ‘regular’ regiment among the rest, upon which the others might form.

“Passing through the village of Campbell’s Station, we were soon under cover of our artillery, which General Potter had placed in position on high ground, just beyond the village. Longstreet, meanwhile, had disposed his forces for an attack, but was delayed on account of the difficulty experienced in moving his artillery. At noon the rebels came out of the woods just beyond the village, in two lines of battle, with a line of skirmishers in front. Benjamin and Roemer opened fire at once; and so accurate was their range that the rebel lines were broken, and they fell back into the woods. They tried a little later to turn our left, but falling back to a stronger position selected by General Burnside, we established a new line. Morrison’s brigade was placed in rear of a rail fence, at the foot of the ridge on which Benjamin’s battery had been planted. Several of the 36th were wounded by the packing of the shells fired over their heads by Benjamin; and by a piece of a shell from the same battery, that burst prematurely, Sergeant Gallup of Company A was so severely wounded that he died in a short time. The enemy did not seem inclined to attack us in front, but pushed along the ridge, on our left, aiming to strike us in flank and rear. He was discovered in this attempt; and Roemer, changing front at the same time with Hartranft, opened his three-inch guns on the rebel line, and drove it back in disorder, followed by our skirmishers. Longstreet, foiled in all these attempts to force us from our position, now withdrew beyond the range of

our guns, and made no further demonstrations that day. Our troops were justly proud of their success; for, with a force not exceeding 5,000 men, they had held in check for an entire day three times their own number with a comparatively small loss. In the 9th Corps there were 26 killed, 166 wounded, and 57 missing. Of these the 36th Massachusetts had 1 officer and 3 enlisted men killed, 3 officers and 14 enlisted men wounded, and 3 enlisted men missing, — 24 in all, about ten per cent. of the number engaged.”

At six P. M., we moved to the rear, taking the road to Knoxville. Campbell's Station is a little more than sixteen miles from Knoxville; but the night was so dark, and the road so muddy, that we did not arrive till about four o'clock the next morning. We had now been without sleep forty-eight hours. Moreover, since the previous morning we had marched twenty-four miles and fought a battle. Halting just outside the town, weary and worn, we threw ourselves on the ground and snatched a couple of hours of rest. Captain O. M. Poe, Burnside's engineer, had been sent from Campbell's Station to select the lines of defence at Knoxville. This, from his familiarity with the ground, he was enabled readily to do; and early in the day, — it was the 17th of November, — General Burnside assigned the batteries and regiments of his command to the positions they were to occupy in the defence of the place.

Knoxville at this time was by no means in a defensible condition. The bastion-work, Fort Sanders, occupied by Benjamin's and Buckley's batteries, was not only unfinished but was little more than begun. It required two hundred negroes four hours to clear places for the guns. But the work was now carried forward in earnest. As fast as the troops were placed in position, they commenced the construction of rifle-pits in their front. Though wearied by three days of constant marching and fighting, they gave themselves to the work with all the energy of fresh men. Citizens and contrabands, also, were pressed into the service. Many of the former were loyal men, and devoted themselves to their tasks with a zeal which evinced the interest they felt in making good the defence of the town; but some of them were bitter rebels, and, as Captain Poe well

remarked, "worked with a very poor grace, which blistered hands did not tend to improve." The contrabands engaged in the work with that heartiness which, during the war, characterized their labors in our service.

"Longstreet followed our troops very cautiously. At noon his advance was a mile or two from our lines, and Major Draper was ordered to deploy the 36th as skirmishers, his line extending from the Holston River to the Kingston road, and Sanders' division of cavalry holding the enemy in check further to our right. There was a lack of intrenching tools, and much remained to be done; but all day and all night the men continued their labor undisturbed, and on the morning of the 18th our line of works around the town presented a formidable appearance.

"Throughout the forenoon of that day there was heavy skirmishing on the Kingston road; but our men maintained their position. Later in the day, however, the enemy brought up a battery, which, opening a heavy fire, compelled our thin line to fall back. The rebels, pressing forward, gained the ridge for which they had been contending and established themselves within rifle range of our works. It was while endeavoring to check this advance that General Sanders was mortally wounded.

"On the morning of the 19th, the 36th was relieved by the 45th Pennsylvania, and took possession of the rifle-pits in front of the Powell house, a short distance to the left of the Kingston road. A few feet from the southwestern front of the house a small earthwork was thrown up by our men, in which was placed a section of Buckley's battery. This work was afterwards known as Battery Noble."

Throughout the siege both officers and men were on picket duty every third day. During this twenty-four hours of duty no one slept. The rest of the time we were on duty in the trenches, where one-third of the men were kept awake. The utmost vigilance was enjoined upon all.

Meanwhile, day by day and night by night, with unflagging zeal, the troops gave themselves to the labor of strengthening the works. Immediately in front of the rifle-pits a *chevaux de frise* was constructed. This was formed of pointed stakes, thickly and firmly set in the ground and inclining outwards at

an angle of about 45 degrees. The stakes were bound together with wire, so that they could not easily be torn apart by an assaulting party. They were nearly five feet in height. A few rods in front of the *chevaux de frise* was the *abatis*, formed of thick branches of trees, which likewise were firmly set in the ground. Still further to the front were wire entanglements, stretched a foot or more above the ground, and fastened here and there to stakes and stumps. The whole constituted a series of obstacles which could not be passed, in face of a heavy fire, without great difficulty and fearful loss.

Morrison's brigade held the line of defences from the Holston River, — the extreme left of our line, — to Fort Sanders. The following was the position of the several regiments of the brigade. The 45th Pennsylvania was on the left, its left on the river. On its right was the 36th Massachusetts. Then came the 8th Michigan. The 79th New York (Highlanders) formed the garrison of Fort Sanders. Between the 8th Michigan and Fort Sanders was the 100th Pennsylvania.

On the evening of November 20th the 17th Michigan made a sortie and drove the Rebels from a house and outbuildings on the Kingston road, a short distance from Fort Sanders. It was a brick house, and afforded a near and safe position for the enemy's sharpshooters, who of late had become somewhat annoying to the working parties at the fort. The movement was hazardous but was successfully accomplished with the loss of two men killed. This sortie waked up the rebel batteries and a few shells were thrown into our lines; but soon all was quiet, and at length the light of the burning buildings went out.

The siege had now continued several days. The Rebels had constructed works, offensive and defensive, in our front; but the greater part of their force seemed to have moved to the right. On the 22nd of November, however, they returned, evidently not having found the weak place in our lines which they sought. It was now thought they might attack our front that night, and orders were given to the men on duty in the outer works to exercise the utmost vigilance. But the night — a beautiful moonlight night — passed quietly. (In his official report

General Longstreet says: "On the 22nd General McLaws seemed to think his line near enough for an assault, and he was ordered to make it at dark on that night. General Jenkins was ordered to be prepared to co-operate. After night General McLaws reported against the assault, saying that his officers would prefer to attack at daylight.")

With each day our confidence in the strength of our position increased, and we soon felt able to repel an assault from any quarter. But the question of supplies was serious. When the siege commenced there was in the commissary department at Knoxville little more than a day's ration for the whole army. Should the enemy gain possession of the west bank of the Holston, our only means of subsistence would be cut off. Thus far his attempts in this direction had failed, and the whole country, from the French Broad to the Holston, was open to our foraging parties. In this way a considerable quantity of corn and wheat was soon collected in Knoxville. Bread, made from a mixture of cob and corn meal and flour, was issued to the men, but only in half and quarter rations. Occasionally a small quantity of fresh pork was also issued. Neither sugar nor coffee was issued after the first days of the siege.

The enemy, foiled in attempts to seize the west bank of the Holston, now commenced the construction of a raft at Boyd's Ferry, above Knoxville. Floating this down the swift current of the stream, it was hoped to carry away our pontoon, and thus cut off our communication with the country beyond. To thwart this plan an iron cable, 1,000 feet in length, was stretched across the river above the bridge. This was done under the direction of Captain Poe. Afterwards a boom of logs, fastened end to end by chains, was constructed still farther up the river. The boom was 1,500 feet in length.

In the evening of the 23rd the Rebels made an attack on our pickets in front of the 2nd Division. In falling back our men fired the buildings on the ground abandoned, lest they should become a shelter for the enemy's sharpshooters. Among the buildings thus destroyed were the arsenal and machine-shops near the depot. The light of the blazing buildings illuminated

the whole town. The next day, November 24th, the 21st Massachusetts and the 48th Pennsylvania, the whole under command of Lieutenant-colonel Hawkes of the 21st, drove back the Rebels at this point and reoccupied our old position.

Early in the morning of the same day an attack was made by the 2nd Michigan — 197 men — on the advanced parallel, which the enemy had so constructed as to envelop the north-west bastion of Fort Sanders. The works were gallantly carried, but before the supporting columns could come up our men were repulsed by fresh troops which the enemy had at hand. Our loss was severe, amounting to 67, including Major Byington, commanding the 2nd Michigan, who was left on the field, mortally wounded.

November 27th all was quiet along the lines, except an occasional shot from the rebel pickets, until evening, when cheers and strains of music enlivened the enemy's camp. We now know that the arrival of two brigades of Buckner's command, reinforcements from Bragg's army, was the occasion of their rejoicing; but at the time we could not solve the mystery.

A little after eleven o'clock P. M., November 28th, we were called to our places in the trenches by heavy musketry to the right. It was a cloudy, dark night, and at a distance of only a few feet it was impossible to distinguish any object. The firing soon ceased, with the exception of an occasional shot on the picket line. Reports soon came in. The enemy had first driven in the pickets in front of Fort Sanders and had then attacked our picket line, which was also obliged to fall back. The Rebels in front of the 36th, however, did not advance beyond the pits which our men had just vacated, and a new line was at once established by Captain Buffum of Company D, our brigade officer of the day. We afterwards learned that the enemy had advanced along the whole line and established themselves as near as possible to our works.

A little after six o'clock the next morning the enemy suddenly opened a furious cannonade. This was mostly directed against Fort Sanders; but several shells struck the Powell House, our brigade and regimental headquarters. Roemer immediately

responded from College Hill. In about twenty minutes the enemy's fire slackened and in its stead rose the well-known rebel yell in front of the fort. Then followed the rattle of musketry, the roar of cannon, and the bursting of shells. The yells died away and then rose again. The roar of musketry and artillery was redoubled. The Rebels had reached the ditch and were endeavoring to scale the parapet. The yells again died away, and then followed three loud Union cheers, — "Hurrah! — Hurrah! — Hurrah!" How those cheers thrilled our hearts, as we stood almost breathless at our posts in the trenches! They told us that the enemy had been repulsed, and that the victory was ours. Through the smoke of battle toward the fort, not two hundred yards away, we dimly saw that our flag was still there.

Let us now go back a little! Longstreet had learned of the defeat of Bragg, and, in opposition to the advice of his generals, determined to make an assault on General Burnside's lines. "Our only safety," he said to them, "is in making the assault on the enemy's position." Fort Sanders was made the point of attack, as it was evidently the key of the defences. Accordingly, having seized our rifle-pits, Longstreet, under the cover of the ridge on which Fort Sanders was built, formed his columns for the assault. The men were picked men, — the flower of his corps. "The force which was to attempt an enterprise which ranks with the most famous charges in military history," — says Pollard, the Southern historian, in his *Third Year of the War*, — "should be mentioned in detail. It consisted of three brigades of McLaws' division: that of General Wolford, that of General Humphrey, and a brigade composed of General Anderson's and Bryant's brigades, embracing, among others, the Palmetto State Guard, the 15th South Carolina regiment, and the 51st, 53rd and 59th Georgia regiments." One brigade was to make the assault; two brigades were to support it; and two brigades were to watch our lines and keep up a constant fire. Five regiments formed the brigade selected for the assault-column. These were placed in position "in column by division, closed in mass." When the fire of their artillery

slackened, the order for the charge was given. The salient of the northwest bastion was the point of attack. The rebel lines were much broken in passing the *abatis*, and the wire entanglements proved a greater obstacle. Benjamin now opened his triple-shotted guns. Nevertheless, the weight of their column carried the Rebels forward, and in two minutes from the time the charge was commenced, the foremost among them had reached the ditch around the fort and were endeavoring to scale the parapet. The guns, which had been trained to sweep the ditch, now opened a most destructive fire. Lieutenant Benjamin also took shells in his hand, and, lighting the fuse, tossed them over the parapet into the crowded ditch. "It stilled them down," he said. One of the rebel brigades in reserve, with added yells, now came up in support, and the slaughter was renewed. The ditch was filled, but the Highlanders and the 29th Massachusetts in the fort swept off with their muskets those who attempted to scale the parapet. The men in the ditch, satisfied of the hopelessness of the task they had undertaken, soon surrendered. They represented 11 regiments, and numbered nearly 300. Among them were 17 commissioned officers. Over 200 dead and wounded, including 3 colonels, lay in the ditch alone. The body of General Humphrey was found near the ditch, while the ground in front of the fort was strewn with the bodies of the dead and wounded. Over 1,000 stands of arms fell into our hands, and the battle-flags of the 13th and 17th Mississippi and 16th Georgia regiments. Our loss was 8 men killed and 5 wounded, of which the loss in the 36th was 1 man killed and 2 wounded. Longstreet gives his total loss from November 14th to December 4th as 198 officers and men killed, 850 wounded, 248 missing; total, 1296. His loss in the assault on Fort Sanders, November 29th, he gives as 129 killed, 448 wounded, and 226 missing; total, 803.

We spent the day following the attack on Fort Sanders, in strengthening our rifle-pits. The lines were now much nearer to those of the enemy, in some places not more than one hundred yards separating them. In the afternoon we received official notice of Bragg's defeat at Chattanooga. The next day, Decem-

ber 1st, General Burnside issued an order thanking his troops for their endurance and bravery, and congratulating them on their recent successes and the success of Grant at Chattanooga. At noon, by order, a single gun was fired from Battery Noble, and the troops, standing in the trenches, gave three cheers for the victories we had won. They were hearty cheers, as the Rebels across the ravine could testify, and they knew, too, what those cheers meant. Having defeated Bragg, General Grant was hurrying troops forward, under General Sherman, to relieve the besieged in Knoxville. At the same time he sent a despatch to General Burnside, congratulating him on the tenacity with which he had held out against vastly superior forces, and informing him of the movements in progress for his relief. By order of General Grant, a copy of this despatch was suffered to fall into the enemy's hands, and from it, December 1st, Longstreet learned of Sherman's advance. Burnside did not receive the despatch until the following day. Longstreet now saw that the siege must be raised at once, and he made his preparations accordingly.

On the following day the enemy were very quiet, and we thought there were some indications that they were preparing to raise the siege. The number of their pickets was manifestly less than usual. The fact was that their wagon-trains were that day put in motion, and on the night of December 4th the Rebels withdrew from their lines around Knoxville, crossed the Holston and moved up the north bank of the river. The retreat was discovered early in the morning by the pickets of the 36th Massachusetts, under Captain Ames of Company B, who had the honor of first reporting that the siege of Knoxville was raised.

Sherman, from Marysville, sent the following note to Burnside:

"I am here, and can bring 25,000 men into Knoxville; but Longstreet having retreated, I feel disposed to stop, for a stern chase is a long one. Without you specify that you want troops, I will let mine rest tomorrow, and ride in to see you."

Accordingly Sherman halted his troops, except two of Granger's divisions, and December 6th he entered Knoxville and reported in person to General Burnside.

The emergency having passed, General Sherman returned to Grant, leaving Granger's command.

In his official report of this campaign General Grant said :

“The armies of the Cumberland and Tennessee, for their energy and unsurpassed bravery in the three days' battle of Chattanooga, their patient endurance in marching to the relief of Knoxville, and the army of the Ohio, for its masterly defence of Knoxville, and repeated repulses of Longstreet's assaults upon that place, are deserving of the gratitude of their country.”

That gratitude they received. Thanks to Grant and his officers and men were voted by Congress, and a gold medal was struck, to be presented by the President to General Grant, “in the name of the people of the United States of America.” It was also voted that “The thanks of Congress be, and they hereby are, presented to Major-general Ambrose E. Burnside, and through him to the officers and men who have fought under his command, for their gallantry, good conduct, and soldier-like endurance.” On the 7th of December President Lincoln issued a proclamation referring to the raising of the siege of Knoxville, “under circumstances rendering it probable that the Union forces cannot hereafter be dislodged from that important position,” and recommending that “all loyal people do, on receipt of this information, assemble at their places of worship, and render special homage and gratitude to Almighty God for this great advancement of the national cause.”

I will supplement this story of the campaign and regiment, by a few personal recollections and memoranda.

When we left Lenoir's the wagons were out after forage, and as a consequence our camp equipage and the personal baggage of the officers were nearly all taken by the Rebels, or burned when we retreated to Campbell's Station. I lost substantially everything except what I carried in a roll on my saddle, and

though I made a claim for reimbursement later, it has never been honored. On the other hand, when I settled with the Government after leaving the service I found charges of several thousand dollars against me for government property lost or destroyed at this time. I had secured, among other preparations for winter quarters, a number of treatises on the *Art of War*, and was studying *Jomini* in my spare moments, so as to be prepared for the future. The Rebels, however, got the advantage of them, if advantage there was, unless they went up in smoke with our camp equipage and clothing.

I find by my minutes that we lost six men wounded on the skirmish line, the night we held Lenoir's while the rest of the army moved forward. It was believed at the time that our brigade was left that night with the intent of sacrificing it, — it being intended that we should delay the enemy while the rest of the army pushed forward. I have a recollection that Colonel Morrison, our brigade commander, told me at the time that he received no orders to move back, but that, finding the rest of the army moving, he took the responsibility of saving his brigade and withdrew us, thinking we might have been forgotten. I do not vouch for this, as I have no minute of the conversation.

During the retreat to Knoxville and two days thereafter, I went without sleep to a greater extent than ever before or since, and more than now seems possible. The first night we had orders to be ready to attack the enemy at nine; then I was told that the attack would come later, and I waited, keeping awake substantially till the order came to move back in the early morning. The second night, at Lenoir's, we lay in line close to the enemy, and no man slept. The third night, following the battle of Campbell's Station, we marched about sixteen miles through the mud to Knoxville, and though I slept some in the saddle, *en route*, my repose was not very satisfactory. I remember waking suddenly several times, and looking around to see if the regiment was following and commanding a halt until we should get together before moving on again. Arrived at Knoxville I did get three or four hours of sleep, and then went out

in command of the pickets for 48 hours, — a part of my line doing considerable firing, and I feeling the responsibility of seeing that a proper watch was kept. When we were relieved I lay down and slept continuously nearly 24 hours, leaving word to be called if needed.

On the 23rd an attempt was made to drive in the 36th pickets, but they held on, under Captain Morse, and drove back the enemy with loss. They got close enough so that we could see them fall when hit, our men being behind pits and suffering no loss.

On the 28th, when the pickets were driven in preparatory to the grand assault, the 36th lost two men.

On the 26th, Thanksgiving, my dinner consisted of a “ hunk ” of bread, as large as my fist, made from cobs and corn ground together. I commanded a regiment, but officers and men fared alike at such times.

At the Campbell’s Station fight I was struck in the wrist by a spent ball. I have always been proud of the manner in which our regiment changed position in that action. Our brigade was between two bodies of the enemy closing in on us, and when we moved out by the flank from between them, we were the last regiment. In this trying time, having lost about ten per cent. killed and wounded in the last half hour, we marched out in perfect order, and reaching our batteries, changed direction and formed “ on the right by file into line,” as well as if on parade.

At Fort Sanders a band, probably from General Burnside’s headquarters, used to play the “ Star Spangled Banner ” in the early morning every day, the flag being raised at the same time. As soon as the music began the rebel pickets commenced firing, and ours responded, while sometimes the cannon joined in a little for bass. The effect was something never to be forgotten.

While on picket our lines were close enough together to converse, and the Johnnies, as we called them, often called out “ Vicksburg,” — “ Mule meat,” — etc., to cheer us up.

During the attack on Fort Sanders the ditch was packed

with Confederates who had reached that haven, and seemed paralyzed. Few attempted to climb the parapet, as it was certain death. A sergeant of the 79th New York at this moment provided himself with an axe, and at a threatened point cut open the heads of three climbers, one after the other; then threw the axe into the crowd in the ditch and took up his rifle. The ditch was a terrible sight when the firing ceased. Our position was but a short distance to the left of the fort during the assault, and as soon as the flag of truce left me temporarily free I went to the spot to see the effects of our fire. The ground outside was covered with dead and wounded men, and there were some hundreds of them in the ditch. I remember clearly a heap, said to number forty-seven, though I did not stop to count them.

I wrote letters daily, to be forwarded after the siege, — letters which I have before me now. In one, November 23rd, I wrote that the 36th had on that date 204 non coms and privates for duty. I also said, "We have plenty of ammunition and men who know how to use it," and after the assault, "Still, half fed, half clothed, half frozen though we may be, we shall do all in our power toward holding this position."

CHAPTER X

BLAINE'S CROSS ROADS — STRAWBERRY PLAINS — OUR RETURN EAST

THE siege of Knoxville was raised December 4th, Longstreet moving to the north, toward Virginia. December 7th we followed him, having been reinforced, as before stated, from Sherman's army; and continued our march to Rutledge, some 20 odd miles from Knoxville, keeping far enough from the enemy to prevent a general engagement. At Rutledge I wrote my wife as follows:

“This move seems to have been objectless, unless the object is to state that the enemy has been vigorously pursued. Fortunate it has been for the men that we have not moved rapidly, as they continue to get very little to eat, — so little that were it not for the corn we find they could hardly keep body and soul together, much less be of any efficiency. What do you think of four ounces of flour daily, and that made of ‘sick wheat?’ That, and a small piece of meat, is all that they have been receiving lately. Foraging in a country which the Rebels have just passed through, is rather a difficult operation, but it is the only way we can eat, unless trains come up. We hear that one is en route, with provisions, and a huge mail.” (We had not heard from friends for nearly a month.)

The train came in the 13th, and we had fair rations for a few days, including coffee, which we had greatly missed.

We lay at Rutledge till the 15th, when, Longstreet advancing, we retired before him ten miles, to Blaine's Cross Roads, where we formed line and expected to fight. The enemy, however, was no more anxious for this than our leaders had been, and

after a little demonstration he withdrew to Morristown, about twenty-five miles distant, and ordered his men to make themselves comfortable for the winter. I was grieved to lose a sergeant and ten men, who had been sent out by brigade orders to guard a mill, and were captured when Longstreet advanced. Poor fellows! They never saw the regiment again, and all, or all but one, as I remember, died in captivity, mostly at Andersonville. The 36th lost very few prisoners during its service, though its losses otherwise were sufficiently large.

Though we had almost daily rumors of moving, in one direction or another, we remained at Blaine's Cross Roads a month, or until the 16th of January. I have stated that Longstreet told his men to make themselves comfortable, but that was not an easy task for us. The weather was freezing cold, and few of the men had overcoats. Shoes were largely exhausted, and the fresh hides of cattle killed were issued, so that moccasins could be cut out of them. Rations were short, and depended on our foragers, who found little in a country that had been scoured by both sides. It seemed hard, when we did find food, to take it away from women and children who had nothing left to eat, or said they had not, — but soldiers must eat if they are to fight. This camp has been called the Valley Forge of the Rebellion, and the name fits it well.

In the last days of December several of the regiments which enlisted in 1861, re-enlisted almost *en masse*, the special inducement, outside of patriotism, being the promise of a thirty days' immediate furlough to visit their homes. As my regimental historian says:

“No more inspiring sight can be imagined than that of the remnant of a regiment at the expiration of three years of service, living on quarter-rations of corn meal, with occasionally a handful of flour, standing forth under the open skies amid a thousand discomforts, and raising loyal hands toward heaven, swearing to serve the country yet three years longer.”

The most cheering side of our stay here was the persistent rumor that we — that is, the 9th Corps — were soon to go

East, to be recruited to the maximum and rejoin the Army of the Potomac. I wrote my wife Christmas Day on this topic:

“The idea of exchanging a small regiment for a large one, exposure for shelter, cold for comfort, starvation for plenty, nothing for everything, is an agreeable one to contemplate. It would pay the government to place us somewhere where our convalescents can reach us. We have more men absent than present.”

While at the Cross Roads I served on a general court martial, having several interesting cases before it; and Colonel Bowman, our old commander, visited the regiment. He had obtained a re-appointment as colonel from the governor, largely, I have since learned, by representing that though fitted otherwise, I was too young to command a regiment. Perhaps he was right, but I had just taken the 36th through its most arduous campaign and given satisfaction to those above as well as below me; — hence, a special order for muster from high authority being necessary, he did not receive it. I offered him the command, which he declined, under the circumstances; and he obtained later a position in the East as quartermaster.

During the latter part of our stay at this place conditions grew worse instead of better. The country became more and more exhausted, and communication with our base of supplies in Kentucky did not improve. I wrote my wife January 4th:

“Just stand with me in the camp of the 36th Massachusetts for a while. It is a freezing cold day, the thermometer below zero. Look about you. You see gaunt men, shivering around fires, with worn blankets on their shoulders. They have no overcoats; they left them in Kentucky last summer, and have since been unable to get any. Some are barefoot, their shoes having been worn out in the long marches they have taken. Here is a man holding a spider over a fire, while others are looking at him with longing eyes. What is he cooking? — a little corn which he has stolen from the mules of the train, or the officers’ horses, in spite of the guards. Here you see a man shaking with the ague. Why is he not in hospital? Because our hospital tent was burned at Lenoir’s, and men are not sent to

general hospital for so slight a disease. At least, you will say, he should be given quinine, — but that is impossible. Our medical supplies were exhausted during the siege of Knoxville.”

January 9th I wrote :

“ Clothing has at last been issued, — our regiment's share being seven blankets and 10 green hides to make moccasins of. Eleven of my men had no blankets, and four are still without them.”

Again, on January 12th, I said :

“ Captain Smith has just brought me a day's ration of flour, such as has today been issued to his company. Two such would hardly fill an ordinary tea-cup. Men *can* live on very little for a time, but about the time they learn to do it permanently, like the Irishman's horse, they will die.”

One more quotation, from a letter to my father, and I quit the Cross Roads. This letter explains to some extent the cause of our destitution, namely, the poor organization of the transportation department. I said :

“ There has been shameful mismanagement on the route over the mountains. Some provision trains have come through so slowly that nothing was left when they got here, the teamsters meantime eating and selling all they pleased. Others, intended for our army, have been unloaded by commanders at the Gap, who were short of supplies but not nearly as short as we are; and nothing seems to have been done about it in either case. The greatly needed clothing has arrived so much gnawed by mules as to be worthless. A few men shot might remedy the trouble, but I fear the army would all die of starvation before such drastic remedies would be adopted.”

On the 16th we marched eight miles, to Strawberry Plains, on the Holston River, having railway communication with Knoxville; and went into camp a short distance from the railroad bridge. Here we lay till the 22nd, having been made happy by a supply of overcoats and shoes, but rations were even less plentiful. The 21st we had none at all, except some beef bones,

— and we were shelled, without harm, by a rebel battery across the river, to which our guns replied.

We had not understood the occasion of our move, but it was now evident that we were to fall back. The railway bridge was fired, and we were placed in position to support our battery. About noon it was discovered that, with the customary good management of the quartermaster's department, some forty wagons, with tents, horse equipments, clothing, and, above all, pork, hardtack, flour, and sugar, which we needed much, lay abandoned near the bank of the river. The distance across was not over 200 yards, and the Rebels were on the other side in considerable force. It was very unsafe to try to get the food, but we were hungry. After a little consultation with my officers, I decided to offer the chance to one man from a company to leave the line, make his way to the stores some hundreds of yards distant, and bring back supplies. There was no lack of volunteers, and over the brow of the hill they went, seeking shelter as only old soldiers could. Crack, — crack, — went the rebel rifles, but the men kept on. The firing increased and I feared I should lose some of my bravest men, but all escaped — and, better, returned with legs of pork, crackers, and corn. The visits were repeated, until at night no one was hungry and the haversacks were full. One man brought in a ham, with three bullet-holes through it. Other regiments learned of our find and visited the heap of stores, but did not escape so easily as the enemy across the river had gotten the range. At night we set fire to what was left.

Next day we retreated, our brigade acting as rear guard, frequently forming line, to keep back the rebel cavalry, who followed at a respectful distance. We halted about three miles from Knoxville, and sent out skirmishers, the enemy retreating. On the route we found a lot of clothing abandoned by some of our teamsters and naturally took possession, so that the retreat was a real advantage to our men. Two days later we marched through Knoxville to Erin Station, 4 miles south, and went into camp, being told that we should remain there till arrangements could be made for us to go East. This movement from Blaine's

Cross Roads and Strawberry Plains was doubtless made with the object of getting us nearer our base of supplies, and the rebels who followed us were not strong enough to risk the chances of battle.

The 31st the men of the 29th Massachusetts who did not re-enlist, 65 in number, were assigned to the 36th. With convalescents who had at last reached us, this increased our number to about 350 officers and men.

We lay quiet at Erin Station till February 18th, with the exception of one day's march across the river to intercept a supposed enemy, who either was not there or escaped. The men were here quite comfortable, as we had a camp laid out and rations of three-quarters of a pound of meal, and a pound and a quarter of pork, per man, daily. We had several cases of scurvy, caused by the lack of food heretofore, and it was feared that it would become general, but fortunately it did not. The field officers, including myself, were disgusted with an order to send our horses away, where they could be more easily fed; and colonels, lieutenant-colonels, and majors were compelled to go afoot like captains and lieutenants.

I had a personal difference here with the regimental surgeon, Dr. Prince, which I mention only because of its connection with later events and which resulted in his being detailed for duty away from the regiment.

A little later a letter was printed in the *Boston Journal*, containing the following paragraph, which was sufficiently complimentary to me.

“East Tennessee is secure. The force now here is amply sufficient to hold it. Longstreet experienced nothing but disaster and defeat, and will not be likely to repeat his experiment of expelling the Yankees from East Tennessee. The 36th came into this State with 197 fighting men, and has lost 47 of this number by the casualties of battle, or about one in four. Many absent sick have reported for duty, so that we have about 200 at the present time. The regiment has been in command of Major William F. Draper, of Milford, the last two months. This young officer has conducted himself with great coolness and good judgment in action, and revealed military abilities of a high order.”

I did not know of the letter till I heard from the author, Lieutenant Brigham, that Dr. Prince was much excited over it. It seems that the doctor did not like the compliment to me; so he called on the lieutenant and told him that if anything more of the kind appeared from him, he would ruin him when there was a change in regimental commanders. Lieutenant Brigham naturally repeated the conversation to me, and I determined to keep my eyes and ears open for evidence of further action on the doctor's part, — and the evidence came later.

On the 18th, as before stated, we moved to the east of Knoxville, as it was reported that Longstreet was marching down the valley. There we lay till the 24th, when we marched to Morristown, forty miles distant, passing Strawberry Plains, before referred to. March 2nd we fell back to Mossy Creek, thirteen miles; and March 11th advanced again to Morristown. March 17th and 18th we marched back to Knoxville, and were told, truly this time, that we were to march over the mountains into Kentucky, — a movement which we commenced March 21st. My horse was returned before the movement commenced, so I was not obliged to foot it, and felt more respect for myself as a field officer.

The Mossy Creek, Morristown, movement was a repetition of the pursuit of Longstreet after the siege of Knoxville. Neither commander desired to fight, and there was no advantage to be gained in fighting, unless one could crush or cripple the other. We therefore marched up and down, Longstreet retreating when we advanced, and vice-versa. The very fact of our leaving for the East so soon, shows that nothing really serious was intended by our movements. They could not even deceive the enemy, as they necessarily knew of our march East almost as soon as we did.

At Mossy Creek I learned that Dr. Prince's work against me was of a serious character. He prepared a letter to Governor Andrew, asking that in case of Lieutenant-colonel Goodell's expected resignation, Lieutenant-colonel Norton be re-commissioned and returned to the command of the regiment, and

he tried to obtain the signatures of the line officers thereto. In this he failed, at least to any considerable extent, and I was naturally duly notified. After consideration I consulted the five senior captains present as to the wisest course to take. All said they would stand by me to the end, and recommended that I ask the advice of the brigade and division commanders. This I did, stating that I was willing to serve under Colonel Norton, if they thought it for the advantage of the regiment. The result, at both headquarters, was an oral expression of satisfaction with my services, confidence in my administration of affairs, and indignation at the cabal against me. They also gave me written testimonials to be forwarded to Governor Andrew, which I here print.

“ I take pleasure in testifying to the present excellent condition of the 36th Massachusetts Volunteers. Having been their brigade commander since the siege of Jackson, Miss., July, 1863, and with them continually in camp and field, I have had ample opportunity to observe the conduct of officers and men. Reduced by sickness in the Mississippi campaign to about a hundred and fifty present for duty, the regiment was additionally discouraged by the resignation of both their colonel and lieutenant-colonel. By the untiring energy of their present commander, they have not only largely increased in number, but have improved in drill and military discipline, and are now regarded as one of the ‘ crack ’ regiments of the corps. The able manner in which they have been handled and their gallant conduct under trying circumstances have won for them a high reputation. I therefore bear testimony, with the greatest pleasure, to the ability of Major William F. Draper, the only field officer present with the regiment since the battle of Blue Springs, October 10, 1863. He has performed his duty to the satisfaction of his superior officers, and to his untiring attention and soldierly qualities is mainly due the present high standing of his regiment.

D. MORRISON,

*Col. 79th Highlanders, N. Y. S. V., Commanding 1st
Brig., 1st Div., 9th A. C.*

*Headquarters, 1st Brig., 1st Div., 9th A. C., in the field at Mossy Creek,
East Tenn., March 7th, 1864.”*

150 RECOLLECTIONS OF A VARIED CAREER

“HEADQUARTERS, 1ST DIVISION, 9TH A. C., CAMP NEAR MOSSY CREEK, EAST TENN., *March 8th, 1864.*”

“TO HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN A. ANDREW,

“*Governor of the State of Mass.*”

“I take pleasure in recommending to your consideration Major William F. Draper of the 36th Massachusetts Volunteers. This officer has commanded his regiment since the absence of Lieutenant-colonel Goodell, who was wounded at Blue Springs, East Tennessee, in October last.

“The able manner with which he has led his regiment, and the discipline of the same, entitle him to great praise. Should a vacancy exist, I deem him fully competent and justly worthy of promotion.

“I am, Sir, very respectfully,

“Your obedient servant,

“EDWARD FERRERO,

“*Brig.-Gen. U. S. Vols.*”

“HEADQUARTERS, 9TH A. C., EAST TENN., *March 9, 1864.*”

“I fully concur with General Ferrero in his estimate of Major Draper's efficiency and worth, and earnestly recommend him to the favorable consideration of His Excellency, Gov. Andrew.

“JOHN G. PARKE,

“*Maj.-Gen. Com'd'g.*”

These papers I duly forwarded to the governor, with the request that the regiment be filled up, and though this was not done, the question of departure from the regular line of promotion, to my disadvantage, was settled. My father also felt justified, under the circumstances, in writing General Burnside a letter, asking about me; and received a reply, containing the following sentence: “The gallantry, skill and industry of your son are well known to me and highly appreciated by all who know him.”

I regretted this episode exceedingly at the time, but have since been pleased that it occurred, because it gave me these testimonials from my superior officers, that would not have been called for but for the need of their use. I have mentioned Colonel Norton in connection with the matter and will now say that I had no occasion to complain of his attitude. He

might have accepted his old commission, had it been offered to him, but he did not *scheme* for it or do anything that an honorable gentleman, and a personal friend of mine, might not do.

Our march over the mountains to Nicholasville, Ky., 150 miles or so, was accomplished with comparative ease, at the rate of about 18 miles daily, despite rain, bad roads, and mud. I wrote at the close: "The men marched splendidly, keeping in their places almost without exception."

The day we crossed the line between the States, Mike Sullivan, of whom I have previously spoken, came up to me during a halt, and touching his cap, said: "I have composed a little couplet which may interest you, Major." "Give it to me," I replied, and I record it here:

"A long farewell to Tennessee,
The glorious land of *corn* dodgers,
I reckon we'uns ne'er forget,
The time that we were you'uns lodgers."

"We'uns" and "You'uns" are expressions from the Tennessee vernacular, still used in the mountain regions, I have no doubt.

From Nicholasville we went by rail to Annapolis, Md., I being given the command of a brigade, as higher officers were given short leaves of absence. At Covington barracks, *en route*, an incident occurred, giving me a reputation for fierceness which I did not deserve but never took occasion to deny. In fact, I have heard the story about myself in recent years. In marching from the station to the barracks, an intoxicated man belonging to another regiment got in the way of the captain who commanded the 36th during my service as brigade commander. The captain reprimanded him several times and finally knocked him down with the hilt of his sword. As I generally rode at the head of my regiment, the captain was assumed to be I, and the sword blow was reported as with the edge rather than with the hilt, — hence the report spread that I cut a man down who got in my way on the march.

At Annapolis we found a large force encamped, under the temporary command of Colonel (afterwards General and Governor) Hartranft, of the 51st Pennsylvania Volunteers. The 9th Army Corps had been ordered to rendezvous at this place for reorganization, and we remained here sixteen days. Our regimental historian says:

“The camp at Annapolis was delightful, and revived the pleasant memories of Newport News and Camp Dick Robinson, — the only places where we had ever ‘played soldier.’ Contrasted with what had preceded and what was about to follow, it was a genuine holiday camp, — a bright oasis in the desert of a soldier’s life. The burning sun of Mississippi, the deadly malaria of the Yazoo, the freezing cold and corn-cob rations of Tennessee, were soon forgotten in the general happiness and comfort. Many of the ‘absent sick,’ who had been left in general hospitals in Kentucky and Ohio, returned to duty. New clothing and equipments were issued, and company and regimental drills, inspections, parades, and reviews, together with the work of reorganizing and equipping the regiment, caused the time to pass rapidly and pleasantly.”

On the 19th of April the corps was reorganized, and we were assigned to the 1st Brigade of the 2nd Division, under General Robert B. Potter, and on the evening of the 22nd the command was ordered to be in readiness to move. Before daylight of the 23rd the delightful camp was broken up and the corps took up its line of march. Reaching Washington it was reviewed by President Lincoln and General Burnside, and crossing Long Bridge went into camp about two miles from Alexandria. On Wednesday, the 27th, our brigade left Alexandria, and, marching by a number of historic battle-fields, including “Bull Run,” on the 30th we relieved the 17th Regular Infantry, of the 5th Corps, taking possession of the splendid camp near Catlett’s Station, which they had occupied during the winter. Upon reaching this place the regular monthly return of the regiment was made up and forwarded to headquarters. At that date we had present for duty 14 commissioned officers, and 426 enlisted men, belonging to the regiment, including 91 men transferred from the 29th Massachusetts Volunteers, or 440

in all. In addition we had 56 effective men belonging to the 46th New York, assigned for duty to our regiment, making a total of 496, of whom 349 were members of the 36th. The following field and line officers were present for duty with the regiment: Major Draper, Adjutant Hodgkins, Captains Barker, Smith, Buffum, Bailey, Morse, Holmes, and Ames; First Lieutenants Daniels, Fairbank, Burrage, and Marshall. Of these officers all except Adjutant Hodgkins were killed or wounded during the coming campaign.

The figures show that the regiment had not been filled up, it having been easier, as before stated, to recruit new regiments than to fill up the old organizations; and the ease of recruiting was allowed to overbalance the greatly added efficiency which would have been attained had the other plan been pursued.

This failure to fill the regiment made it impossible for us, under the regulations, to have a full colonel as commander, and most of the old regiments were in the same condition, — the colonels of the new regiments taking precedence, and command when called for. While we were at Annapolis, or a little later, Lieutenant-colonel Goodell, having found that his wound incapacitated him for active service, resigned, and I was made Lieutenant-colonel Commanding, — the date of my appointment being May 6th, the day that I was wounded in the Battle of the Wilderness. Dr. Prince, of whom I have before spoken and shall again, was made the chief surgeon of the Colored Division, with my assistance and to my great satisfaction. I should have said that at Annapolis my wife visited me, remaining at a hotel in the city while the regiment was in camp, and that I also received a brief visit from my father.

May 4th we left camp at Catlett's Station, and marched rapidly to join the Army of the Potomac, which was crossing the Rapidan at Germania Ford. We came up with the army in the evening of May 5th, our march being hurried by the noise of the firing, which came to our ears. The bloody Wilderness battle had commenced, and my regiment, and I personally, were to have our full share of it.

CHAPTER XI

THE WILDERNESS CAMPAIGN

THE Battle of the Wilderness is a hard one to describe, it having been unexpected by General Grant at this point, while the nature of the ground prevented grand operations, dependent on each other and controlled by a plan made in advance.

Grant, having crossed the Rapidan and moving south, hoped to get into the open country in the vicinity of Spottsylvania before delivering battle; but Lee, having observed the movement and having a better knowledge of the country in detail than we had, determined to attack Grant's army on the flank during the march. Lee's advance struck our line on the afternoon of the 5th. He was driven back a little; then held his own. The next day we gained some ground on our left; but toward night we lost on our right, still, however, controlling our communications and holding the road to Spottsylvania, whither we marched on the night of the 7th. Anderson's corps of Lee's army got there ahead of us, owing to two accidents, both favorable to the enemy. General Grant states that fires in the woods prevented Anderson from halting for the night *en route*, in accordance with Lee's orders, and that but for this we would have been there first; while a change made by General Meade in the orders given by General Sheridan to Merritt's cavalry left the door open for Anderson's movement.

The fighting extended for miles, in a region correctly named the Wilderness. The ground was not only wooded but swampy, with an undergrowth of interlaced bushes and briars that at places it seemed impossible to penetrate, even had there been no other resistance. The clearings were few and there was little chance for the use of artillery, and while the line extended



GENERAL DRAPER AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

for miles, one could see nothing to right or left of his own brigade's position, — and, after a little, nothing in front but powder smoke and the flash of the enemy's guns. In this "horrid thicket" each division, brigade, or regiment, did its own fighting; sometimes gaining a little ground, sometimes losing, — sometimes in touch to right and left, — sometimes, apparently, without support on either side, — neither army gaining decisive advantage.

So far as the fighting was concerned, it seemed, and seems to me a drawn battle, but, as General Grant says, it was a Union victory in result. I quote from his Memoirs, Page 204:

"More desperate fighting has not been witnessed on this continent than that of the 5th and 6th of May. Our victory consisted in having successfully crossed a formidable stream, almost in the face of an enemy, and in getting the army together as a unit. We gained an advantage on the morning of the 6th, which, if it had been followed up, must have proven very decisive. In the evening the enemy gained an advantage, but was speedily repulsed. As we stood at the close, the two armies were relatively in about the same condition to meet each other as when the river divided them. But the fact of having safely crossed was a victory. Our losses in the Wilderness were very severe. Those of the Confederates must have been even more so; but I have no means of speaking with accuracy upon this point."

Our loss in the engagement was about 18,000 men, while the enemy's could not have been much less, under the circumstances of the fighting; and this in itself was a great gain for us.

The part that the 36th took in the engagement next comes up for description. In the early morning we were aroused, and at daybreak we reached the clearing containing the old Wilderness tavern, where we loaded our guns and moved forward toward "Parker's Store," where the 5th Corps was engaged. After forming a line of battle, and sending out skirmishers, coffee was served and breakfast brought up for the headquarters mess (the men carried theirs in their haversacks). During the breakfast I made the remark: "This mess will probably not be complete to-night," little thinking that I was the one whose absence would be noted.

After breakfast we moved forward, got under fire, and were just preparing to charge a rebel battery across a small clearing, when we were ordered to change position, and moving to the south soon reached ground that had been fought over before and was strewn, in some places quite thickly, with the bodies of dead and wounded men. On we went, driving in the enemy's skirmishers and receiving a tremendous volley from their main line, which caused a halt for an instant; when, passing from the rear to the front of the line, I gave the command "forward, double-quick," and we went over the enemy's breastwork with a rush. We struck their line at an angle, our left being nearer than our right. The regiment on our left, the 51st New York, (a splendid regiment, but having a large proportion of new men), failed to carry the work, broke, and fell back to reorganize. The 36th took the pits along its entire front; so did the 45th Pennsylvania on our right; and that was as far as I could see. We thought the victory won, and I was about pressing still further forward, when bullets commenced to come rapidly from the left, — the enemy who repulsed the 51st being old soldiers and taking position to enfilade our line. Determined to hold the position, I stood on the top of the breastwork near our colors and ordered the right wing to form on the outside of the work, facing the front, and the left wing to swing back, so as to face the enemy on our left. The third division was coming up, and if this movement could have been made, as I planned and ordered, we should have held what we had gained and would probably have advanced farther, as we had made a substantial break in the enemy's main line

It was not to be, however. Just as my left began to swing back, a bullet struck me and I fell unconscious. The moving left wing continued to move, and being pressed both in front and on the flank both the 36th and the 45th lost the position they had taken, although they retired only a short distance, still facing the enemy and firing. Men went down rapidly. My State color-bearer, Sergeant Todd, was first wounded in the arm; then killed by a bullet in the head. Corporal Long seized the color, only to be himself wounded an instant later;

and before it reached the ground it was grasped by Sergeant Rawson, who carried it through the coming campaign. When the reinforcements came up another attempt was made to retake the position we had once carried, but it failed, and we held on, as the enemy did, till night, when they withdrew.

The roll call at night showed 85 missing, of whom 7 returned, leaving a net loss of 78. Of these, 23 were killed or died of wounds; 42 were known to be wounded; and the rest were probably killed or wounded, and burned in the underbrush, which at times was on fire between the contending lines. Several hundred wounded men are supposed to have met their fate in this way during and after the action. Three wounded men were taken by the Confederates, including Sergeant Wright, the good soldier I have previously mentioned, who had at the time been commissioned as a lieutenant by the governor and was waiting an opportunity to be mustered in his new rank. He went to Andersonville, and returned; and his story is harrowing and worthy of being written, but I have not space here.

During the fight, shortly after I was wounded, our line, though holding on gallantly, was in some confusion; when some one in the 45th Pennsylvania (the regiment closest to us and most beloved by us during our service) struck up the chorus: "We'll rally round the flag, boys; rally once again." The 45th and 36th and others joined in; men found their places; and the line again presented an unbroken front, despite the gaps that had been made in it.

A personal incident is recorded in my regimental history, which I transcribe here in somewhat different terms, to make it agree with my memory. Just as we had taken the breastwork, and I was straightening the line, a wounded rebel sergeant, lying on the ground, took deliberate aim at me, and was in the act of firing, when Sergeant Herbert Kimball of my old Company F struck up his gun, and the bullet passed through my hat, lifting it from my head, while a bullet from another of my men punished the treacherous shot.

I will also note here that the rifle-pit we took, which had been hastily thrown up, was constructed in part of the dead bodies

of Confederates who had been killed in holding the position against a previous attack made by Hancock.

Before pursuing my personal narrative after my wound, I will follow the regiment briefly through the campaign until I rejoined it the 9th of August. It took part in the battle of Spottsylvania, losing 107 men, — 32 killed or mortally wounded; 65 wounded; and 10 missing, probably killed or wounded. At the North Anna River it was sent forward in skirmish line to develop the rebel position, losing 1 killed and 4 wounded. At Cold Harbor its loss was 17 killed and 33 wounded, besides 1 killed and 6 wounded in the 46th New York contingent. After Spottsylvania the service of the men of the 29th, who had been with us, expired and they returned home, having lost 8 killed and 16 wounded out of the 91, at Spottsylvania and the Wilderness; and after Cold Harbor the detachment of the 46th New York also left. The 29th men had been incorporated in our regiment really, having been divided among the various companies, and seemed like a part of us. The 46th men, on the other hand, were made a separate company, as they were Germans mostly unable to speak English. When they were assigned to us this seemed to be the only way to place them, as none of our officers, except myself, spoke any German; and my vocabulary was limited, I having acquired it largely through the presence of a German company in the 25th.

This left us a short line after Cold Harbor. Of the 14 officers, (including surgeon and quartermaster), and 335 enlisted men of the 36th proper, who were present with the regiment on the 1st of May, we had lost:

	Killed and died of wounds.	Wounded.	Missing (prob- ably killed or wounded).
In the Wilderness,	23	38	13
At Spottsylvania,	24	53	10
At North Anna River,	1	4	
At Cold Harbor,	17	33	
	—	—	—
Total,	65	128	23

or 216 total out of 349, in a month and four days; — and the end was not yet. This left 133 officers and men, who had been reinforced after Spottsylvania by the arrival of Captain Smith, Lieutenant Brigham and 9 men, who had been on recruiting service; and further, by the return to the colors of 30 men who had recovered from wounds or illness; making the effective strength of the regiment, as reported after the battle of Cold Harbor, 6 commissioned officers and 168 enlisted men.

The next change of base brought the Army of the Potomac before Petersburg, and here, on the 17th of June, the 36th won the brightest laurel of its history. An attack was made on a rebel redoubt, in the early morning; the 36th being in the centre of the front line; the 2nd New York Rifles (a new regiment) on its right; and the 48th Pennsylvania on its left. During the charge the 2nd New York broke; but the 36th and 48th kept on and took the redoubt, with a battery of cannon, 5 stand of colors, and more than their own number of prisoners. Some reinforcements came up and a second line was captured, but the substantial aid needed did not arrive and Petersburg was not taken, as with proper support to the attacking column it might have been. In fact, it is said that the rebel prisoners sent to the rear conveyed the impression of a coming attack and delayed the necessary forward movement. In this engagement we lost Captain Holmes and 5 men killed, and 13 men wounded. Captain Holmes was my intimate personal friend; entered the service from my town; served with me in the 25th as well as the 36th; and was first lieutenant of Company F when I was its captain. Many a night we shared the same shelter tent, and rolled up in the same blankets. As the regimental history says: "He was a noble specimen of manhood, and an ideal soldier."

On the 18th another attempt to move forward was made and some ground gained; but no such advantage as was gained the 17th. The 36th lost Captain Buffum and 2 men killed, and 6 men wounded. Captain Buffum was another dear friend, and a staunch supporter of mine in the personal troubles to which I have referred.

After this engagement the operations settled down substantially into those of a siege, intrenchments being built on both sides. The line of our brigade was just opposite that portion of the main line of the enemy known as the Elliot Salient, and but little more than one hundred yards from it. This salient was mined, and the explosion of the mine made the celebrated "Crater," where we lost so many men on the 30th July, — when, with harmonious action and mutual support on the part of some of our generals, Petersburg might have been taken. On account of this mining, and the close proximity of the lines, an almost continuous fire was maintained on both sides, our men sometimes firing 120 rounds in twenty-four hours. Both sides were protected, but openings had to be left for the gunbarrels, and a chance also to sight over them. Men were shot through these openings, and a finger even, raised above the pit, was sure to draw a bullet. Our men used to elevate a cap on a ramrod and watch the flash from an opposite loophole when the cap was fired at, while at the same instant two or three good shots would fire at that particular loophole, — often with effect. During the Crater fight, the 36th, fortunately for them, held the picket line and though under fire escaped the disastrous losses which came to other organizations of our corps. Our losses in the trenches, up to August 14th when we changed position, were 7 killed and 18 wounded.

I will here again recapitulate our losses, before going back to my personal narrative, as the 9th of August I returned to the command of the regiment, with my wound not fully healed and small pieces of bone occasionally making their way out. Up to and including Cold Harbor, we had lost during the campaign :

	Killed and died of wounds.	Wounded.	Missing.
Number already stated,	65	128	23
Petersburg, June 17,	6	13	
Petersburg, June 18,	3	6	
In the trenches,	7	18	
	—	—	—
Total,	81	165	23

More convalescents had by this time come up, so that when I rejoined the regiment there were 12 commissioned officers and 162 enlisted men present for duty.

When wounded in the Wilderness I fell unconscious. A blow as though I were struck with a club on the left breast, a feeling of surprise that I was hit at all, (I had begun to believe in my star), and the certainty, from the location of the blow, that I was killed, were all that I felt. If consciousness had not returned it would have been death, and my mental sensations would have been no different. Neither my sins nor my friends — what I was to leave here or hoped for hereafter — even flashed through my mind. I simply realized that I was shot and thoroughly believed my name would be among those of the killed in the next morning's report. The bullet struck me where the neck joins the left shoulder, and, passing through the body, was arrested by one of the spinal vertebræ, which it shivered more or less, as it did another bone or two in its passage.

When I recovered consciousness two men were carrying me back in a blanket, we being between the rebel line, which we had taken and lost, and our re-formed line, perhaps twenty rods back. Bullets were flying in both directions, and I had a new fear which had not troubled me before, — namely, that one of them would hit me. When our line was reached I was deposited on the ground, and I told my bearers to go back to the ranks, where they were needed, — that I should die soon. A moment later, however, I got a finger of my right hand into the wound; found it above the heart; and told them perhaps I was worth saving, after all, and that they might carry me back until we met men with a stretcher, — which they did, handling me most tenderly. When a stretcher was found I was carried back a mile or more farther to the field hospital, where I was set down among hundreds of others to await my turn. It came in a short time, as I was of comparatively high rank; and I was spread upon an improvised operating table and my coat, vest and shirt cut off, leaving me naked to the waist and leaving also my belt and pistol. My sword had dropped from my hand when the bullet

struck me. I am not sure whether my hat was left or not, but I think not. The surgeons gave me a tumbler full of whisky and rolled me over to cut; then examined the wound, consulted a little, and decided to wait. The swelling was so great that they feared to cut in the wrong place, and I was again placed on a stretcher to await a more careful examination.

There I lay an hour or two, when the noise of battle came nearer and nearer. Our right, as I have before stated, was being driven in, and stray bullets began to drop among us. Pretty soon the attendants began to leave; then the wounded men who could walk commenced to hobble away; and finally one of the surgeons came to me and said: "Colonel, you had better get out of this if you can; you will certainly die if you are taken prisoner." I said: "How am I to get out?" He replied: "I don't know, but we are going and I came to give you warning." Sergeant-major Morse, of the 29th assigned to us, was near me and not seriously hurt, and I asked him to see what he could do. Meantime the supply train and the ambulances and all the camp followers had taken alarm and were making their way past us, away from the enemy's attack, as rapidly as possible. Among this crowd Morse fortunately discovered Quartermaster Tuttle of the 36th, trying to save his wagons and supplies. He called him and told him of my plight, and the two of them, with the help of George Phelps (an old schoolmate, then in the quartermaster's department), started to carry me away on a stretcher, — two carrying me and the other leading the quartermaster's horse.

This lasted till they gave out. Phelps has told me since that he would never carry his own father as far again under similar circumstances. Meantime darkness had come on, and in the confusion they did not know where to find another hospital. Finally they adopted another expedient, — laying me on my face across the saddle of Lieutenant Tuttle's horse, with head and arms hanging on one side, and feet and legs on the other, — and thus we made our way until they found a 6th Corps hospital and found also a stretcher for me, on which I lay till morning. The hospital had a few tents, already full, and hundreds like

myself lay around in the open air. I have forgotten to mention that a boy about fourteen years old, named "Mike," — he was Lieutenant Brigham's servant, — attached himself to our party, either at the first hospital or on the road.

I slept some, — in fact, I had not begun to suffer much pain. Perhaps the blow on the spine deadened my sensations. The next morning the sun came out hot and I felt more discomfort from the heat upon my unprotected head and naked body than from my wound. About eight a surgeon got around to me and after examination said he did not dare to cut for the bullet, and passed on to others. The heat increased, and seemed unbearable (we often magnify the minor incidents of life in comparison with the more important), but relief was coming. Mike, who was on the lookout, saw Dr. Prince of the Colored Division, whom I have mentioned as surgeon of the 36th, riding by. Although he had left the regiment because of personal differences with me and was one of the last men from whom I would have asked a favor, I knew that he was a skilful surgeon, and I was glad to see him when Mike brought him to my stretcher. "This is pretty serious," he said, as he examined the wound. "That bullet must come out soon, or there will be no chance for you." I told him that the surgeons so far had not dared to cut. "It is the only chance," he repeated. "All right, cut," I said.

He used his authority to get me into a tent, and there raised me up so that I could place my arms across the shoulders of one of the party. He then cut into my back, near the spine, until he struck the path of the bullet. That done, he followed the path till he found the bullet, — extracted it with pincers, — and further, took out a piece of clothing that had been carried in with it. I was then glad to lie back on the stretcher, but had to turn for him to wash the wound and tie a bandage over it. He gave me no ether or other anæsthetic, and in fact, I don't know that there was any to be had. If it had been within reach, however, I would not have asked him for it if he had cut me into inch pieces. When the wound was bandaged, he said: "Colonel, I hope there will be no more hard feeling between us," and I replied that if I lived I should remember only that

he had saved my life and feel toward him accordingly. Naturally we were good friends afterwards, and I was glad on one occasion to be of service to him — but little as compared to what he did for me at this time. In leaving he said he would see me the next day, and he did, but not in the same place.

By night my wound began to pain me seriously, and it was with no feeling of satisfaction that I learned from Morse that we were to be moved during the evening. Ambulances came up and were loaded with wounded officers from the 6th Corps, but I, being an outsider, was provided with the same transportation as the enlisted men, namely, an army wagon. I was lucky to get this, if the truth was told me, — that quite a large number of the most severely wounded, in which category I should have been included, were left for want of transportation to be called for later, or to die. Toward midnight I was placed in a wagon with nine other wounded men, who covered the floor completely, and we started. The wagon had been loaded with oats and had not been swept; and as I lay, half naked, on the wagon bottom, I had a horrible fear that the loose oats would get into my wound. We were so thick that we could hardly move, which was perhaps lucky; and a wounded arm lay across me from one side, and a wounded leg from the other.

The night was horrible, — the most horrible I have ever known, not excepting the night which I have described on the *Colonel Satterly*. Our wagon started, and got into the great line, or lines, of wagons, carrying 12,000 or more wounded men on the road to Fredericksburg. The road proper was corduroyed with small logs, but they were frequently missing or out of place, so that we sunk into holes every little while where one or two logs were missing, and were terribly jolted almost continuously. Wherever possible the line broadened to three or more wagons deep, the teams taking the side of the road and running in the dark through the swampy land and against stumps and trees. Other trains, too, were on the road, — provision trains, ammunition trains, empty wagons going back, each one intent on its own errand, and each wagon cutting in so as to get on wherever another wagon was stuck or opportunity

offered. There was never much discipline amongst our teamsters. Like the mules that they drove, they were an obstinate, independent class, but much less under subjection than the mules. To crown all, a rumor spread that this was a retreat, and that we were being pressed by the rebels, — an absurd rumor, but absurdities have influence under such circumstances. This caused the teamsters to run their mules when they could, with corresponding collisions, wreckage, and extra shaking about of the occupants of the wagons.

This may convey a general idea of the conditions, but it cannot reveal the facts. It was fortunate for us that we were closely packed, but even as it was, this jarring and throwing about of wounded men through the livelong night was terrible. There were screams, groans and curses, as wounds were wrenched open and splintered and broken bones crowded into the flesh, but neither screams, groans nor curses could do any good. Some men died or went crazy, and all suffered torture. Some of the time I was "out of my head," or so reported by Morse and Mike, who trudged along by my wagon. One event of the night I remember clearly, though most of it seems a confused horror. When the panic came our teamster whipped up his mules, in the effort to get forward as fast as possible, and we were thrown about worse than ever. After a terrible jolt I realized that I might control matters somewhat. Calling to the teamster I told him that though I was pretty near dead I had a loaded pistol with me and strength enough to pull a trigger, and that if he forced his mules beyond a walk, so helping me God, I would send a bullet through him and give his team to Morse. Morse and Mike assured him that I would do this and that they would help me if necessary; and from that time he drove, so far as he could, at a walk, more afraid of me than of the unseen rebels. Luckily the panic was calmed by learning from the rear that we were not pursued. The next morning, at a clearing, Mike perceived Dr. Prince and an ambulance which he had obtained for me. He had learned of the move too late to find me at the field hospital, and his only chance of finding me lay in waiting for the train, as he did. I was transferred to the

ambulance, which seemed a change from hell to heaven, covered — being still naked to the waist — with a blanket, and driven carefully to a temporary resting place, where the doctor washed and re-banded my wound. At this place, where I remained in the ambulance all night, were hospital stores and, strange to say, a woman, — an army nurse who had them in charge. I had eaten nothing but hard crackers since I was wounded, — and very few of them, — and when she gave me little cakes and a glass of wine, she seemed an angel from heaven. I have no idea who she was or how she looked, but her attentions went to my heart.

The next morning I bade adieu to the doctor and nurse, and was driven in my ambulance to Fredericksburg, where I was left at the 9th Corps hospital. In the room with me were Colonel Carruth and Colonel Bartlett, wounded. Here I got a kind of loose wrapper to cover me, but, as my diary written a little later says, “no attention except from our own servants and an opiate at night.” This does not mean that the surgeons did not dress our wounds, which had begun to need it sadly, but that there was a scarcity or absence of hospital attendants. Soon after being laid on my cot I fancied that I wanted something sour and sent Mike out to find it. He returned with some peculiar looking pickles, which I swallowed rapidly. A little later Mike came in and announced that the woman who sold him the pickles had been arrested for poisoning soldiers. The pickles made me violently sick, but I have no idea that they were poisoned. Neither the idea, nor the violent retching, however, was pleasant at the time and under the circumstances.

I remained here a day and a half, and the afternoon of the 11th I was placed in an ambulance, which was a part of a train of seventy, loaded with wounded. Our destination was Belle Plain on the Potomac river, where we could be placed on a steamer for Washington. The distance was only twelve miles, if I recollect right, but the road was very bad, being muddy and having holes where mules sometimes went down out of sight. No better idea of it can be given than the fact that we were eight hours making six miles, — about half way. At this point, a

little after midnight, we heard scattering shots, then the sound of many horses' feet, then more shots, — and we were in the midst of a band of horsemen, Mosby's Guerillas. Their leader happened to stop close to the ambulance where I lay, and I called out to him that his men were firing on wounded men. He replied that some of the drivers, or others, had fired on him; to which I said that at any rate that was all over. He gave the command to cease firing, and then examined the train systematically. He gathered together all the arms, drivers and unwounded men, and unhitched all the horses. This done, they went through again and took out all the wounded men they thought able to walk and all the pocket books and watches they could find, — and left us, taking horses, prisoners, and booty.

Our position was rather absurd, — wounded men, unable to walk, in ambulances stuck in the mud, without horses or drivers. However, it was not as bad as it seemed. A short time after the departure of the rebels both Morse and Mike reported at my ambulance. The former had forced his way into an ambulance at the time of the attack and groaned so horribly that he was supposed to be unable to travel; while Mike had simply taken to the bushes and hid himself until the affair was over. I told Mike to make his way as rapidly as he could along the road to Belle Plain and send us relief, while Morse made himself as comfortable as he could on the driver's seat of my ambulance. Before morning a company of cavalry arrived, as the result of Mike's errand, and later in the day an empty provision train came along for a new load and our ambulances were attached to the wagons and thus hauled to our destination. Here Mike returned to Lieutenant Brigham, who was *en route* for the regiment, and Morse went home, his three years' service having expired.

I was taken on a steamboat and remember nothing more till I found myself in Armory Square hospital, near the Smithsonian Institute, in Washington, having my wound dressed. It seems that I raved all the way up the river, and on being landed was left at the nearest hospital, rather than taken to the officers'

hospital, because it was thought that I could not live. How I did live through this week, and particularly through that night in the army wagon, I do not know. I suppose it was because I was young, strong, and toughened by nearly three years of active campaigning.

My wound was carefully dressed at the hospital and I slept till morning, when on opening my eyes I saw my father bending over my cot. He had come on to Washington on seeing the report of my wound, and got by accident into the hospital where I was. He immediately telegraphed for my wife, who arrived promptly and watched over me till early in June, when I was thought able to be moved, though my wound was still open and discharging. Under her loving care I then went to my home in Massachusetts.

A little episode *en route* is worth noting. On the train Hon. James G. Blaine, then a representative in Congress, came to my berth and spoke to me, — simply because I was a wounded soldier. We talked a few moments, and it made a deep impression on me, as I considered a Congressman a great man, — even though Mr. Blaine had not then made his great reputation. Twenty-six years later, at a dinner given my second wife and myself on our wedding trip, by Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge, Mr. Blaine was one of the guests. Over the cigars he asked: “General Draper, do you remember the last time we met?” I replied: “Yes, but I had not supposed that you did.” He then recalled the incident I have narrated, and I mention it to show his wonderful memory of persons and details.

I remained at home, under treatment, for two months, when, my wound being nearly, but not thoroughly, healed, I determined to rejoin my regiment, with which I had kept in close touch, both by letter and the calls of wounded officers and men who came to see me. August 7th I left for the front, and I joined the boys in the trenches August 9th, finding, as before said, 12 officers, myself included, and 162 enlisted men, for duty.

CHAPTER XII

PETERSBURG — END OF SERVICE

I ARRIVED at City Point just after a tremendous explosion of ordnance stores, which was caused by someone's carelessly dropping a loaded shell in moving it. This cost him and many others their lives; destroyed the wharf and hundreds of thousands, or millions, of dollars' worth of ammunition and supplies; and gave the immediate landscape a torn-up appearance. However, this was only an incident, and accompanying General Griffin of the 5th Corps, who arrived on the same boat, we rode several miles to our positions at the front. I was warmly received at corps, division, and brigade headquarters, and by the remains of the regiment, who were camped in a ravine within musket shot of the enemy, but protected from point-blank shots by a small hill. Occasionally, however, a falling shot did execution, a poor fellow — Corporal Perry — losing his right arm from a shot received in camp just after my arrival. The routine of duty was forty-eight hours in the camp just mentioned and forty-eight hours on the front or picket line, for the whole regiment. The picket line was perhaps 400 yards to the front, and reached by traverses, or trenches, running in zigzags, so that except at the corners, where the direction changed, the men were fairly safe in going to and returning from the front. There were plenty of blood stains, however, and my first trip with Captain Smith, whom I superseded in command, was rather gruesome. In one place he said, "Here Captain Buffum was killed," in another, "Men are killed here every day, getting water," etc., etc. Arrived at the front line,

which was not more than one hundred yards from the Rebels in the crater and connecting works, we found the regiment on duty and in substantially a single line of battle, — certain men keeping watch through the loopholes and firing occasionally. At night systematic firing was kept up by both sides, to prevent being taken by surprise.

We were glad to leave this position five days after my arrival. On one of my trips to the trenches, meantime, a bullet passed between my hand and thigh, grazing my thumb and leaving its mark upon the skirt of my coat. I thought, — shall I say, hoped? — for a moment, that I had lost my thumb. At that moment I would willingly have given my right arm to be guaranteed against further injury, and felt that a slight wound would be a clear gain, as a matter of insurance. Our move was two or three miles to the left, where we relieved a regiment of the 5th Corps, which was withdrawn from the trenches previous to the attack on the Weldon Railroad. In our new position there was no picket firing, which was a great relief, but every night toward morning there was a heavy cannonade, which called all the men to their places and gave us fireworks gratis. When one is behind works the ordinary shells do not do much damage: if they burst in front of the line, the pieces go into the protecting bank; if over the line, the pieces go forward and do little or no harm. This is not true of mortar shells, the pieces from which fly in all directions when they explode. The only loss in our brigade during several nights' shelling was one man of the 45th Pennsylvania, whose head was carried off while he was looking over the parapet, enjoying the scene.

The 19th we were drawn out of the works and moved to the left to support General Warren's attack on the Weldon Railroad. During this movement, owing to the illness of Colonel Bliss, I had command of our brigade. The next day, the 20th, we were moved about into various positions to support movements and fill gaps, and had a chance to repulse an advancing rebel line with severe loss to them, we being protected by a temporary work, such as we had learned to throw up quickly with bayonets and tin plates, and losing only one man wounded.

The 21st, we maintained our line, though our skirmishers were driven in, with a loss to us of three wounded, and more to the enemy, including three prisoners taken by the 36th. I will attempt no account of the Weldon Railroad engagement, beyond my participation above stated, except the general statement that we took the road and held it against repeated assaults, — the 5th Corps, under General Warren, doing most of the fighting.

The night of the 21st, Colonel Curtin of the 45th Pennsylvania came up, having been absent wounded, and took command of the brigade, I reassuming command of my regiment.

One little incident of the Weldon Railroad fight I will mention before passing on. Our line, in moving forward, crossed a field where lay a number of dead and wounded Confederates. One of the 36th offered one of the wounded — a sergeant — a drink from his canteen. "No," said the sturdy Rebel, "let me die: Mahone's division never ran before, and I don't want to live any longer."

The 23rd, all being quiet in front, we received orders to fall back a little, straighten the line, and build works, or, rather, strengthen those already commenced. Here we laid out a regular camp, where we remained a month, performing picket duty, and having company and regimental drills. Some officers and men, convalescent from wounds and sickness, returned to duty, and we got into an excellent state of efficiency, our number being considered.

During the month I served as president of a division court martial, having before us several cases of an interesting character and sentencing one man — who attempted to desert to the enemy — to be shot. The sentence was duly carried into execution. We had two other cases, *celebrated* among us at the time. One was that of Private John Kick of the 2nd New York Rifles, who straggled on the march and stopped to rest at a house occupied by descendants of President John Tyler. There he met the ex-President's granddaughter, and fell in love with her and she with him. They were duly married, and all went well until the provost guard found and arrested him. We treated

him leniently, thinking he had extenuating circumstances for his desertion. The other case was that of a Sergeant Spencer, who had been an editor of a New York country journal before enlisting and remained its army correspondent. In writing of the Crater affair he was very severe upon General Meade, the army commander under Grant, and expressed the idea prevalent at the time in our corps, that if Burnside's disposition of troops had not been arbitrarily changed at the last moment, — and even more, if his assault had been properly supported, — Petersburg would have been taken instead of our suffering a serious reverse. We had to find him guilty of "conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline," but gave him an insufficient punishment; — so insufficient that the record was returned to us for correction. We stood our ground, however, and as the punishment could not be increased without our consent, Spencer escaped better than he had a right to expect.

This was one of my mistakes, — I see it now and doubtless should have *felt* it if my service had lasted longer. Soldiers have no right to criticize their superiors through the press, and the ill effects of such action have been made evident many times since, as well as before.

Sept. 25th we moved out of camp, and for three or four days marched about in various directions, — a part of the time in the sight of the enemy, to mystify them as to our destination. Finally, the 30th, we moved out beyond the lines of the 5th Corps, toward the left, four divisions strong, — Ayres' and Griffin's of the 5th Corps, and Potter's and Wilcox's of the 9th. The 5th Corps struck the enemy about noon, and took a small redoubt, with a cannon and about 50 prisoners. Then we dawdled till the middle of the afternoon, as though to give the Rebels time to bring up reinforcements, which they did. Finally our division moved forward, without connection to the right or left, and struck the enemy on the right, — the left, where we were, being unopposed. We moved forward to the brow of a hill, facing a wood, with a clearing to the left of the wood just beyond our front, and halted, throwing up a temporary protection and awaiting the appearance of the enemy in our front. Had we

remained here till the enemy's attack was developed, the fortune of the day might, and probably would, have been different; but we were ordered to push forward into the clearing before spoken of, just as the reinforced enemy drove back our right. The troops on our right were separated from the supporting divisions by a long gap, the supports being at least half a mile to the right and rear; and no effort seemed to be made either to close the gap or support us. As a result, our line was forced back, a regiment at a time, — not straight back, but to the left and rear, the pursuing enemy, who took many prisoners, getting nearer our reserves than we were. I saw that there was disaster in the air; and I saw also, that if the 36th was to be saved from capture, it must depend on itself. I therefore changed front, so as to face our former right, and opened fire, checking the enemy's advance. A little time being gained, I moved by the flank two or three hundred yards to a favorable position toward the rear, and made a stand. In this position we were joined by scattering men, and several stand of colors from other regiments which had broken. A few minutes later we were again outflanked, and, taking the regimental color in my own hand (while I held it the staff was shattered by a ball), I ordered a move again by the flank toward our supports, and made another stand. Unfortunately by this time we were getting somewhat disorganized, so after firing a few rounds I faced again by the flank and moved back to the supports, the 36th being the only regiment of the division to come back *as an organization*, the others being broken up, and losing a large proportion of prisoners.

The fight as a whole was a very discouraging one and badly managed; but as far as we were concerned, I felt proud of the regiment and pleased with my success in holding them together and extricating them from a very unpleasant position. We lost four killed, sixteen wounded, and sixteen missing, probably prisoners, out of our small force. I was struck in the right shoulder by a spent ball, which bruised me severely but did not penetrate the flesh. The pain from it, however, lasted me for months. One detail of the fight I will mention. During our last stand I was giving an order to Sergeant-major Washburn,

who stood facing me two or three feet away, and I distinctly saw a bullet strike him on the side of the head, and come out on the other side before he fell.

October 2nd we pushed our line forward about a quarter of a mile, suffering some loss. The loss in the 36th was two men killed and three wounded. The exploding shell, which did this, covered me with dirt, and I thought for a moment that I was in the same category with poor Sergeant Burton and the others.

We halted after the advance mentioned and threw up works, sending pickets out to the scene of the battle of the 30th, where the dead bodies lay, not only unburied but stripped of their clothes. While building the works we were troubled by a rebel sharpshooter, who was very annoying, so I sent out Corporal Bell of my old Company F and Corporal Knowlton of Company E, two good shots, to silence him if possible. They crept up as close as they could, watched for him to expose himself, and finally stopped his shooting and his earthly career, both men firing and one or both shots taking effect.

On the 5th I was division officer of the day, having charge of the picket line. Our pickets were driven in at a certain point and a house captured, we losing, according to my letter of that date, one of the 36th wounded and four taken in the house, and the enemy losing a number in killed and wounded. When I reached the spot I ordered a charge of the reserves, who retook the house, and at night we burned it and straightened the line, as the house was out of alignment with the rest of our front and liable to another surprise if occupied.

The regiment now spent several days in the completion of the line of works in its front, as did the rest of our troops in theirs, and we entered upon another brief season of comparative quiet. In fact, the campaign was over, as far as losses in the 36th were concerned, and I believe they lost no more in killed and wounded until the close of the war, except Commissary-sergeant Lyman Ellsworth, who was wounded by a stray shot, some distance behind the front line. This, therefore, is a good place to make a final tabulation of our losses in this bloody campaign.

	Killed and died of wounds.	Wounded.	Missing.
Number already stated,	81	165	23
Weldon Railroad, etc.,		4	
Pegram Farm, 30th Sept.,	4	16	16
Pegram Farm, Oct. 2nd, etc.,	2	4	4
	—	—	—
Total,	87	189	43

or a total of 319, as compared with 349 officers and men who crossed the Rapidan the 5th of May. A few men convalescent from other campaigns joined us, and some were wounded more than once; but this record is a speaking one as to the severity of Grant's Wilderness campaign, and the quality of the soldiers who were engaged in it.

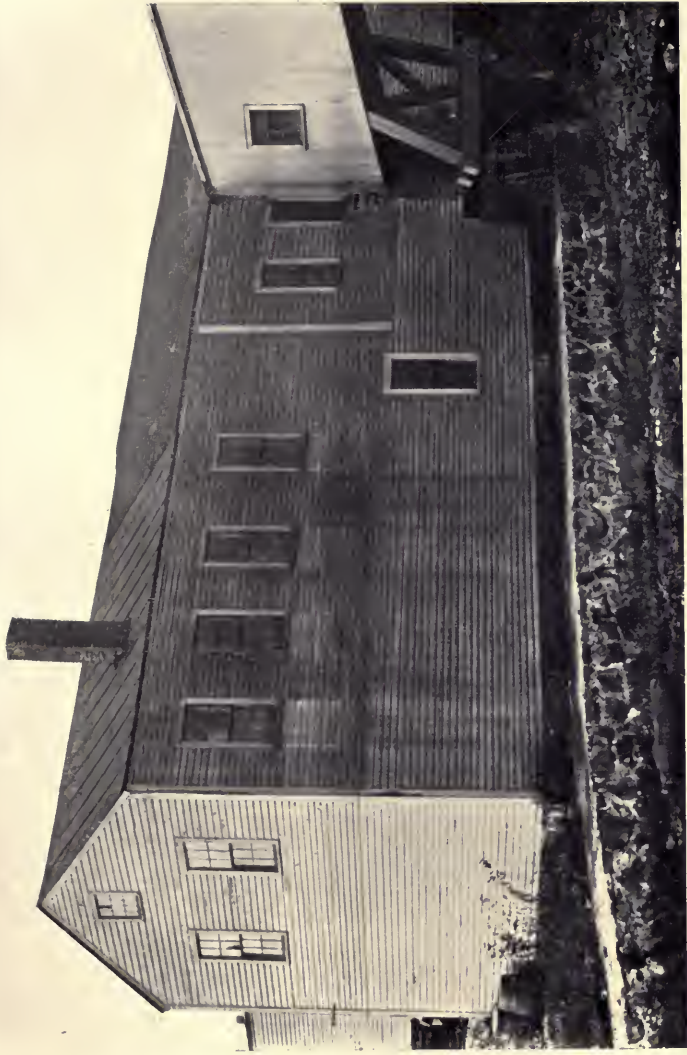
About this date an order was received from the War Department, to the effect that officers who had served three years were entitled to an honorable discharge if they so elected. The order may not have been a wise one, — I hardly think it was, — but still there was an element of fairness in it and many took advantage of it. My letters home show that I debated the question with my friends carefully (I may say, prayerfully), and I finally decided to avail myself of it. I would not have resigned of my own volition, but here was a discharge offered me *as a right*, and I felt that I could properly take my condition and circumstances into account. I was suffering from my wounds, which were very painful with the increasing cold. I believed that military operations for the fall were over, as they proved to be for us, and that I should be physically unable to take part in winter campaigning, if it should be necessary. I saw that the regiment would not be filled up and that commanders of new regiments, with little or no experience as compared to mine, would be placed over me in case of vacancies in the command of our brigade. I had also been a married man for more than two years, with little or no chance to make my wife's acquaintance. On the other hand, I hated to leave the service before the war was over, and the ties between me and my command had become

very close. The reasons in favor of going, however, seemed to grow stronger the more I thought of the subject, and I was mustered out of the service the 12th of October. Soon after, as the regimental history says, I received brevet rank as colonel and brigadier-general, for gallant and meritorious services in the field during the war.

I now think I made a mistake in accepting my discharge, and I should be very glad if I could continue my military history up to the close of the war and the discharge of my regiment. This, however, is a story of what was, rather than what might have been, and my active military record ends here. Adjutant Haskell wrote me a few days after I left, that the strength of the regiment for duty was 8 officers and 179 enlisted men.

After saying good-by all around, apparently to the regret of officers and men both in my own regiment and those associated with us, and paying my visits of ceremony to corps, division, and brigade headquarters, where regret at my decision was also expressed, I went to Washington to settle my accounts with the Government. To my surprise and disgust I found that I could not receive the pay due me until I accounted for large amounts of stores of various kinds, that had been issued to my regiment, and expended in the service. I did not know how to account for every dead man's gun and equipments, or camp equipage that had been abandoned when no means for carrying it was under my control; but I learned on inquiry that the rigidity of the Government was as to form rather than substance. The Department must have papers that *seemed* to cover all expenditure or deficit, and there I fear the matter often ended. At any rate, I consulted counsel, who prepared for me a "consolidated approximate" return, covering all shortages, and I presented it, had it approved, received my pay, and returned to Massachusetts, reaching home about the 20th of October.

The 36th, under command of Lieutenant-colonel Barker, my successor, remained in the field till the close of the war, taking part in the successful assault on Petersburg April 2, 1865, and in the pursuit of Lee's army, which culminated in his surrender April 9th, my birthday.



HOPEDALE MACHINE COMPANY SHOP IN 1865
(THE BRIDGE AT RIGHT WAS NON-EXISTENT AT THAT TIME.)

CHAPTER XIII

BUSINESS LIFE

THE next twenty years of my life were much more commonplace than those that immediately preceded or followed them. They covered the time of establishment in business, of the birth and preliminary education of a family, and of acquiring a competence. They have their substantial counterpart in the lives of many business men who are what is termed successful, with variations, of course, dependent upon circumstances and the personal factors. For me they were a time of hard work, close economy, and devotion to detail. The first three years of the time I was an employee, and after this a junior partner in a growing business.

During these twenty years my time was engrossed, day and evening, in the detail of management and development of a special industry and in the care and education of a family which in these degenerate days may be called large. I allowed myself few vacations, and my social companionship was limited practically to friends living near me, with the exception of keeping up my old army associations.

During such spare time as I had, I read, and my reading covered a wide field, though my specialties were history, military works, political economy, and social science. I have waded through all the standard works that I could find on the last two subjects, and I am left with the impression that it is unsafe to assume that all the vital questions therein discussed are settled, and that when these works are used as text books in colleges this fact should be carefully explained.

Taking up the thread of my story:— After reaching home,

my attention was necessarily called to the practical side of civil life. I had not only myself but a wife to provide for; to say nothing of the probability of additional family in the future. My parents and those of my wife were well to do, but not what was termed rich, even in those days; and they were neither able nor willing to assume my responsibilities or any substantial part of them. Mr. Joy, Mrs. Draper's father, required his income for living expenses, while my own father, though increasing his property a few thousands each year, was ambitious to increase his business more rapidly than this margin would permit. I had saved about \$3,500 when I left the army, having continued to live economically as a field officer, though I found it more difficult to accumulate in that position than when I had less salary and less responsibility.

My father and uncle were manufacturers of improvements in cotton machinery, on a rather small scale, carrying on business in a very complicated manner. Though they were employing only about thirty hands, the management was divided among several firms. E. D. & G. Draper (my uncle and father) were the selling agents for all; W. W. Dutcher & Co. (composed of the Draper brothers and Mr. Dutcher, the inventor of an improved temple) manufactured these articles, which I have before mentioned as an original invention of my grandfather; while the Hopedale Machine Co. (composed of the Drapers and my uncle, Mr. Bancroft) manufactured various improvements in looms and spinning frames, Mr. Bancroft being the shop superintendent. The Machine Company employed about half of the thirty men, though it was the least profitable part of the business, so that my uncle, who looked forward to retiring with a competence rather than to increasing his business cares, was willing to part with his interest therein and also to give up a part of the duties to which he had attended, thus giving me a chance to earn a salary. I bought from him a third of the Machine Company property for about \$6,000, borrowing from my father-in-law, Mr. Joy, the amount above my savings; and I was made the treasurer and bookkeeper. Besides this I made the mechanical drawings for the work to be

done in the shop, kept my father's books, and spent my *spare* time as a traveling salesman, disposing of the various articles of our manufacture. I received \$1,000 salary the first year, which was increased to \$1,250 and \$1,500 the two years succeeding. Meantime the business increased and prospered, and as I lived on my salary, or substantially so, I was enabled to pay off my debt and to buy a cheap house, in which at the beginning I had rented a tenement.

In 1867, when my salary was made \$1,500, my father told me that I had reached the maximum I could ever expect from his firm, — that while he thought I could earn more, there was not opportunity in his business to pay more, and that he would advise me to look for a position with greater chances of advancement, remaining with him till a favorable opportunity presented itself. After looking about, my friend Mr. A. D. Lockwood, who was the leading manufacturing expert in New England at that time, promised me the first vacancy as agent of a cotton manufacturing company that he was called upon to fill; and I waited, in the meantime making an invention that I sold for \$10,000, thus improving my financial situation.

The unexpected often happens and during the year two events occurred which located my business and my residence in Hopedale for the rest of my life. My uncle made an outside investment which called for more and more money, and finally he felt that to save what he had put in he must also give it his time. This increased my responsibilities, though it did not alter my plans for a change; but in August of the same year a despatch came from Lowell, where my father had gone on a business trip, that he was seriously ill; and his trouble proved to be apoplexy. The attack was severe, necessitating six months absence from his affairs. During this time the burden of the finances, selling, and general management of the business, fell upon me, and I was enabled by good fortune and hard work to make a favorable showing. As soon as my father was able to be out and before resuming the management of detail, he bought his brother's interest in the E. D. & G. Draper firm, feeling that if my uncle could not give it his time, he ought not

to share its profits. This done, he offered me at a price somewhat greater than he paid the interest purchased from his brother, and I accepted, it being understood that I was to be charged six per cent. interest on my share and to be credited half the profits.

I felt at the time that charging me a premium was pretty hard dealing on my father's part, but I am proud of it now, as he treated me as an equal rather than as a dependent; and the price I paid was not too high, as in five years (in 1873) I had paid up my debt and become an equal partner in the firm. To accomplish this it was necessary to keep my expenses down and let my profits accumulate, and although my family was increased by the birth of two sons (William F., Jr., and George Otis), my living expense was kept at about \$2,000 per annum until my debts were paid. I acquired an interest in the temple business some years later, in 1880, after the death of Mr. W. W. Dutcher, — a man of sterling qualities, whose mechanical and inventive ability had been of great advantage to the business.

An important event occurred in 1871, which had a far-reaching effect not only upon our business but upon the process of manufacturing cotton goods throughout the world. In that year an improvement in spindles was patented by Mr. Jacob H. Sawyer, then agent of the Appleton Mills at Lowell, which entirely revolutionized spinning and was one of the most important inventions of the time. By a change in the support of spinning spindles he enabled them to be greatly reduced both in weight and in the diameter of bearings, and the saving in power effected was enormous. The steadiness of running was materially increased, and this enabled the speed of rotation to be increased also. As the speed which the spindle would bear was at this time the limit of the production of the frame, an increase in capacity for speed in the spindle meant a corresponding increase in the production of the machine. While with the spindle in previous use the speed was limited to about 5,000 turns a minute, the Sawyer spindle raised it to 7,500 turns. At the same time a horse-power would drive about 125 Sawyer spindles at the higher speed, while it would drive only about

100 common spindles at the lower speed. This increase in production and saving in power, together with other incidental advantages, caused the very rapid introduction of the new machines. Over three million spindles were sold in the ten years succeeding their invention, when this spindle was superseded by one of even greater capacity. During these ten years the Sawyer spindle underwent considerable modification and improvement, involving numerous inventions by Mr. George Draper and the author of these memoirs.

During these ten years also, our company was in almost continuous litigation, both against infringers of our patents and to defend ourselves against the claims of other inventors who desired to divide the field with us. One of these suits was brought against the so-called Rabbeth spindle of that day, and it was decided in our favor by Judge Shepley after a long and hotly contested litigation. After the decision came a settlement, which we made easy for the past in consideration of full acknowledgment and payment for the future. When the papers were signed, Mr. Jenks, who had been building the infringing spindle, told us that our victory would prove a barren one, since Mr. Rabbeth had invented a new spinning device on an entirely different principle, that would supersede all others and be outside of our patent claims. He invited my father and myself to the shop of the Fales & Jenks Machine Company to see it, and the sight convinced us that the Sawyer spindle had received its death blow.

The new Rabbeth spindle was based on a principle that was perhaps not new theoretically but was new practically, in this connection. The bearings of the revolving shaft were left loose, though not free to turn, and this enabled it to be run at a speed substantially without limit. It was christened the top or self-centering spindle, and though these names may be misnomers, the names, as well as the spindles, have gone into general use in the trade, which has absorbed tens of millions of them. The Sawyer spindle was limited in speed. With an unbalanced load it would vibrate and gyrate, at 7,500 turns per minute (as would the common at a slower speed), so as to become useless.

The Rabbeth spindle, on the contrary, will bear any speed desired, and the limit of production of the frame is transferred from the speed that the spindles will bear to the speed that is practical for other parts of the machine.

Returning to Rabbeth's early experiments, the first few spindles tested in the shop of Messrs. Fales & Jenks attracted more attention, and deservedly, than any other invention in cotton manufacturing during the present generation, prior to the invention of our Northrop loom. The spindles were found capable of unlimited speed and capable of carrying absurdly unbalanced loads, one of the tests made for visitors being the running of a broom-stick as a bobbin on the spindle, at a speed of fifteen or twenty thousand revolutions per minute, which was accomplished with reasonable steadiness. Orders poured in rapidly from these exhibitions, and the facilities of Messrs. Fales & Jenks' extensive works were insufficient to supply the demand for them. Meantime, Mr. Rabbeth having sold his interest in the patent applications to Mr. George Draper, my father, a combination of the two spindle interests was effected by enlarging the capital stock of the Sawyer Spindle Co., which had been formed to bring the Sawyer inventions into use. George Draper & Sons were made the sole selling agents of the new organization, and the Fales & Jenks Machine Co., the Hopedale Machine Co., and later, other machine builders, manufactured the patented spindles under license.

For the seven years from 1873 to 1880, our largest branch of industry was the manufacture of the Sawyer spindle, with other improvements accompanying it; as the Rabbeth, like most new things, needed modification to make it practical. The business was successful and the growth substantial, increasing from 140 hands employed in '73, to 200 in '80, but we were terribly hampered all this time by continual litigation.

It has been said that the first half of the life of a *successful* patent, (not to speak of those based on inventions that do not go into use), is a season of outgo rather than income to the owner. It takes several years to convince the purchasing public that a new device is worth buying, — then as many more to defend it

against claims of prior but unsuccessful experimenters and to prosecute the infringers who are sure to appear, when they learn that any patented article will sell. If successful in all these directions, seven or eight years of exclusive right to manufacture and sell are all that are left to the inventor or his representative, in which to obtain a remuneration for the permanent advantage which the community derives. In common justice the term of patents should be lengthened from seventeen to at least twenty years, but the present tendency of thought is not in that direction, there being a prejudice against monopoly even of one's own ideas.

Whether the above statement is correct as a rule or not, we found it true with the Sawyer spindle, and the Rabbeth in its earlier years. From 1874 to 1880 we had continuously both offensive and defensive suits in court, and generally several at a time. During these years, either my father or I was present at the taking of all the evidence, amounting to more than ten thousand printed pages, and in important emergencies both of us attended the hearings. It is a fair estimate to say that for these six years I spent more than half the days either in court or legal consultation, or in conducting experiments required to show the scientific side of the various cases. I testified frequently as an expert and found myself gifted to a satisfactory degree with the faculty of so stating facts that cross-examination could not shake them.

All this was very troublesome from a business standpoint, but valuable in broadening and developing ability outside of mere buying, making, and selling standard articles. Further, it brought me into contact with some of the keenest minds of the country, both as lawyers and students of natural laws. We secured the best legal talent obtainable as well as the best known investigators of mechanical problems, and spent months with them, following the investigations of the latter, and consulting with the former regarding the bearings of the results attained upon the cases at issue. My friendships formed during these investigations and consultations have been some of the most valuable of my life. For counsel we employed at various times

Chauncey Smith, the leader of the Boston patent bar; Benjamin F. Thurston of Providence, and E. N. Dickerson of New York, counted in those days as the two most brilliant minds in that line in the country, Frederic P. Fish, afterwards president of the great Telephone Company; Thomas L. Livermore, now vice-president and manager of the Calumet & Hecla copper mines; William G. Russell, George L. Roberts, William K. Richardson, and others. For experts and investigators we had the services of Harvey Waters, Professor Harry Renwick, Professor Lanza, James B. Francis, John C. Hoadley, William S. Southworth, Edward E. Quimby, and others; and, more recently, of Professor Webster, Professor Cross, Arthur S. Browne, and Joseph P. Livermore. Intimate association for so long a time with men of this calibre was naturally of great value, and a substantial knowledge, both of legal principles and of natural laws, as far as they were involved in our machinery or controversies, was absorbed as a matter of course.

Outside of the legal and mechanical questions involved in all this litigation, there were numerous questions of priority which had to be investigated at great length and great cost. Probably more than \$25,000 was expended, by both sides, to aid the judge in deciding whether a lot of 500 peculiar bobbins (costing about five dollars) was used in the Wauregan Mill in 1868 or in 1871, all the employees that could be found, from the agent of the mill down to the doffer boys, giving their testimony, — and after all, Judge Lowell stated that he was in doubt on this point.

In many cases, however, some of which I will note here, the result of investigation was more satisfactory. In one case our opponents based their claim for priority of invention on a certain letter, apparently written in January, 1864, while our party put his device into use in April of that year. The date of this letter did not agree with other facts developed, and we succeeded in getting at the letter press copy-book of the party who wrote it. The copy appeared with others in January, 1865, showing that the writer had made the not infrequent error of continuing to date letters as of the old year, for a few days after the new

one had come in. This discovery decided the case in our favor.

In another case a man formerly in our employ, who had left us with no good feeling, testified from his diary that he did certain work on models of a new invention about three months later than the work was really done. The diary showed to the eye evidence of alteration, but it required six weeks of cross-examination to make the man admit that he had made *fictitious* entries in his diary at a date some time after the original entries; and this admission proved his perjury and helped give us the decision.

Perhaps the most interesting episode of all was an attempt, upon the affidavits of the party opposed to us, and ten other men, to get a case re-opened, that had been decided in our favor, — to the effect that a certain device on which our patent was based was not tested at all in the mill where our evidence had located the trial. This seemed serious, but I was sure of the facts and felt bound to get to the bottom of the matter personally. The first one of the ten that I saw, gave our opponents' case away by saying that what he intended to swear was that he did not *know* of the trial but that the device could have been tried easily without his knowledge. Such proved to be the case all through, with the exception of the affidavits of our opponent and that of a man who could not read or write and made his cross below his statement. The latter said that he told the lawyer who wrote his statement *that he remembered* the trial of the device, but his affidavit was differently written. Of course, I took counter affidavits from these ten men, stating the real facts, and by good luck my counsel, Colonel Livermore, found a former statement of our opponent, which contradicted his last affidavit. The case was not re-opened.

Before closing this legal reference I will say that we won every substantial point at issue in all these suits, showing the advantage in litigation, not only of sound cases and good counsel, but of personal attention to detail.

During this time my two brothers, George A. and Eben S., became members of the firm of George Draper & Sons, each

in turn being assigned a share, at a low figure, which he paid for later out of the profits of the business, above interest. George A. Draper was admitted January 1, 1877, and Eben S. Draper, January 1, 1880.

During this time also my family was enlarged by the birth of a daughter, Edith, and two sons, Arthur Joy Draper and Clare Hill Draper.

In 1874 I took a European trip with my wife and two older boys, who were left with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Joy, at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, while my wife and I made our continental trip. This I will not attempt to describe, further than to say that we were abroad ten months, covering the usually travelled routes in England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Germany, Holland, and Belgium. Not having acquaintances in Europe beyond those made in travel, we devoted our time thoroughly to sight-seeing and visited substantially every object of interest marked by Baedeker with a star. This we did so thoroughly that in later visits I have not felt obliged to visit churches or galleries for the mere sake of saying that I have seen them. While in Switzerland I made several long and hard pedestrian excursions with Professor Davis of Harvard College for a companion, and found that my ability to march, developed in the army, had apparently not been impaired.

I also made a special trip to Metz and Sedan, and to the battle-fields near both of these historic places. It was only three years after the Franco-Prussian War, and less than nine years since I had been actively campaigning myself; so that I had, so to speak, a professional interest in studying the campaign and the locations. I talked with a number of officers and men who had participated in the various actions, and it seemed to me that while the French army fought well, it was very badly handled. Napoleon and MacMahon never should have gone to Sedan, where surrender became a necessity, and Bazaine never should have surrendered 185,000 men at Metz. That number of men could have broken through the German line at almost any time, and their commander ought to have abandoned Metz

and saved at least a part of his army. At Gravelotte the French really won, but by their retreat after the fight they gave to the Germans all the advantage of victory.

In 1873 it was much more necessary to speak and understand foreign languages in European travel than now, and I devoted myself while abroad, with earnest purpose, to acquiring the rudiments of German and Italian and to perfecting my French, which I already read with ease and spoke well enough to make my wants understood. This outing was not only pleasant and instructive, but it made me fresh for the long hard years of litigation combined with business, that immediately followed and which I have mentioned above.

Up to 1880 I had held no public office except as a member of the school committee of the town of Milford, though I was always interested in public affairs, voted at every election, and considered it a duty to attend primary meetings. I was a Republican in politics, having been brought up in the anti-slavery faith and having served more than three years in the Union army. Beyond this, when party lines were divided substantially on economic questions, the Republican party was my party, because it was the party of protection and I was a protectionist. I could, and can see no way to maintain our great manufacturing industries without protection, unless the wages of our operatives per pound or per yard of product are reduced to the European level. Such a reduction of wages would mean the lowering of the standard of living for our laboring men, a great diminution of our home market, and a menace to our Republican institutions, — as well paid labor means more intelligent labor, and the control of our government, (which needs to be an intelligent control), is with the men who work with their hands. My reading of political economy, of which I did much, would have inclined me to free trade views, but for the fact that “buying in the cheapest market” *might*, and I feared *would*, mean, so far as manufactured goods were concerned, buying in the market where the lowest wages were paid.

As said before, as a Republican I attended caucuses, — went as delegate to conventions, — and was for some years chairman

of the Milford Republican Town Committee and a member of the State Committee. I also went as an alternate delegate to the National Convention at Cincinnati which nominated President Hayes. Like most of the Massachusetts delegation, I favored the nomination of General Bristow, who had made a distinguished record as Secretary of the Treasury, but we were out-voted. Two recollections of that convention are very clear in my mind to-day. The first, the discussions in our delegation, which was one of the most distinguished that Massachusetts ever sent out. Among the delegates were Senator George F. Hoar, Judge E. R. Hoar, James Russell Lowell, Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Richard H. Dana, and John M. Forbes. It was said that we had so much ability among us that we could not act efficiently as a unit, but our meetings were most interesting and instructive. I became quite intimately acquainted with Mr. Forbes, and the friendship then formed continued through his life, though we differed in politics later.

The second marked recollection is of the speech of Robert G. Ingersoll in presenting the name of James G. Blaine, as "the man who knows enough to know," etc. This has been called one of the most eloquent speeches of modern times, and it certainly moved me more than any other I ever heard. Though an ardent Bristow man, and unconvinced, I was on my feet before the address was finished, with all the rest of the convention, cheering each sentence as it was uttered.

Referring again to Mr. John M. Forbes, on our way home together he gave me a lesson in extravagance from which I have since profited. He had a section in the sleeping car, while I, from economical reasons, had only a lower berth. He noticed this and said substantially that while economy is a good thing, there are cases where it can be carried too far, that all travel is uncomfortable at best, and that if a man can not afford to take the best accommodations open to the public in travel, he would do better to stay at home. I have never failed to take a section since and thank Mr. Forbes for his recommendation, which I commend to others.

Before passing to the next period I will note that prior to 1880

I joined the Military Order of the Loyal Legion for the State of Massachusetts, of which I afterwards became Commander; also that I commanded for some time the local Post of the Grand Army of the Republic. I was also for eleven years superintendent of the Unitarian Sunday School at Hopedale, having discussions on theological and religious questions with the Rev. Adin Ballou every Sunday morning and obtaining much information thereby, as well as increasing my respect and admiration for his mental equipment and strength of character. He was absolutely honest in argument, giving full weight to each objection and admitting that he could not meet it if he could not do so fairly. This quality is so rare in these degenerate times that when found it is worth noting.

January 1, 1887, my oldest son, William F. Draper, Jr., became a partner in the firm, on terms similar to those given his uncles some years before. At this time my father wrote him a letter, which I insert because I am proud of it and wish to preserve it. Here it is:

“WM. F. DRAPER, JUN.,

“DEAR GRANDSON:—I have just received your letter dated Dec. 28th, '86, expressing your thanks for your unusual opportunity and promising your best endeavors to justify the confidence placed in you, and also that you will make yourself as useful as possible in your new but important relations.

“For your own sake I hope your efforts may be crowned with success.

“Very few at your age are so constituted or educated as to be able to stand in such a position and benefit by it, but your father is in the prime of life, and he, with your uncles, will do all they can to aid you. The foundations of our firm were laid in truth, integrity, industry, temperance, prudence, and constant attention to business. None of these qualities can safely be dispensed with. I will be glad to aid you by my advice.

“Wishing you a Happy New Year, I am

“Your grandfather,

“GEORGE DRAPER.”

CHAPTER XIV

DEATHS OF MY MOTHER, WIFE, AND FATHER — BUSINESS CHANGES

DURING the latter part of the period just referred to, death was busy in my family, making an entire change in my home and my relations to the community around me, since I was left the senior representative of the Draper family, which had grown to be prominent locally.

My mother died December 30, 1883, two days before her sixty-seventh birthday. A week before she was apparently in perfect health and had invited her children and grandchildren to a Christmas reunion at the old homestead. Christmas morning my father sent for me, saying that mother had taken a severe cold and he thought it wiser to withdraw or defer the invitation. The next day she was worse, and the local doctor pronounced the disease pneumonia. Additional physicians from Boston were summoned in consultation, but to no avail. She steadily grew worse and passed away in the early morning, her husband and children standing at her bedside. Her last words were, "We must all tread the wine-press alone." Below is an extract from the "In Memoriam" card sent to friends:

"Hannah Brown Draper,
Wife of George Draper,
of Hopedale, Mass.
Died December 30, 1883.

"She was a woman of marked personality; and she has left a lasting impression for good upon the world in which she moved. Her life led through a variety of experiences, and in them all she showed admirable wisdom and efficiency. Gifted by nature with great executive

ability, she was prominent in many movements, social, philanthropic, and religious. She used her noble qualities of mind and heart, as well as the ample opportunities of her position, for the benefit of others; and was the centre of healthful and blessed influence to a wide circle."

Six weeks later, February 15, 1884, my dear wife was also taken away. This was not a surprise, as in my mother's case, as she had been ill six months or more with a malady known by her family, and suspected by herself, to be incurable. She realized when the end came and had her five children summoned for a last good-by, substantially the last words spoken by her on earth.

I append a part of an obituary notice, written by the Rev. Austin S. Garver, who occupied the pulpit in our church after Mr. Ballou's increasing age compelled him to give up regular preaching. It gives a brief statement of her life and the estimation in which she was held by the community in which she lived.

"In the death of Mrs. Lilla J., wife of General William F. Draper of Hopedale, which occurred February 15th, a gloom is cast over the whole neighborhood. Though she had been sick for many months, the shock is none the less great and the sense of loss none the less profound. She was the daughter of David and Lydia Warren, who died almost before her remembrance; and she was adopted into the family of Hon. David and Mrs. Charlotte A. Joy. She was married September 15, 1862, to General, (then Captain) William F. Draper. After a year's service he had left the front for four days to join a new regiment, and during that time the marriage took place. She accompanied her husband as far as New York, and then returned home while he went on to the Maryland campaign. When he was wounded in battle she went bravely to the front herself, acting as nurse in the hospitals, where her presence was almost as much a blessing as her ministrations.

"Her life, as it has passed since, was singularly full of beauty, happiness and beneficence. To the advantages of travel and education, she added the charm of the rarest refinement. Yet, as in the case of all genuine worth, simplicity and modesty were the chief features of her character. She was ever the gracious lady to all. For

this reason she was loved as it is given to few to be loved; and her early death brings sorrow to all who knew her. Generous and unselfish, she was happy in making others happy. In her home she devoted herself with admirable judgment, patience and wisdom, to the nurture of her children. Outside, she was active in the affairs of the church and in ministering to the needy and unfortunate. Few know how wide and delicate her charities were. Unconsciously, too, she spread blessings about her wherever she went. As in the old story the shadow of the apostles cured the sick, so it was good just to see her pass. The brightest day seemed to get an additional brightness from her face. How true of her are Lowell's lines:

“ ‘ She doeth little kindnesses,
Which most leave undone, or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.’

“ Patiently, sorrowing for others, not for herself, she waited through the darkness of a long and painful sickness, and passed away with confidence in the hereafter, leaving behind her the ever beautiful memory of a beautiful life.”

My life was changed greatly by this great loss, but my responsibilities had not ended and it was necessary to keep on. I secured the services of a competent woman and old schoolmate, Mrs. Weston, as housekeeper and caretaker for my children, and after a brief rest again took up the burden of my affairs.

In November, 1885, my father, finding life lonely in the old homestead, and unwilling to become a member of the family of any of his children, married Mrs. Pamela B. Blunt, a widow of mature years and agreeable personality, residing in the neighboring village of Milford. They lived together less than two years, however, as his summons came the 7th of June, 1887. Though a very strong man generally, he had developed a troublesome physical weakness, which irritated him and which he determined to have cured if possible, although it involved surgical treatment. He went to Boston for this purpose and remained for some weeks under the best medical care, and all seemed to be going well.

At this time, testimony was being taken in one of our suits and I was attending it, calling on my father each evening and reporting the progress in detail. He had been very much interested in this, but one evening he stopped me in the midst of my report, saying, "William, I can't hear any more, I am too tired." This frightened me, and I summoned the two physicians in attendance. One thought there was no real danger; the other, (my cousin, Dr. Frank W. Draper), advised calling in other specialists for a consultation. The consultation was held next day, and the result was given me as follows by my old friend, Dr. R. M. Hodges, — "If you have anything to say to your father, you had better say it quick." It was too late for special communications, but the family was summoned and he died two days after from an inflammation which had set in. I have always felt that if he had decided to bear his trouble, which was not really serious, rather than to try to cure it, he would have lived ten years longer; but he was a man who decided for himself and took the consequences of his decisions, whatever they might be.

I have given an account of his life in my first chapter and will not repeat any of his many obituary notices here. He was a strong man, one whose personality impressed itself on all who knew him. His funeral was one of the largest, perhaps *the* largest, ever held in these parts, friends coming from far and near and several times as many people assembling on the church grounds as could be admitted within the edifice. All our employees followed his body to the tomb, feeling that in him they had lost a close friend, almost a father. His life was one of those that are worth the living, — useful to the community, as well as to himself and his immediate family.

At this point I may as well refer briefly to other family changes which had taken place within the past few years. My oldest sister, Frances, had married Mr. Charles H. Colburn, a successful manufacturer in Milford and an excellent citizen. My younger sister married Mr. E. L. Osgood, a member of the publishing house of James R. Osgood & Co., who had passed more than ten years of his life in a banking house in Paris.

Through him, and his talented brother, James R. Osgood, I came to know personally the more prominent writers of New England, whose books they published; and their "authors' dinners," to which I was often invited, were delightful occasions.

My younger brother, Eben S., married the daughter of General Bristow, whom I had supported as a candidate for the Presidency before either my brother or I knew him personally.

Politically, during the time under consideration, I kept on much as before, though increasing my acquaintance among public men. When John D. Long was elected governor he chose his personal aids among men who had served during the war, and I was one of those selected. The governor was a charming as well as able man and my associates were very pleasant, but I found after a few months that the staff duties interfered with attention to business, and I was obliged to make my service only occasional. We attended the governor on his trips about the State, and the service would have been agreeable to a man able to devote his time to it, — and as it was, it left many pleasant recollections. In 1887 I was made chairman of the Committee on Resolutions at the Republican State Convention, and acquitted myself in such manner that some of the papers began to talk of me as an available candidate for governor later.

In 1880 I took a trip to Cuba and Mexico with my counsel, Mr. Benjamin F. Thurston, and another friend, Mr. Charles D. Owen, of Providence. We were gone about six weeks; saw everything that was visible; and had a most delightful outing. The Mexican scenery, particularly between Vera Cruz and the Capital City, impressed me as of the finest I had ever seen. The combination of tropical scenery and snow mountains in the vicinity of Orizaba was particularly impressive. Having a facility for language, I picked up some Spanish during the trip, doing the talking in that language for the party and supplementing my daily conversation by evening study when we did not go out.

We reached the City of Mexico, or the station outside, about ten in the evening and could secure but one broken down carriage. Mr. Owen had his wife and children with him, and

naturally took that and the baggage, while Mr. Thurston and I started afoot for the hotel. The way was long, leading through a low part of the city, and the street was filled with sufficiently disagreeable looking people. We did not know the way and my knowledge of the language was not great, but we took the middle of the street and kept on, I with my hand on my revolver and he grasping a huge cane which would have been a formidable weapon in case of trouble. Whenever we were in doubt as to the route I inquired the way to the Hotel Iturbide, which was reached without accident. A day or two later, in calling on the American Minister, Mr. Morgan, we told of our walk and said that it seemed dangerous though it probably was not so. He replied that our first impression was correct and that nothing would induce him to take such a walk in the evening. While we were in Mexico a young man, going out of the best café, where we dined every night, was hustled into a carriage and carried off for a ransom. Mr. Morgan entertained us handsomely and presented us informally to the President of the Republic, who at that time was General Gonzalez.

One or two incidents of the trip may not be out of place. On arriving at Vera Cruz the captain of the boat told us there would be trouble in getting rooms at the best hotel and that one of us could go ashore with the mails to secure accommodations, if desired. I took this contract and secured the best rooms to be found, though the best were none too good. After an hour or more the rest of the ship's company arrived, and I found my friend Thurston in the hotel office in an altercation with a negro whom he had engaged to deliver the baggage. The darkey took the baggage ashore and turned it over to some friend to take it to the hotel, and both parties appeared, demanding double payment. Thurston asked them to sit down while he discussed the matter, and he gave them a lengthy disquisition, fortified by legal decisions, on the difference between an *entire* and a *divisible* contract. The negroes listened about ten minutes, dumb-founded, and then one of them said, — "Boss, I guess you're right. We'll take what you say." Thurston paid him, then turned to me, and said, — "General, I've given that man more

law to save four dollars than I would have given you for five hundred."

That night it was hot, so hot that we could not sleep, despite the choice of rooms that had been given me. We rose, consulted, and by mutual consent descended to the Plaza, which was fairly well occupied by people suffering as we were. After taking ice cream and imbibing cooling drinks, we were approached by a shabby genteel gentleman who asked us if we did not wish to go to a fandango, and as a fandango was one of the sights of the country and it seemed impossible to go back to our rooms, we went under his guidance to a resort just outside the city, where some thousands of people were enjoying themselves. Our guide informed us that this was "the most delightful place in the world," that the music was good, and the ladies beautiful and friendly, while drinks were well prepared, and if we did not care to dance there was opportunity to gamble. Strange how his view accorded with that of the fast set the world over! We found all as he said, and remained till time to leave on the Mexico City train in the morning, meantime observing the revelry, which went on without intermission, and occasionally partaking of iced beverages. We had observed on the boat from Havana several handsome, well-conducted Spanish girls, duly chaperoned, and during the day at Vera Cruz we had seen the same party driving about in the best carriages the place afforded. We thought they were of the first families, either of Spain or Cuba, taking a trip to Mexico. Our surprise can be imagined when we discovered them to be the highest kickers at the fandango and learned from our guide that their carriage promenade was an advertisement of the evening's entertainment.

In going to Mexico City we were reminded of the times before Diaz, when travelling was unsafe, by a company of soldiers with loaded guns, who occupied one of the cars as a guard to the train.

This is not a guide book, but I will refer to the government pawnbroking establishment at the Capital and the dress of the women in certain places, notably Puebla. The former was instituted, not only for revenue, but for the protection of people whose fortunes, outside of jewels and curios, were exhausted.

A certain amount was advanced by the Administration on articles pledged, and a certain time allowed for redemption. If the article was not redeemed at the agreed upon time, it was offered for sale at a low price. If not sold within a specified time this price was reduced, and, as I remember, after this there was a second reduction, and articles not then sold were disposed of at auction. We availed ourselves of the second reduction to buy various articles at absurdly low prices, and I have always regretted that I did not buy more.

While at Puebla there was a great church festival, and the people turned out *en masse* to take part in, or see, the processions. The dress of the young women seemed to consist of sandals and a single white cotton garment hanging from the shoulders to the knees, gathered in about the waist by a red sash, if the wearer were dark, and by a blue one if she were a blonde. Flowers in the hair were sometimes added, or a gold or silver chain around the neck. This was all in many, if not in all cases. With such feminine apparel and the tropical heat, the morals were naturally rather free. I was told that there was much illegitimacy and that the first child born out of wedlock was called "God's Child," because only God knew who its father was.

In 1884, after my wife's death, and also in 1886, I took trips to Europe, passing most of my absence in Paris, though each time I visited London and made a little continental trip. In 1884, with my friend, Colonel Livermore, and my son Otis, I visited Switzerland and later spent some weeks with a Bohemian party at Étretat, while in 1886 I started for Constantinople but got no farther than Buda-Pesth, whence I went to Innsbruck, making various excursions, and thence back to Paris. At Buda-Pesth I seemed to be the only American or Englishman in town, though I occupied the rooms at the Hotel Hungaria that had just been vacated by His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, and received consideration accordingly. The hotel had a large winter garden, with accommodations for some hundreds, where a gypsy band played every evening, while the guests, at small tables, consumed divers refreshments. After each piece,

or perhaps two or three, the plate was passed for the benefit of the musicians. I sauntered in here one night to smoke a cigar over a glass of beer, and after a while the band played "God Save the Queen," the leader bowing to me. When the plate came, the one passing it explained that the air was played in my honor as an Englishman. I put in a little more than the usual contribution, and explained that I was not English but American. Then followed a selection of American airs, the leader bowing to me after each new one and the whole company applauding. When the plate was passed the next time I put in a gold piece and nearly broke down, though I am not easily moved. The incident was commonplace enough, but I was a stranger without acquaintance or even compatriots, in a strange city, while the home airs recalled not only my country but my recent bereavements.

In leaving Pesth my guide, who spoke French better than English, went with me to the train, and we had a little conversation in the former tongue. I had noticed a distinguished looking gentleman who seemed to have a private car, and it seemed that he noticed me, for just before starting he came up to us, introduced himself as the Graf——, who was going on a tour of inspection of the railroads in the interest of the government, and asked me to share his car with him. After due explanation as to who I was, etc., I accepted, and we passed two days together on the route to Innsbruck very pleasantly, stopping over at points of interest as he desired and discussing all sorts of questions in French, from our different standpoints. When I asked him why he invited me, he said that I looked like a gentleman and that he heard me speaking French, a language to which he was passionately devoted, and that travelling in such company seemed much better than travelling alone. I hope he found me as agreeable a companion as I found him.

Both in 1884 and 1886, while in Paris, I devoted myself to French, the latter year passing some months in the family of Professor Marchand, from whom I received daily lessons. English was forbidden in the house, and I acquired a sufficient facility in the use of the language for ordinary household purposes.

Returning to my American life, my interests broadened as the years went on, I being made a director in the local bank as also in several railroad and manufacturing corporations.

In the winter of 1885-6 a successful effort was made to set off the village of Hopedale as a town. My father directed this movement before the legislature, but I rendered him all the assistance in my power, and we had a very interesting controversy, during which I became acquainted with most of the members of the Senate and House. Governor Robinson, after signing the bill incorporating the new town, gave me the pen which he had used, and it is now one of the ornaments of my library. This controversy caused considerable bitterness at the time, but I am glad to say that it seems to have passed away and I believe that the change has proved a benefit to both communities.

CHAPTER XV

SENIOR PARTNER — MY SECOND MARRIAGE

THE five years after my father's death and before my election to Congress may be easily considered together, if I do not go into greater detail than heretofore in recording my business experience.

Affairs continued to prosper under my administration, as indicated by the increase of our working force from 500 to about 1200. Additions were made to shops, new tools were put in, tenements built, and village improvements made. My second son, George Otis Draper, became a member of the firm January 1, 1889. Litigation became less troublesome, as the decisions attained in our many suits established and defined our rights in the special structures which made up the bulk of our business.

In 1888 our attention was called to a mechanism for changing shuttles in looms automatically instead of by hand as heretofore; and though the device was impractical, the idea seemed sufficiently attractive to warrant experiments, with a view to making a radical improvement in the old art of weaving. In December I instructed a competent inventor, Mr. Alonzo A. Rhoades, to make a shuttle-changing loom, and a little later I started Mr. James H. Northrop, a real genius in certain lines, to work out another device for the same purpose. Both looms were successful experiments, but before they were used to any great extent the idea struck Mr. Northrop that a great gain could be made by automatically changing the filling in the running shuttle, and he went to work on that line, under my direction.

The next five years were spent in experiments, trials, and developments, not only of this special device but of other im-

provements needed to make an automatic loom, and to these experiments and developments I devoted a large part of my time, making many inventions, which were patented, also criticizing and deciding upon the adoption of those made by Mr. Northrop, Mr. Charles F. Roper, my son, George Otis Draper, and others, and spending in this manner about \$300,000 of the firm's money, in addition to the time given. The game was worth the candle, as, according to ex-Governor Lippitt of Rhode Island, himself a practical manufacturer, the annual saving involved in the general adoption of this completed machine in our American factories would be a sum large enough to pay the interest on our national debt. I will not follow this particular matter further now, but will take it up again later.

An important change to be chronicled during these five years, was my second marriage. In 1889, having been a widower more than five years, I went for ten days' rest to Narragansett Pier, where my brother Eben and my sister, Mrs. Osgood, were staying with their families. As I sprang up the hotel steps, valise in hand, I met them and was presented to a lady conversing with them, Miss Susan Preston, daughter of General Preston of Kentucky. I little thought that I was meeting my fate, as I had no more thought of matrimony than of flying, but I was most pleasantly impressed with Miss Preston. The next morning at the beach we met again, and we continued to meet, by accident or design, during the next ten days, until the time came for my departure. I found that we sympathized in many directions and I recognized her many brilliant qualities, but I had not changed my view as to the desirability of matrimony for the head of a household of five children.

Some weeks later, after my return home, my brother Eben joked me about Miss Preston and I replied that, while I had no present idea of changing my estate, if I should change my mind I should ask Miss Preston to share my fortunes. Two or three months further on, my bachelor brother George was to arrive at New York after a foreign trip, and I went on to meet him. At the hotel I learned that Mrs. Preston and her daughters Susan and Jessie were stopping there, and I called. George's boat

was late in arriving and I called several times during the two days, at the end of which time I had reconsidered my views on matrimony and decided to broach the question to the object of my affections. She properly referred me to her mother, her father having died a year or two previously, and I wrote the formal letter on my return home. The reply was favorable and our engagement was duly announced.

Early in the next spring I planned a visit to Kentucky, which was deferred some months by the sudden death of Miss Preston's brother-in-law, Colonel John Mason Brown of the Union army, one of the distinguished lawyers of Louisville. I made my visit later, was most cordially received by my future wife's family and friends, and was impressed by a magnificence of living such as I had never seen before, and seldom since, outside of royal palaces. After a week of entertainment I returned home to arrange my affairs for absence on a wedding trip; then again went to Kentucky, and we were married May 22, 1890.

This may be a suitable place to refer briefly to my wife's descent and connections. As before stated, she was the daughter of Major-general William Preston of Kentucky, one of the most distinguished citizens of that State, and at the time of his death its most prominent figure socially, though he took no part in politics, as he never asked to have his disabilities as a confederate general removed.

General Preston was a great-grandson of John Preston, a Scotch-Irish gentleman who came to this country in 1740, and purchased and settled upon a large tract of land near Staunton, Virginia. The record of his descendants is most wonderful, and furnishes a list of men distinguished as diplomats, and senators, and governors, and generals, and cabinet officers that it would be hard to equal in the record of any other American family. I quote substantially from *The Scotch-Irish in America*, a work published in 1890.

“This Preston family was a southern family of old Virginia and Kentucky; and therefore it is not surprising that it furnished so many brave and impetuous officers in the Confederate army; but love of

the Union was warm in the hearts of many of its members, conspicuous among whom were the Browns, the Blairs, and the Carringtons, of southern States, as well as the Porters, of the northern section.

“ Its members were generally Democrats and firm friends of Jefferson and Jackson. They were persons of large talent and thoroughly educated; of large brain and magnificent physique. The family of Patrick Henry, the Hamptons, Wickliffes, Marshalls, Peytons, Cabells, Crittendens, and Ingersolls, were connected with them in matrimonial alliances. Among them were four governors of Virginia; also members of the cabinets of Jefferson, and Taylor, and Buchanan, and Lincoln. They had major-generals and brigadier-generals by the dozen; members of the Senate and House of Representatives by the score; and gallant officers in the army and navy by the hundred. They furnished three of the recent Democratic candidates for Vice-President of the United States. They furnished to the Union army General B. Gratz Brown, General Francis P. Blair, General Andrew J. Alexander, General Edward C. Carrington, General Thomas T. Crittenden, Colonel Peter A. Porter, Colonel John M. Brown, and other gallant officers. To the Southern army they gave Major-general John C. Breckinridge, Major-general William Preston, General Randall Lee Gibson, General John B. Floyd, General John B. Grayson, Colonel Robert J. Breckinridge, Colonel W. P. C. Breckinridge, Colonel William Watts, Colonel Cary Breckinridge, Colonel William Preston Johnston, (aide to Jefferson Davis), with other colonels, majors, captains, and surgeons, — fifty or more, — sixteen of them dying on the field of battle;—and all descendants of this one Irish emigrant, from the county of Derry, whose relatives are still prominent in that part of Ireland, one of them having recently been Mayor of Belfast.”

General Preston's grandfather, William Preston, was a colonel in the Revolutionary War, and his father a captain under General Wayne. His brother-in-law, Albert Sidney Johnston, one of the most distinguished generals of the Southern Confederacy, was killed at Shiloh, dying in the arms of General Preston, then his chief of staff. It is believed by many, if not most, military students, that but for General Johnston's fatal wound at Shiloh, the advance of the Confederates, then checked, would have continued, and General Grant's army been utterly

defeated or captured before General Buell's arrival, which turned the Union defeat into victory.

General Preston himself was an eminent lawyer, a distinguished statesman, and a brave and successful soldier. He was a lieutenant-colonel in the Mexican War, member of Congress, United States minister to Spain, major-general in the Confederate Army, and special envoy from the Confederacy to Maximilian in Mexico. He commanded the Kentucky division, which broke our line at the battle of Chickamauga, after losing a large percentage of its effective force dead and wounded on the field. He had an especially brilliant staff, including Captain (now Senator) Blackburn, Theodore O'Hara, who wrote "The Bivouac of the Dead," (in Mexican War) and Walker Fearn, afterwards minister to Greece and judge of the International Court at Cairo. He possessed large means, inheriting a large part of the land on which the city of Louisville now stands. A man of commanding presence and great social talent, highly educated, and an eloquent speaker, he became naturally one of the leading figures in his own State and the entire South.

Mrs. Preston, née Margaret Wickliffe, was a worthy wife for such a husband, — in fact, she was of the same stock, being his third cousin. Her father, Robert Wickliffe, was a prominent lawyer and United States circuit judge, and, like her husband, a large land owner. In his later years he was commonly called "The Old Duke," because of his distinguished bearing. Her uncle, Charles Wickliffe, was governor of Kentucky and United States Postmaster-General. Her stepmother was the daughter of John Todd, who commanded the pioneer forces and was killed at the battle of Blue Licks. Her brother, Robert Wickliffe, Jr., was United States minister to Sardinia at the time of King Humbert's birth, and later, while ambassador to Rome, I found among the archives a copy of his letter announcing that event. She was devoted to the social side of life and was famous both in America and Europe as an entertainer. She took pride in having given the first course dinner west of the Alleghenies, and her gold table service, (procured while General Preston was minister to Spain) was the pride, and one of the wonders

of the State. This service my wife inherited, and it served an excellent purpose while I was ambassador to Italy.

During the War of the Rebellion, while General Preston was in the field, she was hospitable to both sides, and on one occasion, when a Union officer was breakfasting with her and some Confederate forces arrived, she saved the former from capture by hiding him in the tower of the house, while General Bragg and some of his officers finished the breakfast. During the meal her little daughter spoke of the man in the tower, but it was received as a joke and the Union officer escaped. Mrs. Preston's great regret was that he was obliged to go without finishing his meal. Later, it being thought that in her letters to her husband, which passed easily through the lines, she might give information of the movements of Union troops, she was notified that she must leave the State; and at great pecuniary loss she abandoned her home, raised money, and took her family to Canada, where she resided till the war was over. There, the Canadian sympathy being with the South, she was warmly received in the best circles and became almost a heroine among them. Among other friends made there, who have continued close friends since, was Sir Garnet Wolseley, then lieutenant-colonel on Sir Fenwick Williams' staff, and later commander of the British army.

After the war the Prestons stood in Kentucky as the embodiment of all that was fashionable and hospitable. When the Grand Duke Alexis came to Louisville Mrs. Preston went from Lexington to open the ball with him; and when President Arthur met the social representatives of the South at the White Sulphur Springs, he offered his arm to her as the most prominent lady present.

Coming from such ancestry my wife naturally inherited their characteristics. Thoroughly devoted to the "Lost Cause" and permeated with its attendant views, not to say prejudices, she was a type of the southern aristocrat, a type that is passing out of sight with the division of the estates of the old families, which after division cannot support the ancient splendor. She, however, was able to see that the question between the two sections was settled and to appreciate the good points of the broader, if

less picturesque, northern civilization. We therefore did our part toward filling up the "bloody chasm," and I think it is the only instance on record where a general in the Union army married the daughter of a Confederate general whom he had met on the field of battle, or *vice versa*.

Coming back to the wedding, it was a most brilliant affair, prominent men from both sections being among the guests. It was also the commencement of another family romance, for there my bachelor brother, George A., was attracted by the charming personality of my wife's sister, Miss Jessie Preston, and the acquaintance was crowned by their marriage five months later, the wedding rivalling, or eclipsing, our own. After our wedding we took a trip to Washington and New York, and thence to Europe, which I will refer to later in some detail. Before changing the subject, however, I will add that on the 18th of March, 1891, ten months after our marriage, our lives were gladdened by the birth of a daughter, Margaret Preston Draper, who is the only one of my children left in my family at the present writing, the rest all being married and having homes of their own.

I come now to my travels during the period under consideration. In 1888 I kept up my habit of taking a biennial foreign trip and again made Paris my objective point with the study of French for an incidental occupation. As a further outing I made a trip to Denmark, Norway and Sweden, in company with my friend Governor Cheney of New Hampshire, who had some business, in connection with the manufacture of wood pulp, to combine with the pleasure of seeing new countries. I expected to be of some service to him from my knowledge of languages, but we found that every business man and lawyer that we called on spoke English as well as we did. The Americans are probably the worst linguists in the world so far as *speaking* foreign languages is concerned, though perhaps our English friends are not far ahead of us. The fault is largely in the manner of instruction employed in our schools and colleges, though the want of opportunity for practice may have something to do with it.

Besides seeing the ordinary traveller's sights of the cities we visited, we went through several large manufactories of wood pulp and paper, and had opportunity to inspect their processes. Not being expert in this line, I acquired only a general knowledge of them, but having made wages and social conditions something of a study, I took the opportunity of learning such facts as were open to me in this direction. We visited one establishment employing a thousand or more hands, making logs into pulp, and pulp into paper, and some of the paper into blank books. Besides this a small cotton mill was run on the premises to give employment to the wives and children of the men employed in the paper manufacture. The payroll of this whole establishment averaged only 25 cents per day per employee, and the costs of living, outside of rent, so far as I could investigate, were not lower than in the United States. By this I do not mean that these people had the same comforts as American mechanics and laborers, for they lived on a much lower scale; but that provisions, clothing, and other necessaries outside of rent, averaged in price quite as much there as with us. Here was an argument for protection that I have not failed since to make use of. It is evident to anyone but a doctrinaire that without protective duties such competition would either lower wages in our country or stop our manufacturing industries; — perhaps both.

My wedding trip was different in many respects from the journeys I had before taken. I still kept up my study of languages, and was assisted by Mrs. Draper, who, having spoken French, as a child at Madrid, before she spoke English, conversed as easily in one language as the other. She, however, having a large acquaintance abroad, wished to take some part in the social life. In London we were entertained by our minister, Robert Lincoln, Lord Abinger, Lady Buchanan, and others, as well as by my old friend, James R. Osgood, who represented the Harpers' publishing firm abroad and invited literary friends to meet us. In Paris we met many compatriots and were given a dinner by our minister, Hon. Whitelaw Reid. Our trip extended to Homburg, the Rhine, Switzerland, and the Italian Lakes, and also to the north of

England, and Scotland. My daughter Edith, now Mrs. Montgomery Blair, accompanied us.

This is perhaps a good place to mention the visits paid to my brother-in-law Davie, and my sister-in-law, Mrs. John Mason Brown, at Louisville. Owing to their courtesy I met intimately the brilliant society of that gay city, of whom Henry Watterson, Basil Duke, Bishop Dudley, Governor Buckner, Judge Humphrey, Dr. Yandall, Augustus Wilson, Charles Ballard, Judge Toney, and others, were shining lights among the men; I do not mention the ladies, as discrimination, where all were so charming, would be impossible. We were dined and wined, and driven, and made the feature of excursions, and really taken into their life. If I were asked to name under oath the most hospitable city in the world, I should promptly respond, — Louisville.

During the five years under consideration my outside investments and interests continued to increase until my directorships became really burdensome. I tried to keep up as well as I could, then failed to attend meetings, and finally resigned most of them, either disposing of my interests or leaving them to be managed by others.

In 1888 I was a candidate for governor before the Republican State Convention. The dominant party in Massachusetts had never nominated a veteran of the Civil War for this high office and probably never will do so, as younger men are coming to the front. Ours is probably the only State in the Union that has not honored its veterans in this manner, and there was, at the time I speak of, considerable feeling among the old soldiers on account of it. After consultation among some of them, I was considered the most available candidate, and I consented to run, though I did not feel very confident of success, because it was the custom of the party to give each incumbent three terms, and Governor Oliver Ames had served but two. During the preliminary campaign I was in Europe, and though my old comrades and other friends worked hard to secure a majority of delegates, I found on my return that the result was to be in favor of the other man. Some of my friends suggested that I could succeed if I

would put money into the contest, but I declined, feeling that a boughten honor was not worth the having. At the Convention my name was presented by Hon. F. T. Greenhalge, (afterwards Governor himself) and I received several hundred votes but not enough to nominate me. I was, however, nominated and later elected presidential elector-at-large, and had the honor and pleasure of casting my electoral, as well as my personal vote, for President Harrison.

The next year it was expected that I would be a prominent and probably successful candidate, and large numbers of my friends who had supported Governor Ames on account of the third term argument offered me their support. I expected to run, but before the campaign opened I was so besieged by men whose promised assistance was dependent upon a pecuniary contribution, that I withdrew my name, sending the following letter to the public prints :

“ January 26, 1889.

“ *To the Editor of the Boston Advertiser: —*

“ DEAR SIR:—Your editorial of January 25th on the ‘ Governorship,’ together with other articles in various papers, and numerous personal inquiries, make it seem desirable to state my decision as to a candidacy next fall. It seems early to discuss the matter, but as I am informed that others are even now ‘ proselyting,’ and that some of my friends are embarrassed thereby, it is perhaps as well that my position should be clearly and generally understood.

“ I shall not be a candidate for governor this year. My reasons are entirely private, since I am convinced that, with the large following I had last year and the many additional offers of support that have been made me, I should be likely to receive the nomination if I entered the contest.

“ I believe that the duties of the governorship ought to receive substantially the entire time and attention of the incumbent, and I should be unable to give them all my time, without serious loss to myself and to those who are associated with me in business. I also do not care to enter into the style of campaign for the nomination which seems to be requisite of late for a candidate supposed to have money.

“ My only regret in withdrawing arises from the feeling, which I have in common with the mass of the ex-soldiers of the State, that it

is time that that strong and patriotic element should be recognized by the Republican party in nominations for high positions. I hope that before many years Massachusetts will have a soldier governor, nominated and elected by the Republican party.

"I thank my friends who supported me so loyally last year, and who have so generally expressed their readiness to do so again.

"Sincerely yours,

"WILLIAM F. DRAPER."

A little later, at a soldiers' reunion, I included the following among my remarks:

"Regret has been expressed that I have withdrawn my name as a candidate for governor the coming fall. This I have done mainly for personal reasons, but I am sorry that a record of honorable service as a soldier during the Civil War seems to count little as an argument for political preferment in Massachusetts. It has not been so in other States, and the time may come, when there are fewer of us, when it will not be so here. As I stated in my letter, I hope to see the time when the dominant party will nominate and elect a soldier for the highest position in the gift of the State. In this I express no personal ambition, as I am well aware that there are many among our veterans better qualified for that exalted position than I am."

In the latter part of 1889, at a meeting of the New England Cotton Manufacturers' Association, of which I had long been a member, Mr. Edward Atkinson, a well known writer on economic questions, made the statement that the machinery used in the cotton mills, which had been up to that time largely imported and is now imported to some extent, could all be manufactured in the United States if the tariff were so amended as to give us "free iron" and "free coal," — that is, if we could import iron and coal from foreign countries without the payment of duty. As a manufacturer of cotton machinery I challenged the accuracy of Mr. Atkinson's statement, stating that this saving of duties would not enable us to meet English competition, and that with free iron, coal, and *machinery*, all of which I understood Mr. Atkinson to favor, we could not compete with foreign builders to the extent that we then did, but would be forced to close our shops, unless we could make heavy reduction in the wages paid

our employees. The meeting applauded, and the incident terminated. A little later Mr. Atkinson said to me that while I apparently had the best of it before a sympathetic audience, he believed that he was right and would be glad to discuss the question with me further. As a consequence, a dinner was arranged, to which I was to invite six gentlemen besides myself and he the same number, before which company we were to discuss the question. I prepared myself with costs of certain of our machines in detail and English prices of similar ones, also with weights of iron used, and our consumption of coal per ton of machinery made; and I showed so conclusively that Mr. Atkinson admitted it, that if the duties on iron and coal were deducted from our costs, they would still remain materially higher than the English selling prices, which presumably were above cost. While Mr. Atkinson admitted the correctness of my contention so far, it is fair to say that he insisted his statement was correct in other lines, if not in cotton machinery. Cotton machinery, however, being the subject under consideration, I won my case.

The fact is that in *all* manufactured products where labor is the large item of cost and we have no advantage in location or in the machinery used, any possible saving of duties on raw material will not offset the higher wages paid in this country. In my line English wages are about half the wages paid in America, both for skilled and unskilled labor, and if we are to manufacture without protection, we must make the cost of labor, as well as other conditions, substantially equal.

In November, 1890, I was elected president of the Home Market Club, the great protective organization of New England, which my father was instrumental in establishing several years before. I remained at the head of this organization two years, and then resigned its presidency because of my election to Congress. During this time I both wrote and spoke frequently on economic and political questions, and gave considerable time to the general work of the club.

November 19, 1891, we held a public meeting at Tremont Temple, Boston, at which William McKinley, Thomas B. Reed,

and Senators Hoar and Aldrich were the speakers. It was one of the most impressive political gatherings that Boston had ever seen. I presided, making the opening speech, and the introduction of Mr. McKinley there, was the first public mention of his name as a future President of the United States.

In the year 1891 I was asked to prepare a paper on the "History of Spindles," which I read before the Cotton Manufacturers' Association, April 29, 1891. In it I traced the development of these useful implements from the earliest records of cloth-making to the present time; and from the spindle and distaff, through the spinning wheel, the spinning jenny, the power frame of Arkwright, and the ring frame of American invention, to the Rabbeth spindle of the present time. Without going into mechanical detail, I shall refer to certain facts therein stated, as showing the value to the country of the improvements made by our company in this line, and in fact to all who wear and use textile fabrics.

"The advance in this art during the one hundred years since the inventions of Arkwright has been wonderful. Mr. Chauncy Smith, in his 'Influence of Inventions on Civilization,' said that a hand spinner with a spinning wheel a hundred years ago was able to spin eight skeins, or about four miles, of a single thread, in a day. This estimate was probably much too high but I accept it as a basis for comparison. In 1870, before the invention of our spindles, a spinner could attend a thousand spindles, each producing *about half as much* yarn as the above estimate for the single spindle of the hand spinner. We doubled this production, so that to-day one operative in this line does the work that required more than a thousand operatives a little more than a hundred years ago.

"This general statement is wonderful, but the most wonderful part is that Messrs. Rabbeth and Sawyer, with our aid, and under our direction as to development, were able to do as much in this old art *in twenty years* as had been accomplished by all inventors, (including Arkwright, whose fame is world-wide), since the first invention of twisting fibres into a thread."

In my paper I made some pecuniary calculations, which I will quote, to show the value of these spinning changes, made and

introduced under our auspices. After a statement that the saving then made, when five million Rabbeth spindles had been sold, was equal to four million ordinary spindles, — that is, that four million more common spindles would have been required to produce the extra amount then produced by the higher speed of the Rabbeth and Sawyer, — I say :

“ The cost of spinning frames complete, per spindle, is about \$3.00. It is estimated that a square foot of floor space is required per spindle, to give suitable room for spinning frames and alleys. This costs, at the lowest estimate, 65 cents per square foot. The necessary plant in and for shafting, heating, lighting, belting, etc., for this room, would carry the cost for machinery and room above \$4.00 per spindle. At this figure, therefore, the saving in room, machinery, etc., has been 4,000,000 spindles at \$4.00 each, or \$16,000,000.

“ But this is not all. The old spindles, at 5,000 turns, required as much power as the modern spindles, either Sawyer or Rabbeth, at the higher speeds run ; hence the power required to drive these 4,000,000 common spindles may be counted an entire saving. At 100 spindles to the horse-power, this would amount to a saving of 40,000 horse-power, or more than three water-powers like that of Lowell ; and worth, at \$30 per horse-power per annum, (surely a low enough price for steam-power in New England), \$1,200,000 each year.

“ Then, owing to the steady running of these spindles, they require no more attention at their high speed than the common spindles at the low speed. The labor cost for spinning, including all employees, from the spinner to the overseer, is, in the best mills, about a cent and one-tenth per spindle per week, or 57 cents a year. The labor saved per annum is, therefore, above \$2,200,000.

“ Then again, the old-fashioned spindles required oiling twice a day, while the Rabbeth requires oiling only once in three or four weeks, making a saving which would be counted a large benefit, were the other items not so enormous.

“ Capitalizing these gains at ten times the annual saving, and omitting the minor benefits, the advantage to the community by the introduction of the rapidly running spindles is shown by the following figures :

Saving of machinery	\$16,000,000
Saving of power.	12,000,000
Saving of labor	22,000,000
Making a total of	<u>\$50,000,000</u>

“So far we have only considered the advantage for this country. The Rabbeth spindle, in some of its varieties, is the only ring spindle now built abroad, and it has already gone into use to the number of several millions.

“There is no doubt that the advantage to the human race from the invention and introduction of these improvements in spindles has been, from 1871 to date, more than \$100,000,000, and that it will go on increasing as the years go on. The above calculations are submitted as not extravagant, and I shall be glad to consider any criticisms upon them or upon any of my statements or conclusions. If the calculations are correct, they show the great gain derived by the community from a series of inventions in only one of the mechanic arts during a short term of years.”

Since 1891 to the date of this writing, (1907), our Rabbeth spindle sales have increased from a total of 5,000,000 to a total of over 25,000,000 in the United States, so that my figures of advantage above stated may be multiplied by five. Probably as many Rabbeth spindles have also been sold in Europe as in America, proportionally increasing the enormous total.

It is said in socialistic speeches and writings, and believed by many, not Socialists, that the labor of no man for his whole life is worth a million dollars to the community at large; hence that every millionaire has become one by the exploitation of employees or others. This is, of course, not true, as witness the value to the world of Watt, and Stephenson, and Morse, and Elias Howe, and Bessemer, and Bell, and Edison, and other great inventors, to say nothing of great organizers and directors of industry. Without placing myself in the category of great inventors or organizers, I am glad to believe that my labors in the inventive and organizing lines have been valuable to the community at large to an extent far beyond the pecuniary rewards that have come to me in the course of business even if such rewards have exceeded a million of dollars. It has been a case of creating value, — not of gain in the stock market, or even of profit from buying and selling.

CHAPTER XVI

BUSINESS VICISSITUDES—MY FIRST CAMPAIGN FOR CONGRESS

IN 1892 I was unanimously nominated for Congress by the Republicans of my district, and elected, after an interesting campaign on national and personal issues, with the Hon. George Fred Williams as the opposing candidate. After my election I served four years in Congress, being re-elected by a greatly increased majority. This Congressional service took me very largely from the detail of business, though my Congressional vacations were seasons of hard work and even in Washington I received daily reports from my home office and gave almost daily instructions. I close the period under consideration with the year 1897, because in that year substantially all our Hopedale companies were united under one organization, and because in the spring I received the appointment of ambassador to Italy, which took me out of the country for the next three and a half years, with the exception of my annual vacations, during which I devoted myself to affairs rather than to rest or recreation.

Our business experienced more vicissitudes during these five years than during any others in its history, the principal cause being the tariff discussions, and reductions involved in the passage and adoption of the Wilson Bill. Our number of employees went down from 1,200 employed at full time in 1892, to a little more than 300, working three-quarters time, in 1894. We were also forced to make two ten per cent. reductions of wages to keep running at all. With Republican success in 1896, ensuring a return to a protective policy, our orders increased so that in the spring of 1897 we had reached a force of 700 men, destined a little later to increase to a larger total than

ever before. Our business was not unprofitable during these lean years, but much less profitable than it had been and ought to have been, — owing to the decreased volume and lower prices.

In 1893 we had another serious litigation, this time with our friends the Whitins, who were and are engaged in a similar line of business, to define the meaning of a contract made with them after an arbitration of some years before. A large amount of money and of business prestige was at stake, and both sides entered into it with the best counsel and experts that could be secured. We won, and then made an arrangement on favorable terms with our antagonists, believing this to be better policy than a continuance of ill feeling.

During this suit a dramatic incident occurred, which seems worth mentioning. The vital question between us was whether the loose bearing of a spindle revolving at high speed, vibrated — or moved back and forth — against the pull of the driving band. Our contention was that it did, and our case rested largely on that contention, while our opponents took the position that it could not, and did not, move. The loose bearing was held in a case whose socket was only a few thousandths of an inch larger than the exterior of the bearing, and it was surrounded by a sleeve pulley which prevented any ocular observation of the point at issue. Each party prepared ingenious mechanical instruments, and experts on both sides made tests lasting weeks or months, with the result that each was satisfied that the use of his instrument justified his previous view. The idea of an electrical test came to each of us, the idea being to arrange the points of contact so that a touch on the side of the case away from the one where the bearing was held by the band, would ring a bell. We ordered a machine made, but before it was done theirs was brought into court and tests made with it before us and Judge Morton, — showing conclusively that the bell did not ring. The Court adjourned, and we were permitted to examine their machine, but could find nothing wrong with it. That night our machine was completed and brought to us at Young's Hotel, Boston, where were

assembled several of our company officers, with our counsel and experts, in a private dining room. The machine was placed on the table, connection made with the electric wires, and the spindle commenced its revolution. Listen as best we could there was no bell ringing, and the performance of our opponents' machine was corroborated. At this juncture Professor Cross of the Institute of Technology, one of our experts, said that the revolution of the spindle was so rapid and the contact so brief that perhaps there was not time to ring a bell, and he suggested making an attachment to a telephone receiver. This was done, and when he placed it to his ear, the smile on his face showed that the problem was solved. Like Galileo, he said, "It does move." I tried it next and could hear the clicks with perfect clearness; and then the receiver went the round of the room, so that each might be sure that the others' ears were not deceived. There was no doubt about it, and we went to bed secure in our position. A day or two later, in court, after a suitable statement from Professor Cross, our machine was started before the judge and the representatives of the other side, and the clicks were as evident to them as to us. For want of something better to say, the counsel for our opponents suggested that there might be something peculiar about our machine, and challenged us to attach the receiver to their apparatus and note the result. They had nothing to lose by this, after our demonstration, but we had to take the chance that something might happen which would interfere with the registration. However, we took the chance; applied the receiver to their machine; and the clicks were as evident as before. We all heard them, — judge, counsel, experts, and clients, — and the decision in our favor after this test seemed as certain as when it came a few months later.

The development of the automatic loom continued during these years, sometimes under very discouraging circumstances. Troubles of all sorts had to be overcome, as I was trying to accomplish something that had been unsuccessfully attempted by a large number of inventors before. I went so far as to prepare a digest of sixty or more of these unsuccessful experi-

ments, at a cost of several thousand dollars, and to investigate the cause of failure in each case, so that I might see what troubles to avoid and understand clearly the difficulties to be overcome. In 1893 and 1894 we built and started 80 looms in our own shop for the purpose of testing the results of the invention, and though all was not yet plain sailing, we established the fact that we could divide the cost of weaving substantially by two, and took orders for looms that we commenced to deliver the next year. The industry has been growing from that time to the present, and the machine, — perfected under my personal supervision, — is revolutionizing the weaving industry, as our spindles did that of spinning.

When our various home Companies were merged in the Draper Company, in 1897, we found a capital of \$6,000,000 necessary to represent the property which was transferred to the new organization, — I being the largest stockholder, though not in absolute control. Outside of this and not included in the Draper Company property, was our interest in the Sawyer Spindle Company, before mentioned, and our foreign patents, which are since proving of material value.

This seems, and was, an enormous increase since 1865, when the entire business property of the various Hopedale companies was less than \$200,000. In another view it is only the result of \$200,000 with interest compounded at twelve per cent. per annum, and it would indicate that twelve per cent. greater expenses, or poorer management, would have stopped the increase at any point. As a matter of fact there was no regular continuous progress. From 1865 to 1873 the business was very profitable, twenty per cent. gain being less than the average; then till 1879 the results were poor, and after that the success of the spindle and loom inventions brought large increases of capital. The real success of the enterprise, however, as stated elsewhere, was the improvement of the great textile manufacture, not only of the country but of the world, and incidentally the employment of a large number of intelligent, self-respecting mechanics in new avenues of work, for the public advantage.

Prior to 1880 my savings were substantially all absorbed by

the development of the business of the various Hopedale companies, and in providing myself with modest but commodious living accommodations. After that date I was enabled to make outside investments, which have increased annually up to the present writing. During all the time I have never bought a share of stock on margin, and have always invested with a view to security of principal rather than large income. I have had few losses, and a rough calculation shows that I have received an average of between five and six per cent. interest on my savings. This may not be as well as the average investor has done. I imagine, however, that the contrary is true, and if this is the case the much talked of exploitation of the laboring man and others is merely a complaint against the payment of interest, as corporation profits average very little more. In the case of my individual business, just mentioned, which has paid a higher rate, the value of the inventions made and introduced — to say nothing of the ability of the management — were paid for by the community at a most moderate rate.

As before stated, I was nominated for, and elected to, Congress, in the fall of 1892. In 1890 six Democrats were chosen to represent Massachusetts in our National Legislature, and our district was one of those that went astray. The Hon. George Fred Williams became our Representative, and he was counted the leader of the Democrats of the delegation. Young, talented, an excellent speaker, with considerable legislative experience, he was counted stronger than his party, because of an excellent record that he had made on the Silver Question, — a record which he has changed in later years. He was confident of re-election as against any candidate that the Republican party could name, and the unprejudiced public shared his opinion. I was asked to run by some of our leaders, — notably by Senator Hoar, who told me that my duty lay in that direction, — and I consented; especially since my wife desired that, like her distinguished father, I should hold public office. Either the chance of success was so doubtful or my popularity in the party so great, that after my candidacy was announced there

was no opposition, in, or before, the convention, and my nomination was unanimous,—a good beginning. Immediately after, I took the stump and spoke for forty consecutive nights, Sundays omitted, and toward the last of the campaign two or three times each evening.

I have never liked public speaking, particularly of the extempore kind, but I found it indispensable, if I was to win against an opponent like Mr. Williams. It was necessary, first, to show the voters that I could state my views more or less convincingly; and, secondly, I was compelled each night to answer the questions or meet the statements that he had asked or made the night before and printed in the morning's papers. This made a committed speech useless, except as parts might be selected to fill up time, and also brought about a real *discussion* of national, and, later, of personal, issues.

The campaign attracted great attention, and both Mr. Williams' speeches and mine were printed at length in the Boston papers, with daily editorial comments, varying, not only with the politics of the papers, but with the progress of the debate. At the beginning the general sympathy of the non-partisan public was with my opponent, I laboring under the handicap that the supposed possession of means imposes in a contest before the people. It is so easy to say in such a case, that it is a contest of *brains* against *money*, and to forget that a certain amount of brains is required to accumulate, or even to retain, property,—as well as that a failure to acquire does not necessarily imply great talent. As the contest went on, however, the sympathy become more even, and toward the close the unprejudiced comments were mostly favorable to me, while in the actual vote I ran largely ahead of my party ticket.

In the midst of the campaign the *Boston Record* wrote to Mr. Williams and myself, asking each to give reasons why he should be elected. Both replied, and the *Record* printed the letters, under the heading of the "First Joint Debate," which I reproduce below.

"G. F. Williams' Side

"Why should a Democrat be elected to Congress from the 11th Massachusetts District?"

" 1. The Democrat will relieve the people from burdensome tax levied upon those who are least able to bear it, for the use of those who need it least. The Republican stands for McKinleyism and more of it.

" 2. The Democrat favors free coal, iron, wool, salt, copper, tin, hides, the raw materials of industry; the Republican wishes them taxed, the more the better.

" 3. The Democrat wishes to reduce tax burdens on industry, so that workmen may have the world for a free market, and thus have steadier work and higher wages; the Republican would turn the home market into a national Hopedale, in which he may own the property and take monopolistic profits, while his workmen are toiling at poor wages, below the market price.

" 4. The Democrat wishes to make no laws for his own benefit, but to legislate for the whole people; the Republican wants laws to be made for him and asks to make the laws himself.

" 5. The Democrat would allow the people to buy and sell in the best markets; the Republican thinks that he and his privileged associates have a right to compel the people to buy of them.

" 6. The Democrat believes great fortunes to be misfortunes to the people, and studies to better distribute nature's bounty among the masses; the Republican thinks the problem of civilization solved if the people make him rich, and he gives work in return, at the lowest market rates.

" 7. The Democrat is bitterly opposed to a national election law, which shall turn the State election machinery in Congressional elections into the hands of a horde of partisans appointed by national power; the Republican favors such a measure.

" 8. The Democrat proposes to repeal the Republican silver law of 1890. The Republican has not declared himself in favor of this, and his party has never yet consented to remedy evils of its own making.

" 9. The Democrat stands for economy in the administration of the government; the Republican has nothing to say for it, and his party boasts of extravagance.

" 10. The Democrat believes public office should not be the spoil of political warfare; if the Republican has any sympathy for civil service reform, he has kept it a secret.

" 11. The Republican has no legislative experience, and no polemic training; the Democrat has both, and to discard them would be economic waste."

“ General Draper’s Side.

“ I am asked by the Record to state reasons why a Republican should be elected as Congressman from the 11th District, understanding that Mr. Williams is in the same issue to state the reasons why he should be elected.

“ My reasons are two in number. First, I believe that a majority of the voters of the district believe in the principle of protection for home industries, rather than in a tariff for revenue only.

“ Second, I believe that a majority of the voters of the district are opposed to the restoration of a State bank currency.

“ If I am right in my beliefs on these points I ought to be elected as representing the Republican views. If I am wrong, Mr. Williams is the proper man to represent the district.”

Immediately after this was printed I made a speech in Brookline, in which I discussed Mr. Williams’ reasons for election. The large hall was packed, and the audience enthusiastic. That part of the speech I quote in full.

“ MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: — Perhaps some of you have seen in the *Record* the first joint debate, so-called, between Congressman Williams and General Draper. I had proposed to carry on the campaign by a discussion of principles, without mention either of my personal qualifications or those of my opponent, unless he opened those questions first, as he seems inclined to do. In the reasons which were given by me as to why this district should elect a Republican, I simply referred to the reasons why, in my belief, the Republican party should succeed in the general election, viz.:—that we stand for the principle of protection, as opposed to a tariff for revenue only, and that we are opposed to the restoration of a State bank currency. These are the issues before the people. I take one view of these questions and Mr. Williams the opposite view; and it seems to me quite as important that the opinion of the district on them should be expressed by the Representative as that the personal qualities of either candidate should be weighed in the balance. Mr. Williams is an able man and a brilliant man, although somewhat erratic. On the other hand, I believe I possess ability enough to represent the district creditably; and if not ‘an orator, as Williams is,’ I am at least able to express my views in language that can be understood.

“ I will take up his reasons in order. His first reason I will read :

“ ‘ 1. The Democrat will relieve the people from burdensome tax levied upon those who are least able to bear it, for the use of those who need it least. The Republican stands for McKinleyism and more of it.’ If this means anything it is his way of saying that he is in favor of free trade. His assertion that I stand for ‘ more McKinleyism ’ must mean that I am in favor of a further advance in duties. When he can prove that by anything that I have said, it will be time enough for me to consider it.

“ His second statement, that he favors making certain raw materials free, is well understood to define his position, and I also understand that he is in favor of making *finished goods* free. His statement that I wish raw materials taxed, ‘ the more the better,’ is untrue. Right here it may be well to ask Mr. Williams why he makes so much talk about free coal and free iron on the stump, and made so little of it in Congress, where there was a hundred and fifty Democratic majority in the last House, and no free iron or free coal bill passed ?

“ His third statement is an absurdity, as far as the increasing of wages by taking off duties on articles in which we compete with foreign countries is concerned. The only object of taking off duties is either that we may consume more foreign articles, or that our own production may be reduced in price. Either of these results will tend to lower, rather than to increase, wages. In reply to his statement that I desire to convert the home market into a ‘ national Hopedale,’ I am not as ambitious in a business way as my friend, Mr. Williams, seems to be in a political way. I am very well satisfied with the Hopedale that I live in, and would like to have Mr. Williams or any of his Democratic friends find a manufacturing village on the other side of the water as creditable as Hopedale is, in the wages of its mechanics, in the comfort of its homes, in the prosperity of its citizens, and in their general satisfaction with their surroundings. I am proud of Hopedale, and think the more such places we can establish and maintain in the United States, the better for all concerned.

“ The fourth, fifth and sixth reasons I will read, as they are gems of discussion in their way.

“ ‘ 4. The Democrat wishes to make no laws for his own benefit, but to legislate for the whole people; the Republican wants laws to be made for him, and asks to make the laws himself.

“ ‘ 5. The Democrat would allow the people to buy and sell in the best markets; the Republican thinks that he and his privileged associates have a right to compel the people to buy of him.

“ ‘6. The Democrat believes great fortunes to be misfortunes to the people, and studies to better distribute nature’s bounty among the masses; the Republican thinks the problem of civilization solved if the people make him rich, and he gives work in return at the lowest market rates.’

“ Now these three statements are *mere demagogism*, based on the fact, I suppose, that I have the reputation of being a wealthy man. Mr. Williams, in one of his speeches, stated that I inherited a fortune, and that by continuing in business I had made another. I will admit that a few years ago I did inherit from my father a sufficient amount of money to live comfortably on the rest of my life, without further labor. Mr. Williams’ remarks imply that he thinks I should have done better for the public if I had invested this fortune, avoiding as far as possible any industry that would give employment to American citizens, and had lived on the income of it: rather than to have invested it in business and employed several hundred men. If this is his view, I do not agree with Mr. Williams. I believe that a man with capital and ability to carry on business is doing better for the community if he employs his capital and his ability in productive industry than if he retires from business and spends his time in idleness. The parable of the talents seems to have an application in this matter.

“ The implication of Mr. Williams’ statements is that I derive some special benefit from the tariff. As I have already stated, in referring to an article in the *Boston Herald*, I do not consider that my business is affected by the tariff, except so far as the tariff gives greater prosperity to the country as a whole, and thus makes a greater demand for the articles which I manufacture. My business is protected by patents, and no foreigner can introduce or sell in America the labor-saving machinery which I manufacture, without my consent. I have no foreign competition whatever, and do not think I should have any under absolute free trade.

“ Mr. Williams’ seventh reason is incorrect, as he states it. I am in favor of the plank in the Republican platform regarding elections, and Mr. Williams ought to be, if he believes in a republican form of government.

“ His eighth reason is as follows: ‘The Democrat proposes to repeal the Republican silver law of 1890; the Republican has not declared himself in favor of this, and his party has never yet consented to remedy evils of its own making.’ It will be noticed that he says that the Democrat (Mr. Williams himself), proposes to repeal the silver

law of 1890. I do not propose to do it *alone* if elected, as Mr. Williams seems to, but I am glad to state publicly that I am in favor of the repeal, or substantial modification, of that law.

“As for the ninth reason, I am certainly in favor of reasonable economy in expenditures, but on the other hand, I am not in favor of that parsimony which I understand Mr. Williams favored, and his party certainly did, which would deprive the cadets at West Point of soap and suitable light.

“As for his tenth reason, I have been a believer in civil service reform from the first. I, however, believe that there are offices under the government where it is necessary that the occupants should be in sympathy with the administration. For instance, officers to enforce revenue laws, in case we have a protective tariff, should be protectionists rather than free traders.

“His eleventh reason is unique, and I read it: ‘The Republican has no legislative experience and no polemic training; the Democrat has both, and to discard them would be economic waste.’ I admit that I have no legislative experience, as stated. As to ‘polemic’ training, I am at a loss to know what Mr. Williams means. The word ‘polemic’ is usually applied, according to the dictionaries, to religious or theological controversies. If Mr. Williams has had experience in them it has not come to public notice. I claim no such experience, and I see no reason why it should add to a man’s qualifications as a Member of Congress. Going to the derivation of ‘polemic,’ it comes from a Greek word signifying warlike. Mr. Williams surely doesn’t mean that he has had more of that kind of experience than I, when my active service in the army is considered.

“If he means merely training in controversy, Mr. Williams knows that I have had much more experience in legal and economic discussion than the average man. As I do not assume that he would knowingly make a misstatement, I can only think that he has used this word in some sense different from its dictionary meaning. If he has done so, while such an error might be excused in a manufacturer like Mr. Apsley or myself, there would seem to be less excuse for it in a scholar and statesman, such as Mr. Williams is considered by his friends to be.

“As to the discarding of Mr. Williams’ legislative and ‘polemic’ experience, which he says would be ‘economic waste,’ I can only say that the country got along tolerably well for about a hundred years without his presence in the National House of Representatives, and that the session of Congress of which he was a member does not seem

to me to stand out brilliantly beyond all other sessions. Be that as it may, it is necessary that some men without legislative experience should acquire it, as otherwise, when those who have it die, the country will be in a terrible plight.

“I am sorry to have used the pronoun ‘I’ so many times in this reference to the so-called joint debate; but there seems to be a necessity for it, as Mr. Williams’ reasons, which I have read, bear much more upon personalities than upon principles.”

From the date of this meeting, which received my remarks with great favor, I felt that my “calling and election” were sure.

At a meeting in Dedham, — the home of my ancestors and the residence of my opponent, Mr. Williams, — Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, in referring to the party candidates, made the following statements. His personal reference was due to the fact that I was made the object of fiercer attack than was directed against other candidates, — perhaps because of the hard fight I was making, perhaps because of the peculiar characteristics of my opponent.

Mr. Lodge said:

“Coming down a step further on the ticket, we come to the Republican candidate for Congress in this district. I have the pleasure to be the friend of General Draper, and I know that he would do honor to any district that he is called upon to represent. It is not possible in these days for any of us to make such a record as he and the other men of his generation made for their patriotism and sacrifice when the war was upon the country. If three years of gallant service in the field and a desperate wound received in the battle of the Wilderness don’t constitute the highest public service of which a citizen is capable, then I do not know nor can form any idea of what public service may be. And with this fine military record he joins that of an honorable career in civil life.

“A man of unblemished honor and great force of character, he has shown himself in this campaign to be not only a successful business man, capable of conducting large enterprises, but a writer and speaker of great ability and force. He is in all ways worthy of the votes of Massachusetts citizens.”

The campaign ended, as everything must, and I was not sorry, though I really enjoyed the controversy and was sufficiently thick-skinned not to suffer from unmerited abuse, which I will not quote or refer to more extensively.

I gave the same attention to party organization throughout the district that I had given to the organization of business affairs, and was supplemented by able lieutenants. A few days before election the chairman of my committee, Mr. E. D. Bancroft, made a canvass in each town and ward, through the regular channels, and supplemented it by estimates made in each precinct by parties outside the organization. The result showed that I should be elected by a majority of 2,570, if our estimate could be relied on, — while the count of votes after election gave me 2,557 more votes than my opponent. (Draper 16,961 — Williams 14,404.) This accuracy was not only shown by the general result, but the results at each precinct varied but a few votes from those indicated by our canvass.

CHAPTER XVII

CONGRESS

AFTER my election my time was occupied by the demands of business, up to the assembling of the new Congress of which I was a member, in extra session, in August, 1893. This session was called by President Cleveland to consider the repeal of the purchasing clauses of the Sherman Silver Act, and resulted in their repeal, the Republicans generally voting with the sound money Democrats to accomplish this result. It lasted from August 7th to November 3rd, and besides the consideration of the Sherman Bill,—which called forth a large amount of eloquence on both sides,—the Federal Election Bill was repealed, and committees were appointed and held hearings, for the purpose of advancing the work of the regular session.

At the close of the session I returned briefly to Massachusetts, and among other duties made a report of my doings at a meeting of the Republican committee of my district, from which I quote as follows:

“My Congressional service has been brief, and without special incident so far. I was well treated by the Speaker in the matter of committee assignments, being given not only a place on the Patent Committee, for which my business life has given me special fitness, but also on the important Committee on Foreign Affairs. This latter position is considered one of the most desirable in the gift of the Speaker, the subjects under consideration being, or likely to be, of great national importance.

“As to the House work, I believe I have been present and recorded on every important roll call. Of course, I voted for the repeal of the purchasing clauses of the Sherman Act, and also against the Federal

Election Bill, and in favor of the amendment to the Chinese Exclusion Bill, those having been the three most important matters before the House.

“ I have so far spoken but little, and do not propose to burden myself or the House with the discussion of subjects that I have not investigated in committee or on which I do not think I have special knowledge. I made a speech on the Chinese Exclusion Bill, and also spoke briefly favoring a bill to prevent presidents and other officers of national banks from borrowing from said banks without the knowledge and consent of their boards of directors. I have not thought it worth while to have my remarks on either of these questions printed for general distribution, although that is frequently done by some of my brother Congressmen. I may do so in future in some cases, particularly when the tariff is discussed.

“ The other duties of a Congressman (which are perhaps more onerous, if less important) I have endeavoured to attend to carefully, as I would, and do, to my private business affairs. Every letter that I have received from any constituent has been duly answered, and every reasonable request (allowing me to be the judge of what is reasonable) has been complied with.

“ I have had some applications for recommendations to appointment, or for reinstatement in office, from public servants who have been discharged on account of political views, or otherwise. I wish to say here and now, on this particular question, that a Republican Congressman has substantially no weight in such matters with a Democratic administration. While, therefore, I shall consider it a duty to attend to the wishes of my constituents, I desire to state my opinion that any applications to me in that direction will be simply a waste of my time, of the time of the person writing me, and of the time of the Departments.

“ As to Congressional life outside of these duties, it is a comparatively easy one, — much less taxing (at least for a new member in the opposition) than the ordinary life of a business man at home. Sessions of the House commence at twelve, and are generally over at five, while few subjects of discussion require continuous attention, even during those hours. The main feeling that impresses a man who, like myself, is accustomed to directing large business concerns, is the comparatively small power of a new member. On party questions men vote by parties, and the policy of each party is dictated by a few members of ability and long experience, who understand the

rules of the House, and the detail of legislation. On other questions the report of the committee that has investigated any given question is apt to carry the vote of the House with it, as it should. In committee, of course, the number being smaller, each man's knowledge, experience, and force of character count for more than in the deliberations of the entire body.

Outside of this report I made several ante-election speeches, which referred to the prevailing depression and ascribed it largely to the distrust of the party in power generally felt among business men and to the fear and uncertainty connected with impending tariff revision.

Returning to the extra session, my speech on the Chinese Exclusion Bill was very favorably received. One passage was quoted extensively by newspapers all over the country, and I repeat it here, since I think it sound doctrine.

"So far as I am concerned, I consider it as much my duty as a citizen and a Republican Member of Congress to support a Democratic administration when I believe it to be right, as I do to oppose it when I believe it to be wrong."

I also quote some brief remarks made on the then pending Bankruptcy Bill, as they seem to me sensible.

"Mr. Speaker. The few remarks that I have to make on this bill are from the business rather than the legal standpoint. My acquaintance with law has been made as a client rather than as counsel, and while I appreciate the fact that legal knowledge and ability are necessary in framing statutes, I also know that they are, or should be, framed to meet the needs of the business community.

"Bankruptcy or insolvency legislation is, at least at certain times, a necessity of commercial life. All men, unfortunately, cannot succeed in business, — in fact, a large proportion of business men fail during some portion of their career. The statement of the eminent Boston merchant, Abbott Lawrence, that after fifty years of business life he had found that thirteen out of fourteen business men that he had known in his earlier days had at some time been insolvent, is probably as true of the mercantile community now as it was then.

"Panics sweep over the country from time to time, and their paths are strewn with commercial wrecks.

“Now, when the number of insolvents doing, or trying to do business, reaches a certain percentage, some provision must be made for a settlement of accumulated indebtedness, and a fresh start; or the credit system will be substantially destroyed. Conservative men will not sell except for cash down, when their goods are likely to be seized as soon as delivered, to pay old debts; and those who do take such risks must charge prices according to the risk, and that would be an injury to the final purchaser.

“Now, Mr. Speaker, State laws will not, and cannot, provide adequately for these troubles. They may serve the purpose for local creditors, but no State can discharge a debtor from obligations entered into with citizens of another State. For this purpose a national bankrupt law is a necessity, and it was considered so important by our fathers that a special Constitutional provision was made, reserving to Congress the power to pass one. Such laws have been enacted to meet special emergencies, in the past; and it is as certain that Congress will eventually pass another, as it is that the number of undischarged debtors will increase with the lapse of time.

“I have read over the proposed bill and the committee’s report and have listened to most of the discussion thus far. Not being a lawyer I do not feel myself competent to argue the legal questions connected with it, but as a business man I accept the views of the eminent counsel on my side of the case.

“I have confidence in the ability and care of the committee, which is made up from various sections of the country, and know that this bill has received more than ordinary attention and study from the gentlemen who are responsible for the report. I am also informed that it has been approved in substantially its present shape by a large part of the commercial associations of the country.

“Being in favor of a general bankrupt law, I feel confident that for the reasons I have stated we can safely adopt this one, and if, after all the care exercised, defects are found in practice, they can be remedied after discovery.

“We are unfortunately in the midst of a condition of affairs where bankruptcy is common, and I fear likely to become more so in the near future, and there should be some general provision of federal law by which an insolvent debtor can surrender his property, and receive a discharge good in any State of the Union; and also by which a creditor can receive his fair share of an insolvent estate.

“I have listened with interest to some of the eloquent speakers op-

posed to this bill, and so far as I can gather, the pith of their argument is that in some way or other this bill is opposed to the interest of the 'poor man.' The poor man never lacks advocates, if he does friends; and from their number in all legislative bodies poverty ought to have been, and doubtless would have been, abolished long before this, if the knowledge and judgment of those who speak for him had been equal to their eloquence and kindly feeling. I want to benefit the poor man myself, all that I can in fairness to the rest of the community, and to resolve all cases of doubt in his favor; but time, alas! has proved that many measures intended to help him have turned out to be either absolutely detrimental to his interests, or, at least, of no value to him. Careful and unprejudiced study of the best way to help him permanently will, in my view, be much more beneficial than much declamation without such study.

"Now, how is this legislation going to injure *the poor man*? The wage earners in my section are always appealed to as the poor men par excellence, though I am glad to say that the title does not apply to a large proportion of them. They, however, are exempted from the operation of this proposed law. In the West and South the farmer is spoken of as poor. I am glad to believe that as a rule he is far from it, but if not, this law does not apply to him either. It is provided especially for manufacturers and traders, the first of which classes is alleged to be so pampered by a protective tariff as to be far removed from the danger of bankruptcy, and the latter class is not generally included in the enumeration of the poor.

"More than this, the poor man exists among creditors as well as among debtors. There is probably not a member of the House who does not know of cases where debtors continue to live in comfort, or luxury even, without paying their bills, while their creditors, or some of them, are reduced to want. I recall a meeting of creditors to which the debtor rode in his carriage, while the most of, or all, the creditors, went on foot.

"But allowing that many of the debtors provided for by this act are poor, and insolvent, will not this law, which allows them to surrender their property and get relief from past debts, be a boon to them, rather than an oppression or a hardship? And if settlement is to be made, how is the debtor harmed if a fair, rather than an unfair, division of his property is made among his creditors?

"This, I understand, is what the bill is intended to provide for, and I desire to be counted in favor of it on that general ground."

A correspondent wrote, concerning this speech :

“ Monday afternoon General Draper made a short but weighty argument in favor of the passage of the bill. He held the House while he was speaking, and at the conclusion of his remarks members of both sides of the chamber crowded about him and extended their congratulations. Lawyers and laymen praised the speech for its lucidity of statement, and pronounced it the ablest yet delivered in the House at this session on the subject of bankruptcy laws and the necessity for a uniform federal system.”

In coming to Washington it seemed to me desirable to provide a home for my family during the sessions of Congress, and I therefore leased from Mrs. General Hazen (now Mrs. Admiral Dewey) the house No. 1601 K St., N. W., which had been previously occupied by Senator Evarts, and has later been the home of Secretaries Alger and Hitchcock. Here we passed the larger part of the next four years, and starting with a large acquaintance on both sides of the family, we soon found ourselves entirely at home in the society of the Capital. We entertained much, having a daughter, Edith, who came out during our first winter and was married (to Mr. Montgomery Blair) the second winter, — and as a natural consequence we were correspondingly entertained. These four years are among the pleasantest of my life.

One more matter may be worthy of mention before I pass to the regular session. One of the features of the great Chicago Exposition was the assembly there in the month of October of a so-called Congress on patents and trade-marks. I was invited to speak, and did so, giving a few days incidentally to glancing through the Great White City and its exhibits. My subject was “ The Influence of Invention on Cotton Manufacturing Industries.” In it I traced the manufacture of cotton cloth from the earliest records to the date of the paper, and referred to the development of the machinery used in its manufacture in some detail, summing up as follows, referring to the advance in the last hundred years.

“ It is evident from these facts that the improvements in this industry

have, first, enormously decreased the cost to the consumer of all cotton goods, they now being about one-eighth as costly as one hundred years ago. In the second place, the number of persons employed has greatly increased, the census figures showing an increase of about three and one-half to one in the last sixty years; and if earlier figures were attainable the difference would appear much more striking. In the third place, the wages of employees have doubled within the sixty years, and the figures of Arkwright's time would show a much greater difference. In the fourth place, opportunity has been given for the investment of a large amount of capital in productive industry, which is of itself a great public benefit, whoever the capital may be controlled by.

“ Greater employment, increased wages to the operative, and greatly cheapened commodities for the consumer, have attended these improvements.

“ Lord Bacon's reference to inventions may very properly be quoted here: ‘ The introduction of new inventions seemeth to be the very chief of all human actions. The benefits of new inventions may extend to all mankind universally, but the good of political achievements can respect but some particular cantons of men. These latter do not endure above a few ages; the former forever. Inventions make all men happy, without either injury or damage to any one single person. Furthermore, new inventions are, as it were, new erections and imitations of God's own works.’

“ The general introduction of improvements in this line, as in other lines, is almost entirely due to the patent system. Improvements to-day are seldom merely happy thoughts; they are the result of study, and investigation, and experiment, which take time and cost money. Without the patent system, by which the inventor is able to secure something *individually* for a successful invention, this time and money would be expended in but few cases.

“ It may be supposed that the self-interest of a manufacturer would cause him to seek for improved processes and machinery, even without the patent system, but this I think would not be the case. In the first place, the profit to any single mill or manufacturing company from any of the improvements mentioned in this article would not be enough to pay the expense of perfecting an invention, after the original idea had suggested itself. Inventions do not leap full-born from the head of the inventor, but the crude idea has to be licked into shape, and the process is generally long, tedious and costly, if the invention is worth the making. Second, without the patent system, any new and successful device intro-

duced into one concern would soon be copied by others, so that such advantage as might be gained at the start would soon be lost.

“It is admitted that Americans are the most inventive of all the peoples of the earth. The records show that they have advanced the cotton manufacture since Samuel Slater’s first American cotton mill was started, in Pawtucket, R. I., in 1790, more than the inventors of all other nations put together. The reason for this is not that the American is necessarily a man of more ideas or more disposition to study into the laws of nature than other men, but that the patent laws of our country are more favorable to the inventor than those of most other nations. They offer inducement to thought and study, by protecting the result of that thought and study. In all changes that may be made in our patent laws, care should be taken to maintain this pre-eminence, so that we may not destroy or lessen the incentives to invention, which, more than any other factor, is responsible for our wonderful material progress during the last one hundred years.”

The regular session of 1893-4 was one of intense interest. It commenced December 4, 1893, in a time of great business depression, which accompanied its sittings till the tariff bill was passed, and continued, though in lessened degree, till the success of the Republican party in 1896 made the repeal of that bill certain. The bill which was finally passed was much less destructive than there was reason to fear, but during all the long time of discussion no one dared to undertake new enterprises or to accumulate stocks of goods, when there was grave danger that there would be no demand for more industries and that goods accumulated would have to be sold at less than cost.

This check, both to industry and industrial development, threw hundreds of thousands — probably, literally, millions — of men out of employment, and reduced the wages not only of those who still retained employment in manufacturing industries but of substantially all American labor. The pressure brought to bear on Congress by these calamities may explain why the bill became less destructive than when it was first drawn.

The session lasted till August 28, 1894, and the larger part of it was devoted to tariff discussion, though of course appropriation bills had to be considered and passed, and more or less general

legislation was considered. I was kept exceedingly busy day and evening until the tariff agony was over, — as much after the bill left the House and was before the Senate, as before. I had practical acquaintance with several lines of manufacture, and personal acquaintance with the prominent New England manufacturers in most lines directly affected by the tariff, so that I was called upon by men who thought their industries in special danger, regardless of the limits of my Congressional District.

In connection with the cotton schedule finally adopted the Democratic *Boston Globe* said:

“General Draper was enabled to do some telling work, as his practical knowledge of the subject is comprehensive, and he was enabled to give Senators the benefit of his knowledge. The fact of his being on the other side did not weaken his influence. . . . It is the opinion of the experts that the schedule as it now stands is the most scientific in plan ever adopted, and much more so, in fact, than the McKinley cotton schedule.”

Like most of my colleagues I spoke several times while the Wilson Bill was before the House. I quote a part of my principal speech, delivered January 13, 1894, although it repeats to some extent some of my remarks on the stump. This speech was favorably commented upon by Republican newspapers, and Hon. Thomas B. Reed, in his great speech, did me the honor of quoting the part of it which referred to the profits of New England manufacturers. I repeat here this part of my argument, as it meets a free trade statement often advanced, and seldom replied to.

“There is more unfairness of discussion on the tariff question than on almost any other, and I am thankful that, so far as I can see, much the greater part of it comes from the free trade side. The profits of manufacturers are immensely overstated; wages double those paid in England, are denominated as starvation wages; known and admitted differences between the condition of the mass of the people here and abroad are ignored; and all the arts of the demagogue are resorted to to stir up jealousy between employer and employed.

“ There is no difference of interest between classes on this question. It is either better or worse for all classes that factories should run here and that their number should increase; and it is a necessity of the case, if they do run, that there shall be a profit in running them, equal at least to the average profit of other business in the country. A question for fair consideration is, Do manufacturers in protected industries make a larger percentage on their money than men who have invested in other lines of business,—a percentage that can be substantially reduced and insure the carrying on of these industries in this country? I have made some investigations on this point that I will come to soon, but I will first refer to matters of general knowledge.

“ Few, if any, of the great fortunes in this country have been made from the profits of manufacture. They have been acquired in real estate operations, in railroad building and management, in banking, in stock speculations, in trade, and in various other directions in far greater number and amount. Such as have come from manufacture are generally due to the control of some specialty by patent or otherwise, and lowering the tariff would not necessarily affect them injuriously. It might even increase them by enabling their owners to manufacture cheaper in England, while retaining their selling prices in this country.

“ Again, it is a matter of common knowledge that in all ordinary times a reasonably sure return of 6 per cent. interest,—yes, 5 per cent.,—with the principal secure, will command all the money that is required for almost any legitimate purpose. If manufacturing stocks paid more than that and were considered secure, even our free trade friends would be building woolen mills and iron works, instead of trying to shut them up. Still again, if there were a large margin of profit in manufacturing, co-operative production would be generally successful when undertaken, instead of being almost universally a failure. All this is generally known to business men, but perhaps it is not fully realized by other classes in the community. In that view, a few facts that I have gathered together may be of interest.

“ It is known that my State of Massachusetts is a manufacturing State. Over 300,000 people are employed in her shops and mills, (when they run), and, in connection with the capital invested, they substantially support the rest of the inhabitants. Now, anyone would naturally suppose that most of the millionaires in Massachusetts would be manufacturers, even if there was no protective tariff, and certainly if that tariff was of benefit to manufacturers only. Such, however, is not the

case. There are 46 individuals or firms in business in Massachusetts that were estimated a year ago by the commercial agencies to be worth a million dollars or more. Of that 46, 19, or less than half, are manufacturers proper; 20 are merchants; 4 distillers and brewers; and 3 bankers. The manufacturing firms are divided in business as follows: paper, 4; leather, 3; cotton goods, 2; woolen goods, 1; shoes, 1; machinery, 1; pistols, 1; jewelry, 1; chairs, 1; sugar refining, 1; chocolate, 1; pork-packers, 1; fertilizers, 1. Several of these lines of business are not supposed to be materially affected by the tariff, and the entire list shows very much less concentrated wealth derived from the profits of manufacturing than is commonly supposed. The wealth of men not in active business is not as easily estimated, but no one conversant with the facts can doubt that the general capitalists and owners of real estate in Massachusetts who possess more than a million dollars outnumber the millionaires of both manufacturing and mercantile business combined.

“ I confess that I was astonished at the result of this investigation. I have carried it a little farther, (as Massachusetts is a manufacturing State), and have made similar investigations regarding New York City, which is more particularly a banking and trading centre, although there is much manufacturing there. There I find 181 individuals and firms in business that are rated as possessing over a million of dollars. Of these, only 35 are manufacturers proper, 102 merchants, 25 bankers, and the rest are in sundry lines of business. These figures do not indicate that manufacturing yields larger profits than other lines of business, but on the contrary, quite the reverse.

“ It may be said, however, that corporations are not included in this statement, which is correct. The profits of corporations, however, can be gauged by the amounts of dividends they pay during a term of years. More than a year ago, while no political campaign was pending, I made certain investigations on this point, which were printed in two or three magazines and commented upon somewhat by the press, and no one has questioned the correctness of my calculations.

“ I ascertained the market value of the stock of all the manufacturing companies in Massachusetts whose dividends were payable in Boston or in Fall River, that were in operation from the first day of January, 1882, to January 1, 1892, and also the amount of additional capital that had been put into those companies during the same time. I then learned the selling value of the stock of all these companies on January 1, 1892. By combining these figures it is easy to ascertain what amount of interest on investment a man would have made who had bought all this

stock January 1, 1882, and sold it at market rates January 1, 1892, meantime paying in all the money that was paid in and receiving all the dividends that were declared.

“The companies were sixty-five in number. I can give the detailed statement to any party who is interested to examine or criticize the figures. They had an average capital for the ten years of \$50,415,000; the selling value of the stocks January 1, 1882, was \$70,324,725; the selling price January 1, 1892, was \$58,601,883; the total dividends paid amounted to \$31,140,163; and the amount of cash paid in was \$6,135,000. Deducting the cash paid in from the dividends, leaves \$25,005,160, or \$2,500,516 per annum. This is equal to 4.86 per cent. on the capital stock. The average selling price, ascertained as before, was \$64,463,304. On this sum the average dividend was 3.87 per cent. The loss in value of all the stocks for the ten years was \$11,722,842, so that the low dividend cannot be accounted for by an increased value of property.

“My list of sixty-five companies included forty-one that had gone through the ten years with unchanged capitals, and twenty-four that had been unfortunate or put in additional capital during the same time. Omitting the twenty-four the figures are somewhat better, and show what has been done by the average of the manufacturing companies that may be called successful. The entire par value of their stocks is \$37,078,000; the selling value of all their stocks January 1, 1882, was \$55,496,350; the selling value of all their stocks January 1, 1892, was \$44,490,883; and the total dividends for the ten years amounted to \$24,420,913. This amount of dividend for ten years is equal to an average dividend of \$2,442,091 per annum, or substantially 6.58 per cent. per annum on the par value of the stocks of the above named companies. I also find the above annual dividend to be only 4.88 per cent. of the average selling price for 1882 and 1892, which is \$49,993,616.

“The change in value of manufacturing or other stocks depends, in part, of course, upon the years selected for the comparison. If the selection of one year was during a particularly prosperous time and the selection of the other year was during a panic, differences would appear which would not be normal. If the valuation of to-day instead of January 1, 1892, had been taken, it is probable that all this business as a whole would have shown an absolute loss. I do not, however, consider the prices of to-day as normal, because they are unusually depressed from the uncertainty of the pending tariff legislation. So far as general busi-

ness is concerned, however, the year 1892 is reckoned as good as the year 1882, and the comparison of those two years would in that view appear to be a fair one.

“Assuming this to be the case, it is evident, from the figures of selling price at the two different periods, that these corporations as a whole have been paying out in dividends all that they have earned during the past ten years, proper depreciation being taken into account. But waiving this, as the average dividend paid, saying nothing about loss of value, was only 3.87 per cent. on the value of the stocks, it looks as though either these great corporations have been particularly unfortunate during the last ten years, or that the profits of manufacturers are not so enormous that any substantial reduction in the prices of their products can be taken from them. The latter statement is undoubtedly the true one.

“I have taken the average of industries, successful and otherwise, because average results should be considered as a basis for argument, rather than those exceptionally favorable or unfavorable. Taking these averages as a basis and taking into account also the facts that loans can be made on real estate even in New England, at 4 to 5 per cent., and that savings banks pay 4 per cent. interest, it would seem that if manufacturing profit is to be reduced below present figures a large part, at least, of that business would go out of existence here.

“But let us compare the manufacturing dividends of the last ten years with other dividends. I have taken for this purpose the dividends of sixty Massachusetts banks, having an average capital of \$52,755,000. The average dividend paid by these banks for the last ten years was 5.56 per cent. on par, or substantially 4.63 per cent. on the average market value. This should be diminished by assessments paid to make up losses, of \$600,000 during the ten years, which is an average of \$60,000 a year, or about one-tenth of 1 per cent. Deducting this would bring the average income of all this property for the ten years to 4.53 per cent.

“Let us now take the railroads operating in New England, since in New England roads as a whole the stock represents money paid in, while in Western roads that is not always the case. These roads (twenty-nine in number in 1882 and thirty-six in number in 1891) have an average capital of \$126,530,600. The average dividends paid by them for the ten years was 4.88 per cent. on par, or about 4.15 per cent. on the selling price. Besides this, there have been extra dividends amounting to \$2,079,020. Averaging this for ten years, it comes to \$207,902 a year, or about fourteen-hundredths of 1 per cent. Adding

this to the amount divided would bring the average income of this railroad property for the ten years to 4.29 per cent.

“The result of this comparison shows that the average investor in Massachusetts manufacturing stocks for the past ten years received 3.87 per cent. per annum. The average investor in Boston bank stocks has received an average of 4.53 per cent. The average investor in New England railroad stocks has received an average of 4.29 per cent. per annum. It thus appears that for the last ten years either banking or railroading has been a better business for the investor than manufacturing; and that even under the circumstances existing before the present depression, capital would not seek manufacturing, with all the advantage it derives from the tariff, as readily as the other lines mentioned.

“Under these conditions it surely does not appear that the average manufacturer is a substantial beneficiary from the tariff, except so far as it may be a benefit to him to have opportunity for investing his money at the ordinary rate of interest. The main benefit comes, to the country as a whole, from the diversification of industry, which everybody agrees is essential to a strong and prosperous people. Daniel Webster put this great truth most forcibly, in his speech of July 25, 1846:

“The interest of every laboring community requires diversity of occupations, pursuits and objects of industry. The more that diversity is multiplied or extended, the better. To diversify employment is to increase employment and to enhance wages. And, sir, take this great truth: place it on the title page of every book of political economy intended for the use of the Government: put it in every farmer’s almanac: let it be the heading of the column in every mechanic’s magazine: proclaim it everywhere and make it a proverb,—that where there is work for the hands of men, there will be work for their teeth. Where there is employment there will be bread. It is a great blessing to the poor to have cheap food, but greater than that, prior to that, and of still higher value, is the blessing of being able to buy food by honest and respectable employment. Employment feeds and clothes and instructs. Employment gives health, sobriety and morals. Constant employment and well paid labor produce, in a country like ours, general prosperity, content and cheerfulness. Thus happy have we seen the country. Thus happy may we long continue to see it.”

“Outside of the general advantage, the special benefit of protection comes to the mechanics and laborers, who are enabled to receive wages far above those received by men engaged in similar occupations

in other countries. If manufacturers are to receive interest at all,—and there is no inducement for them to do business without it,—any reduction of the tariff that renders necessary a reduction of prices of manufactured goods in this country must be met by reductions of wages to substantially the same amount.”

During the discussion in detail, two of my shorter speeches were productive of favorable results;—one on the proposed cotton yarn duties, which were modified in the Senate, and the other against the proposition to put cotton machinery on the free list. This last speech was a successful appeal to the fairness of our opponents in the House, and it resulted as I remember in the only defeat of free trade propositions in that body during the entire session.

The Hawaiian question came during this winter before the Foreign Affairs Committee, and also before the House for discussion, and on that question I made a speech which was more commented upon, and more called for than my tariff speech,—though in my own opinion the tariff speech was the superior production, because I spoke from long study and experience. I quote a small part of the printed speech, as it will give the reader a rest from tariff discussion, as well as an idea of some naval questions not often discussed in public —

“Coming now to strategic advantages from the coast defence point of view. No naval force can operate on a hostile coast without a friendly base within easy distance. Our Atlantic coast is faced by a line of foreign bases. England has strongly fortified Halifax on our northeast border, and built Government drydocks both there and at St. Johns. Six hundred and ninety miles from New York, and less than 600 from the Carolina coast, she has, at great expense, fortified Bermuda, furnished it with the largest floating drydock in the world, and supplied it with great stores of coal and shops for repair work, all for the sole purpose of maintaining a base from which British naval forces could operate against the Atlantic coast of the United States in time of war. Jamaica and St. Lucia perform the same duty with regard to our Gulf coasts and the isthmus transit; and it is a notable fact that the defences of all these places have been extensively augmented since an isthmus canal became a possibility of the near future.

“France has St. Pierre and Miquelon on our northeast borders, with Guadeloupe, Martinique, and Cayenne on the south coast. Spain has her bases in Cuba and Porto Rico; the Dutch in Curaçao; and the Danes in St. Thomas; and it is not improbable that either of the two latter may be available for a German base should occasion arise.

“Any Power which has not such a naval base off our coast can not make successful war upon the United States, a fact which was quickly appreciated by Italy during a recent diplomatic incident; and an early move of the United States in a war with either of the European Powers possessing these bases would have to be their capture and retention, if possible. If the United States held all the bases named, it would be practically free from attack on its Atlantic coast.

“In the Pacific we now have the opportunity to secure our western coast by accepting possession of Hawaii as our most rational form of coast defence. With adequate fortifications on these islands, and a suitable naval force in the Pacific, our coast would be far more secure in time of war than it could be made by any expenditure for harbor defences on the mainland alone.

“Further, if our commercial interests are to predominate in the future in those waters, our fleet must predominate there also, and a properly proportioned fleet would be a sufficient guaranty that serious attack would not be made on this most important naval base. The same is equally true of our entire Pacific coast, as with such a fleet, with bases at San Francisco, Hawaii, and the entrance to the Isthmian Canal, not only would our Pacific trade be secure and that of any other Power untenable, but our coast line would be equally secure, and American control of the canal, so far as the Pacific end of it is concerned, would be assured.

“As Bermuda is a standing menace in front of our Atlantic coast, so will Hawaii become to our Pacific coast, if we do not hold it as an essential part of our coast defence.

“I add a few words on the subject of *coal*.

“To make the advantage of Hawaii to this country from a naval standpoint clearer, I will devote a little time to some details of the question of coal and coaling stations.

“The possession of unlimited coal is a great advantage to a nation, but in order to convert it into naval advantage it must be placed on board of a ship of war. This is a simple thing with us as long as our naval vessels are in home ports, or as long as we are at peace, wherever the ships may be. It is in time of war that the difficulties of making our

naval strength felt away from our own coasts will become apparent. Neutral ports will then be closed to our cruisers, as far as supplying their coal necessities is concerned, for coal will be contraband of war as much as is other ammunition. Coaling in the open sea from supply ships is up to the present time an unsolved problem, and even if satisfactory mechanical arrangements be devised, the supply vessels must run the gauntlet of hostile cruisers for great distances. A certainty of finding the collier in specified localities on definite dates, which is almost impossible without naval stations, must also be established, as a failure to meet would result in leaving the cruiser helpless.

“Wind is no longer a motive power for ships of war, and the days when the cruiser could keep the sea and do the work she was designed for, as long as her provisions and water held out, are gone. Coal is now the prime necessity, and unless our cruisers have points provided for them to which they can go with a certainty of finding a supply, they will on the outbreak of war have to be brought home to operate off our own coasts from the home bases of supply, or else be left powerless in neutral harbors until the close of war. The only other solution is to build cruisers of such size that they can carry their own coal and remain at sea for long periods, independent of coal depots or supply vessels.

“England does not need a coal capacity in any of her vessels greater than will enable them to traverse 4,000 or 5,000 miles, as we have seen that her coal depots are planted along the trade routes at distances of about 3,000 miles. France, where she has important commercial interests, has similar depots; so have Germany, Holland, and Spain. Russia is nearly as badly off as is the United States, but she has the fortified depot of Vladivostock in Asiatic waters and has lately acquired the use of French ports wherever she may need them. Even with these advantages she is furnishing herself with cruisers of great size, carrying over 3,000 tons of coal.

“We have neither the depots nor the cruisers of great coal endurance; and the most rational mode of strengthening this very apparent weakness would seem to be to obtain coal depots as the English do, and to begin by accepting the most valuable one of Hawaii.”

My position later, in opposition to the annexation of the Philippines, may seem inconsistent with the above speech, but the cases and the circumstances were entirely different. More than this, I am not seeking to make a record for absolute consistency, but to tell my life's story.

Among the bills introduced by me at this session were two to promote the safety of employees and travelers upon railroads, by compelling common carriers engaged in Interstate Commerce to equip their cars with automatic couplers and continuous brakes, — also a bill which became law, authorizing appeals to the circuit courts of appeals in cases where U. S. District or Circuit Courts granted or refused to grant injunctions. I also introduced resolutions granting permission to officers and enlisted men of the army and navy of the United States to wear the badges adopted by the Society of Colonial Wars; and the following, at the time of the Chicago riots, relative to an increase of the army:

“Resolved: That the Committee on Military Affairs be and they are hereby authorized and directed to inquire what increase, if any, should be made in the Army of the United States, and to report their recommendations to the House, by bill or otherwise; and leave is hereby granted to said committee to report at any time on the subject matter of this resolution.”

CHAPTER XVIII

MY SECOND TERM

EARLY in October the Eleventh District Convention renominated me unanimously for another term of two years, my friend, Colonel Thomas L. Livermore, making a most complimentary nominating speech. I quote two or three paragraphs of my acceptance.

“An original nomination for Congress is, of course, a great compliment; it is an evidence that the nominee is considered qualified to represent the interests of 200,000 people, and the views of the majority of them on party questions; but a renomination (particularly a unanimous one) is an endorsement of the manner in which a Congressman has performed his duties, as well as an expression of confidence in him for the future. . . .

“I have often heard an unsuccessful business man criticize the methods or business policy of a successful competitor. In such cases, while there may be plausibility in some of the criticisms, the success of one policy and the failure of the other, or the comparatively better success of one than the other, furnishes almost a decisive argument in favor of the course of action of the man who succeeds, rather than for that of the one who fails. So it is in public affairs. That policy which the most successful nation pursues, or under which the same nation is most prosperous if it has tried different ones, may be set down to be the sound policy for that nation. It is only a doubtful possibility, not a probability, that success comes in spite of that policy; and such an assertion requires the most convincing proof behind it.

“In this impregnable position stands the tariff policy favored by the Republican party. Under it we have been the most prosperous nation in the world; under it we have seen our most prosperous seasons. We assert that this is because of protection, and the logic of fact

is with us. Our opponents are in the position of the business man before referred to, who has failed, but who thinks that his policy, which resulted in ruin, is better than that of his successful competitor.”

I was on the stump some weeks during the campaign, not only in my district but elsewhere, and was re-elected by a plurality of 7,449, — about three times as many as I received when I ran before.

The winter session of '94-'95 terminated March 3rd of the latter year. Being what is termed the short session, there was comparatively little general legislation, though there was considerable discussion as to whether the new issue of bonds should be payable in gold, and on the currency question in general. I voted with the most conservative, for the gold standard. During the session I spoke on an amendment to the copyright bill, the proposed submarine cable to Hawaii, the bill regarding appeal from injunctions, before referred to, and a bill for a pension to Mrs. Corse, widow of General Corse of Allatoona fame, which I had charge of and carried through. I also passed, during the morning hour, several private bills, affecting my constituents and others, that had received the endorsements of the committees to which they had been referred.

February 18th, my daughter Edith was married to Mr. Montgomery Blair, son of Montgomery Blair, who was Postmaster-General in President Lincoln's Cabinet. His mother was a daughter of Levi Woodbury, who was successively Governor of New Hampshire, Senator from that State, a Cabinet officer under Jackson and Van Buren, and Justice of the Supreme Court. His grandfather, Francis Preston Blair, was one of the founders of the Republican party. The guests included the two families, and as many of our Washington acquaintances as the house would accommodate. The young couple have since resided in Washington and Silver Spring, Maryland, the latter having been the house of Montgomery Blair, Senior, and the temporary headquarters of General Early in July, 1864, at the time of his attempt on Washington.

My son-in-law tells me that when Early arrived at the house with his staff, he found some particularly good whisky in the cellar and waited there for hours, sampling it, while his troops rested. At this time the outer forts protecting Washington were manned only by armed citizens, the city having been denuded of troops to reinforce Grant's army; and it is probable that an immediate assault would have carried them. Providentially, however, the 6th Corps arrived in vessels just in season, and while Early was waiting to give his own troops a rest and to assign them their positions for a forward movement, our veterans were pushed to the front, and Washington was secure.

The session ended March 4th, and after a visiting trip to Kentucky we returned to Hopedale, where I arranged my business affairs for a six months' absence abroad. Before describing this trip I will refer to an article which I furnished about this time to *Gunton's Magazine*, as it contains some ideas that I have not seen developed elsewhere, and that certainly will need to be considered if the present trend toward Socialism continues. I quote from it enough to indicate the line of argument.

“ Protection vs. Socialism ”

“ I have never been able to understand why the leaders of labor organizations in this country are not universally protectionists. These organizations have as a main object the improvement of the material condition of their members, and, while some men doubtless obtain leadership in such bodies merely by denouncing and criticizing employers, knowledge of real conditions is necessary to manage these institutions, as well as others, successfully. To have an opinion on this question of protection they must know three things: (1) Whether wages are higher in this country than abroad; (2) whether the cost of living is higher here than abroad; and (3) taking wages and cost of living together, whether the laborer is better off here than abroad, and substantially what the difference is. Comparisons of wages paid in various trades, market reports of prices of products, and statistics of savings banks and pauperism are, or ought to be, well known to these gentlemen, and the personal experience of many of them on both sides

of the water would naturally serve to emphasize this knowledge. The fact that laborers come here from foreign countries for employment, instead of going abroad from here to seek it, is important in this connection.

“The statistics of Carroll D. Wright show that, averaging a large number of trades, the American workman receives 77 per cent. higher wages than the English workman in similar vocations, and that the cost of living in the average family, rent, provisions, clothing and other necessary items included, averages 20 per cent. higher here than there. This leaves a margin of more than 50 per cent. between the purchasing power of a laborer here and of one in England, an advantage to the mechanic and laborer here over his foreign brother of more than one-half in securing the comforts and higher opportunities of life. It is clear that the American laborer either gains from protection or that he is better off in spite of it,—and I assume the former for the purposes of this article.

“Now, the prices of all manufactured articles continuously produced include,—and must include under individual production,—material, general expense, labor, and profit. The two former items must be paid for if business is to be carried on, and the balance must be divided between the last two,—labor and profit. The proportion of this division is a question of great importance, but I am unaware that any census or other public investigation yet made will throw light upon this point. I made some personal inquiries covering a broad field, two or three years ago, the results of which were printed in a magazine article, and though somewhat commented on, they have never, to my knowledge, been questioned. From the want of more extensive data I shall reason from the facts then ascertained, satisfied that the proportions shown in this limited investigation are not far from those averaged by all our manufacturing industries taken together.

“I selected forty manufacturing companies paying dividends in Boston and Fall River, Mass., embracing the principal cotton and woollen manufacturing companies in the State, and including all such dividend-paying companies as maintained the same capital for the ten years previous to January 1, 1892. The principal Lowell, Lawrence, and Fall River mills are among the number. The dividends of these companies for ten years averaged \$2,367,191 per annum, and their annual pay-roll was \$16,672,426, outside of superintendence, book-keeping and selling expenses. The selling value of the stock of these companies was less on the 1st of January, 1892, than it was on the 1st of

January, 1882, so that there was no accumulation of profits beyond dividends paid, taking all the companies together.

“ It appears from these statistics that the amount of wages paid as compared to the amount of dividends paid was as 7.04 to 1. In other words, the total dividends paid by these corporations were only 14 per cent. of the amount paid in wages, and if wages had been 14 per cent. higher, other expenses remaining the same, there would have been no dividends and no interest on the money invested in the business. The salaries of officers and clerks, and the selling expenses and commissions, which are really payment for services, are difficult to ascertain, but I am informed that in the cotton manufacturing industry they amount to substantially 15 per cent. of the wages paid. Assuming this to be correct, the proportion of payment for service by these companies, including what is generally termed wages, and the salaries above stated, would bear a relation to dividends of 8.10 to 1, so that an increase of 12 per cent. in the cost of all these services would leave no interest for capital invested.

“ The percentage of dividends to wages is higher in corporations like these referred to, that have large investments in buildings, machinery, etc., than in those where the plant costs less, because such corporations have a larger investment of capital per hand employed than those in other lines of industry. I have therefore obtained figures from three companies manufacturing shoes, all representative and prosperous concerns, whose names I am not at liberty to give, but whose figures are vouched for. These three concerns pay in wages \$1,100,000 per annum. Their average dividend is less than \$90,000 per annum. The proportion of wages to dividends is therefore as 12 to 1. If the wages had been 8.33 per cent. higher, and their selling prices the same, there would have been no interest on the capital invested. If the cost of supervision, accounts and selling is the same in proportion to wages, for these concerns as for others, (and in my judgment it is not materially different), the amount paid for services as compared with the amount paid for profit, would be for this business as 14 to 1.

“ It may be well to note here that all these figures are based upon the business of prosperous years between 1882 and 1892. During years of depression, like the present, the proportion of wages to profit is very much greater, as profits become substantially nil, and wages, though lower, must be paid if production continues.

“ It would be exceedingly interesting to carry this investigation further, and into all lines of business; but it will suffice for the pur-

pose of this article to make the apparently safe assumption that the average proportion of wages paid to dividends received is that indicated by the detailed statistics furnished by the forty companies under consideration, or 7 to 1. Free traders would not admit that manufacturing profits abroad, particularly in England, our greatest competitor in manufacturing, are larger than here. That would fully and finally dispose of their stock argument that protection exists here solely for the benefit of manufacturers of protected goods. If English manufacturers make more under free trade than American manufacturers under protection, and American workmen make more under protection than English workmen under free trade, there is very little hope of inducing this country to change its policy. Our workmen have the votes, and they are surely not likely to vote to make themselves worse off for the benefit of their employers.

“ Calling profits, therefore, the same in proportion to labor in England as here, we have, as the net results of business on both sides of the water, seven dollars paid to labor to one dollar to capital. If interest and profits were abolished, therefore, and business could be carried on as before, with the cost of supervision and accounts unchanged, the English workman would receive \$1.14 where he now receives \$1.00, and the capitalist would be eliminated from the land. If the labor of supervision, account keeping and selling participated in the division, the gain of the mechanic and operative would be even less. Such results are impossible of attainment, owing to the constitution of human nature, but they are the utmost that can be imagined from trade union or socialistic success; and the abolition of interest and profits would not make the English laborer as well off by about 33½ per cent. as the American laborer is under present conditions. The American laborer is now more than 50 per cent. better off than his English brother; while the English laborer, if given all the margin of English production, would only be 14 per cent. better off than now. Therefore, as said before, the American workman, with his present share of production, is one-third better off than the Englishman would be if socialism were carried out, profits and interest confiscated, and production under such circumstances kept up to the present level.

“ The protective tariff is the barrier that keeps American wages higher than English wages in similar vocations. Lower or remove that, and at the same time the present difference in the condition of the two peoples would be lessened or abolished.

“ Absolute free trade, by bringing our prices to the level of English

prices, will bring our labor substantially to the level of English labor. After this is done,— if it ever is done,— the only possible gain to the American laborer by the absolute destruction of private ownership in the instruments of production would fail by a very large margin to bring him up to his present standard of comfort and independence. I do not think it possible to abolish private property, or interest and profits, and at the same time retain present production and civilization. I believe that the captains of industry furnish to the general fund more than they receive from it, rather than less, and that a successful attempt to destroy profits would carry us rapidly to barbarism. For the sake of argument, however, I have admitted the possibility of carrying socialism into effect, and shown, I think conclusively, that continued protection is worth more than three times as much to the American laborer as a complete appropriation of all the share of production that now goes to capital would be without it. This proposition is, at all events, worthy of his careful study.

“ Before closing, I will express the opinion now held by many economists and legislators, that the hope of the improvement of the condition of the laborer in the future, as well as of the material progress of society, lies mainly in an increased consumption, and as a consequence, in a larger production of useful commodities in proportion to the population. Labor-saving machinery, cheaper transportation and improved organization of industry, will continue their beneficent work, if we do not by unwise legislation kill the goose that lays the golden egg. These forces are at work in England as well as here, though perhaps to a less extent. The English laborer, however, is now 50 per cent. behind the American in comfort and opportunities. The question for the American is whether he shall maintain his present start in the race, or voluntarily relinquish it by adopting free trade.”

On the 17th of April, 1895, Mrs. Draper and I, with our little daughter Margaret, started on another foreign trip. This time business was to be combined with pleasure. Our new loom, after long experimenting and tests in our own shop and elsewhere, was being sold, and several hundred of them were being started successfully at the Queen City Cotton Company, Burlington, Vermont. It was a success. The cost of weaving, which in its turn was half the cost of converting the raw material into cotton cloth, was divided by two; and, in addition,

the weavers on our looms were making more money than on the ordinary machine. Perfections were needed in various directions, but the main fact was established,—that we were to revolutionize this old industry.

These machines would be even more valuable in England, to say nothing of the continent, than here, because the market was larger. We had taken out foreign patents, and I was to sell them if we could get our price. We sent over two sample machines, together with the inventor, Mr. Northrop; and our counsel, Mr. Richardson, accompanied me. Arrived in London we submitted our patents to Sir Richard Webster, now Lord Alveston, and Mr. Moulton, Queen's Counsel, and they were favorably reported on. I hired room and power, and started the two looms, notifying the prominent English machine builders and textile manufacturers, and we soon had plenty of interested visitors. I then visited bankers and promoters, with a view to establishing a company for the purchase of our English, or all our foreign, rights.

We had property of great value to sell, but I soon found that I was too scrupulous in statement to accomplish the desired result until we had a larger use to refer to in America. There was a tendency to consider *all* promoters as exaggerators, and my statements of fact were received, as far as bankers were concerned, with about the same discount as that made from statements prepared with the discount in view; so, although I found plenty of people willing to receive commissions and to take directorships if paid for it, the subscription list of the company was not completed or even seriously begun. I visited Manchester and found loom builders ready to arrange with us, on a basis of a handsome royalty per loom built; but after telegraphic conference with my associates in America we decided that we would rather wait and conquer England through sales in America.

This policy was successful. The use of our loom in the United States increased so rapidly that about the year 1900 we were encouraged by representative English manufacturers to form a company on their side of the water. This company

has made and sold thousands of looms, is paying dividends to its stockholders, and apparently has a prosperous future ahead. At any rate, it is an established fact that the automatic loom will ere many years weave the bulk of the plain cotton fabrics produced in all machine-using countries.

During our stay in London, it being during the season, Mrs. Draper and I were presented at court by the American ambassador, Mr. Bayard, and we saw something of the social side of life, interchanging courtesies with our former acquaintances and new friends. Among other entertainments was one given Sir Garnet Wolseley, commander of the British forces, who, as before stated, had known Mrs. Draper's family at Montreal during our civil war. Sir Richard Webster took me as his guest to a dinner of the Goldsmiths Guild, where I was called on to speak, and did so on the line of the mutual interests of England and America and the increasing sympathy between them.

In June we went to Paris, where we were also largely entertained; then to Aix-les-Bains for a month, where Mrs. Draper was confined to our rooms most of the time by a sprained ankle, the result of over-ambitious mountain climbing. We then visited Switzerland, Munich, Vienna, Buda-Pesth, Nuremberg, and Baden, returning to Paris via Strasburg. At Nancy, where we stopped for a night, we had an adventure worth recording. We went to the station at noon to take the through train for Paris, registered our luggage, and purchased our tickets. The train rolled in but was full, — so full that we could not get seats in first-class compartments. It seemed as though we must either remain or take inferior accommodations, dividing up our party. Suddenly a bright thought struck me. As a member of our Foreign Affairs Committee I had a special letter from the Secretary of State to diplomatic and consular officers, encased in a formidable looking official envelope. Asking for the *chef de la gare*, I rushed up to him with this paper and told him I wanted a special compartment. He glanced at it for a moment, then looked me over, and ordered “une autre voiture pour Monsieur, tout de suite.” The carriage was attached, and we went comfortably and luxuriously to Paris.



MRS. SUSAN PRESTON DRAPER, AS PRESENTED AT COURT OF
ST. JAMES, MAY 22, 1895.

Arriving there we found a letter from the Countess of Seafield, inviting us to visit her at Castle Grant in the north of Scotland. Countess Seafield was the sister of Lady Buchanan, whose husband, Sir Andrew Buchanan, was the British Minister in Spain at the same time that General Preston represented the United States there, and Lady Buchanan and Mrs. Preston were intimate friends. We accepted the invitation and passed a week as a part of a house-party, finding the experience interesting, as well as pleasant.

This visit over, we made brief visits in Lancashire and London, where I closed up my business and returned to America, reaching Hopedale October 28th. There I remained till December, when I returned to Washington for another Congressional session.

The Republicans had returned to power in the House, though Mr. Cleveland still remained in the White House; and Mr. Reed was elected Speaker. I was recommended for membership of the Ways and Means Committee, by the most prominent industrial organizations of New England, but Mr. Reed sent for me and told me that it would embarrass him to appoint me, because of the pressure for the position and my short service in the House. He said that if I would remain on my old committees he would make me chairman of the Committee on Patents, Trademarks and Copyright and that I should be second on the Foreign Affairs Committee. I told him that I did not wish to embarrass him and would accept his assignments, to which he said that the pressure for me was so great that he would probably have placed me on Ways and Means if I had insisted; and wound up by saying, "Draper, you are an angel."

The work of the session went on, and I found my committee assignments sufficiently engrossing, as the Foreign Affairs Committee had before it the questions arising from the troubles in Cuba, while the Patent Committee gave extensive hearings on the revision of the patent law, which resulted in the formulation and passage of the so-called Draper Bill, and also on questions of copyright and trade mark, some of which also resulted in legislation.

Among the bills introduced by me were the patent bill above mentioned, — a bill to establish a classification division in the Patent Office, (for which I failed to obtain consideration before the House, but which has since become law), a bill making lower prices for printed copies of patents, which I passed, another relating to the registration of trade marks, a bill for the publication of historical manuscripts in the Department of State, and a bill for the protection of the revenue arising from customs, which was aimed at under-valuation. This latter bill was not passed, as it was considered too drastic, but some features of it were adopted in a measure which became law. Colonel Albert Clarke, Secretary of the Home Market Club, wrote me regarding it, under date of Jan. 2, 1896:

“I congratulate you on having prepared the most thorough, comprehensive and efficient system to prevent undervaluation that has ever come to my notice, and I sincerely hope that it will lead to the enactment of such amendments to our present administrative law as will make an honest collection of the revenue possible, even in cases where *ad valorem* duties are desirable.”

The intent of the bill was to make the wholesale market prices of dutiable goods in the countries whence they were shipped the basis on which duties should be assessed, regardless of the prices at which they might be invoiced, and to provide means for ascertaining what these wholesale market prices were, in all doubtful cases.

I also introduced and passed a number of private bills, including one giving a pension to the wife of General William Cogswell of Massachusetts, who had been my colleague in the House and added a valuable civil to a distinguished military record.

Among my speeches in the first session, was one against the censure of Ambassador Bayard, for language used in public speeches in England. The Foreign Affairs Committee, of which I was a member, reported two resolutions, — to the first of which I was opposed, while I agreed to the second. They follow:

Be it resolved, That it is the sense of the House of Representatives that Thomas F. Bayard, Ambassador of the United States to Great Britain, in publicly using the language above quoted, has committed an offence against diplomatic propriety and an abuse of the privileges of his exalted position, which should make him the representative of the whole country and not of any political party. Such utterances are wholly inconsistent with that prudent, delicate and scrupulous reserve which he himself, while Secretary of State, enjoined upon all diplomatic agents of the United States. In one speech he affronts the great body of his countrymen who believe in the policy of protection; in the other speech, he offends all his countrymen who believe that Americans are capable of self-government. Therefore, as the immediate representatives of the American people, and in their name, we condemn and censure the said utterances of Thomas F. Bayard.

Resolved further, That in the opinion of the House of Representatives public speeches by our diplomatic or consular officers abroad, which display partisanship, or which condemn any political party or party policy or organization of citizens in the United States, are in dereliction of the duty of such officers, impair their usefulness as public servants, and diminish the confidence which they should always command at home and abroad."

I was embarrassed in speaking by the fact that the censure was called for by resolutions presented by Messrs. McCall and Barrett of my own delegation, which had been referred to the committee. My remarks were not too long to quote, and as I shall refer to some of the comment on them, I print them in full.

"Mr. Speaker: I shall say the little that I have to say, from a conservative standpoint, or at least from one that I believe to be conservative. I should not speak on these resolutions were it not for the fact that my position on the committee and my relations to gentlemen from my own State who are responsible for the consideration of this subject seem to make it necessary for me to define my position better than I could do by a mere yea or nay vote.

"The two resolutions are of a radically different character. The first condemns and censures the utterances of Ambassador Bayard personally, and also states that in publicly saying these things he has committed an offence against diplomatic propriety and abused the privileges of his exalted position. The second resolution simply makes

a general statement in regard to the kind of speeches which should not be made by diplomatic officers abroad, and it might well be made a part of our diplomatic rules.

“I presume I am not alone in the House in feeling that while the circumstances may call for some action on our part, the extreme wording of the first resolution goes a long way toward defeating its own object. This does not seem to me a suitable occasion for sensationalism or exaggerated denunciation. We have sufficient trouble and threatenings of trouble already in our foreign affairs, without unnecessarily discrediting an ambassador whom we have not the power to remove.

“I do not believe that there is a man on this floor who thinks that the speeches referred to were in good taste or that they ought to have been made by an American diplomatic representative in a foreign country. My point is that the case can be better reached without personal denunciation, by a simple resolution like the second one before us, stating that no American diplomat ought to make partisan addresses, or addresses reflecting on the views and purposes of a large part of the American people.

“More than this, it is fair to say that this first resolution would never have been before us if gentlemen on both sides of the committee, who agreed in the main, had shown a willingness to act together on this matter from a broad, national standpoint, without considering party lines. I hope that this error will not be perpetuated in the action of the House. If every member who has said privately that he is opposed to denunciatory resolutions votes as he has talked, we shall be better satisfied with the result when we review the work of the session. Action should be taken that will embody the substantially universal sentiment of the House, rather than extreme action, supported merely by a party vote.

“I desire to appeal to the common sense of the House, a quality that perhaps more than sentiment ought to be recognized in dealing with the delicate questions that have relation to our foreign affairs.

“If in order, I shall ask now that votes be taken on the two resolutions separately; but if not, I shall hope to be recognized to make that request when the proper time arrives.”

The House adopted both resolutions, though a number of Republicans followed my lead and voted with the Democrats against the first one. In commenting, the *Boston Herald* — an

independent journal, with Democratic leanings — pleased me by saying:

“Congressman Draper of this State stands out amid the ruck of partisanship at Washington as ‘shines a good deed in a naughty world.’ His attitude in the Bayard debate was so dignified, so elevated, so commendably statesmanlike, that it deserves general recognition among his constituents, and wide appreciation on the part of the State and nation. He has honored us all by it. He is not in political sympathy with Ambassador Bayard; he did not in any respect endorse or approve his action; he stated unreservedly that he thought the speeches made ‘ought not to have been made by an American diplomatic representative in a foreign country;’ and yet he had the fairness to do justice to Mr. Bayard, and to expose and protest against the animus of the exaggerated and sensational attack upon him. He set an example to partisans on both sides in so doing, and commended himself to high-minded and broad-minded men everywhere. It is refreshing to find one man with a soul above small partisanship in treating a question that has national bearings, and it is a source of pride that this man was found in a Representative from the State of Massachusetts.”

This and other similar notices which came in in large numbers, seemed to justify the opinion that a conservative position was more popular before the country than it seemed to be in the House.

The Cuban question began to attract great attention during the winter, and there was a strong effort to involve the United States in the controversy between Spain and the Cuban insurgents,—an effort which was crowned with success two years later by the destruction of the *Maine* in the harbor of Havana. Perhaps the war was bound to come, even without this, but I did all that I could, while a member of Congress and of the Foreign Affairs Committee, to prevent its beginnings. The matter was discussed a long time in committee before it reached the House, but on the 2nd of March the following resolutions were reported:

“*Resolved* by the House of Representatives, (the Senate concurring), That, in the opinion of Congress a state of public war exists in Cuba,

the parties to which are entitled to belligerent rights, and the United States should observe a strict neutrality between the belligerents.

“*Resolved*, That Congress deploras the destruction of life and property caused by the war now waging in that island, and believing that the only permanent solution of the contest, equally in the interest of Spain, the people of Cuba, and other nations, would be in the establishment of a government by the choice of the people of Cuba, it is the sense of Congress that the Government of the United States should use its good offices and friendly influence to that end.

“*Resolved*, That the United States has not intervened in struggles between any European Governments and their colonies on this continent; but from the very close relations between the people of the United States and those of Cuba in consequence of its proximity and the extent of the commerce between the two peoples, the present war is entailing such losses upon the people of the United States that Congress is of opinion that the Government of the United States should be prepared to protect the legitimate interests of Americans, by intervention if necessary.”

I opposed and delayed these resolutions in committee, as well as before the House, but that did not prevent their adoption by a large majority. I, however, had the satisfaction of having my views sustained by the majority of the Massachusetts delegation, while my friend Harry Tucker, of Virginia, who occupied the same ground as I, was also sustained by his delegation. Massachusetts and Virginia stood together, in spite of differences in politics.

After my speech on this subject I received a number of anonymous letters, of which I quote one.

“Sir: Your excessive bitterness against the Cuban people fighting for liberty is appalling. There never was a people under the sun who have been more cruelly oppressed than they. You are a disgrace to our country, and belong to a monarchy where you should be sent to. You certainly don't represent one of your constituents in one thousand. Your name and others will live on the pages of history as enemies of human liberty, an upholder of tyrants and wholesale assassinations, butcheries, etc.

“A DESCENDANT OF REVOLUTIONARY HEROES.”

This did not harm me, but it showed the intense feeling of interested parties, and,—I was sent to a monarchy later, as ambassador.

During the latter part of the session I labored hard with Speaker Reed to get the various public bills that my committee had reported favorably,—the revision of the patent law, the dramatic authors' copyright, and the classification bureau bill for the patent office, and others,—before the House. Mr. Reed took all these bills and examined them and agreed that they ought to pass; still he would not give me time, as he wanted a short session. One day when I was bearing down hard on the classification bureau bill he said to me,—“Can you pass it if I give you time?” I replied that I believed I could, on its merits, since the committee, Republicans and Democrats, unanimously favored it. He replied,—“That isn't enough. I wish you would look the House over and see who is opposed.” I made inquiry, and the only man I found who made objection was “Uncle Joe” Cannon,—now Speaker and then Chairman of the Appropriations Committee. I reported this to Mr. Reed and stated that Cannon objected on the ground of expense, while, broadly considered, it would be a great economy, both to the government and to private citizens, to pass the bills. “Can you beat Cannon?” said he. “I think so,” said I. “Won't you make a canvass and be sure?” was then his suggestion; and I followed it, through the members of the committee, with the result that I felt sure of a large majority. With this information I again visited the Speaker, and he greeted me with, “Can you beat Cannon?” “I am sure of it,” I replied. “So much the more reason for not letting you in!” ended the conversation, and the chance of passing the bill at this session.

This repressive policy of Mr. Reed's cooled the ardor of some of his friends and alienated others, which was unfortunate for his presidential candidacy. With a little less despotic control of the deliberations of the House, every Republican member not directly committed would have been enthusiastic for his nomination, and very likely he would have secured the

prize he coveted and our history have been changed. I then considered, and now consider, his the greatest intellect that we then had in public life, and I favored his presidential aspirations strongly.

The lack of opportunity to bring my committee work before the House made me feel that my time was not being used to advantage. It seemed of little use to study and perfect measures that could not be considered, and an opportunity to talk occasionally for the Congressional Record was not attractive, unless there was some accomplishment in addition. More than this, my business at home called loudly,—particularly for the development of our new loom, which went on much more slowly in my absence. I expressed these views in more or less confidence, but they got into the papers with the result that a large number of the leading Republicans of my district sent me the following letter:

“We, the undersigned Republicans in the 11th Congressional District of Massachusetts, wish to express to you our deep appreciation of the service now rendered us by you while acting as our representative in Washington. It is our earnest wish that you should again fill the same position, and we therefore urge you to become our candidate for the third time. We are persuaded to address you at this early time because of certain articles which have appeared in the public press in relation to your proposed retirement, and we hope your answer will be in accord with our wishes, but in any event, we think it wise that the people of our district should hear directly from you as to your intentions.”

I replied as follows:

“To Messrs. Edwin U. Curtis, Horace G. Allen, Samuel B. Capen, and others:

“Your very kind letter is received and has been carefully considered. I am profoundly gratified that my Congressional service has been satisfactory to gentlemen like yourselves, and have no doubt that under such circumstances I should receive a renomination and re-election if I should consent to be a candidate for a third term. I also agree with the last statement of your letter, that it is proper I should state my position

publicly, so that the Republicans of the district may know whether I am to be a candidate or not.

“After full consideration I have decided that I cannot accept another nomination. The duties of a Congressman are more engrossing than I anticipated before taking the position, particularly for a member of important committees. Including the sessions of the House, committee hearings and investigations, and public correspondence, a conscientious member must be a hard working man. Even during the recesses of Congress there is considerable public business to be done, and the greater part of the time is further occupied by political campaigns, in which a member, — and especially a candidate, — is expected to take part. It is therefore difficult, if not impossible, to take a position of any prominence in Congress and at the same time maintain an active connection with business affairs at home. Either public or private business must suffer under such circumstances.

“Making a personal application: I am the responsible head of a large industrial establishment, which, owing to special conditions, needs my full attention to-day; and I cannot do those associated with me, or those dependent upon that business, justice, unless I give it more time, at least during the next year or two.

“I must therefore, as I said before, decline to be a candidate for a third term. I thank you for the kind expressions of your letter and take this opportunity to thank also the Republicans of the district for the unvarying and hearty support which has been given me, both as a candidate and a Representative.”

These letters, when printed, called forth most flattering statements from my colleagues and the press. I will quote from only two, — the *Boston Journal* and the *Boston Herald*, — opposed in politics. The *Journal* said in editorial columns:

“General Draper’s letter to a large and representative body of citizens of his district, which the *Journal* prints to-day, makes it clear that at the end of his present term he is to withdraw from Congress. He might have continued in the public service at his own pleasure, for his course in Congress has been a credit to Massachusetts. He has been true at all times to the principles of the party which he supports, and yet has always shown that his party loyalty rested upon patriotic conviction and was exercised with independence, intelligence and moderation. The value of his services in a busi-

ness sense has been appreciated by the people of the whole State, who will share the regret of his immediate constituents that he has decided to withdraw at the end of his second term."

The *Herald* commented as follows:

"Now that Hon. William F. Draper has definitely decided not to accept a renomination, it is open for the Republicans of the 11th Congressional District to choose a fitting successor to fill his place. It is not exaggerating Mr. Draper's merits to say that he has made a conspicuous mark for himself as a Congressional Representative of Massachusetts. We feel all the more called upon to make this acknowledgment because on the subject which Mr. Draper probably looks upon as the most important before the country, — that is, the question of the tariff, — we are in entire opposition to him. We believe that both in theory and in practice his tariff views are wrong and that if realized they would not conduce to the general welfare of the country.

"But, putting this matter aside and endeavoring to make an estimate of General Draper's official career on other grounds, we can accord to him a large and practically unqualified meed of praise. On questions of international relations, which might readily involve the issues of war or peace, he has preserved, — possibly because he knows by vivid personal experience what war means, — a clear, cool head and a firm determination not to be carried off his ground by any foolish jingoish balderdash. While others around him have in the last few months indulged in vaporings and mouthings, which, for their mental credit we hope they have now the good sense to be ashamed of, he has stood for a calm, dignified national policy of having the nation, through its government, make no threat that it did not propose to execute to the letter, and hence insisting on having matters thoroughly examined and analyzed before arriving at conclusions.

"Outside of the halls of Congress General Draper has dispensed a graceful and generous hospitality, — a procedure sometimes sneered at by those who have little knowledge and experience of men and affairs, but one which, at the national capital, as well as in all the great government centres of the world, has material effect, if properly carried on, in softening political antagonisms. The result of all these features in Mr. Draper's career has been to give him a standing in Washington, after a relatively short congressional service, which few Congressmen have been able to obtain. He has been *persona grata* not only with the members of his own party but with the op-

position party and with the members of an administration holding a different political faith from that professed by him. In this way he has been in a position admirably to serve his constituents, while measures with which he has identified himself have gained, through the aid of his personality, a standing and importance that would not otherwise have been accorded to them.

“It is therefore a cause for regret that Massachusetts is to lose in the next Congress the services of one so well qualified to act for the State except in the matter of the protective tariff, and there, as we said before, it is our belief that General Draper’s influences have been hostile to the best interests of the country. But the 11th Congressional District is under ordinary conditions a Republican district, and this being the case, one must expect to have as representative of that party those who are afflicted with the party heresy. All that can be hoped for as a qualifying condition is that, in other respects, they shall prove worthy exponents of Massachusetts intelligence, courage, and honesty.

“It is to be hoped that in nominating General Draper’s successor the Republicans of the 11th District will do what they can to maintain the business traditions that General Draper has established.”

After the adjournment, June 11th, I went home to work of a different character,—the business at Hopedale and the problems of invention connected therewith. This continued till the short session, which lasted from December 7, 1896, to March 4, 1897, when my term of office expired. During this time William McKinley had been nominated by the Republican party and elected as President of the United States. At our Republican State Convention I was selected to preside and made a speech which was well received, but which I will not quote, as I have already done enough in that direction.

At the Congressional District Convention, which nominated Hon. Charles F. Sprague as my successor, the following resolution was adopted and forwarded to me:

“In meeting as the delegates of the Republicans of the 11th Mass. Congressional District to choose a successor to the seat of the Hon. William F. Draper, we feel that our duty would be but half performed if we stopped at the nomination of a new candidate. We have honored General Draper and our district, by the selection of a candi-

date who will continue the traditions of the office, but we know that our constituents desire that a public acknowledgment should be made of the universal satisfaction with General Draper's course in Congress, and that expression should be given to the widespread regret that he should feel obliged to retire from public life.

“ From his first taking his seat in the House, his clear mind, his strong character, his sound judgment, widened and deepened by an extensive acquaintance and great experience in practical affairs, gave him great influence in Congress, and that influence steadily increased as colleagues came to know him better. His prominence has honored us whose representative he was, and his intelligent and faithful performance of his duties has been of great advantage to his country. There is no word or act of his since he represented us that we regret, none of which we are not proud. But apart from our interest in him as our official representative, we have come to regard him as a personal friend, for the same qualities which have gained the esteem of his associates in public life have endeared him to us as private individuals. We trust that he will, as soon as may be, again place at the disposal of his country the ability, faithfulness and integrity which have been so valuable during the past four years.”

It is needless to say that this, like the commendations quoted earlier, of my military superiors, is counted among my priceless treasures.

During the last session I determined, if it were within the bounds of possibility, to pass at least two of the bills that had been reported by my committee,—the revision of the patent laws, and the dramatic authors' copyright bill. The former had been endorsed by several of the judges who had most to do with patent litigation, by the American Bar Association, and by the Commissioner of Patents. The Bar Association was in fact responsible for it in the first instance and some of their most eminent representatives had discussed it before our committee. The latter was a matter of simple justice, needed to complete our copyright legislation, and make it effective.

I began my efforts early in the session, and on the 10th of December secured time and brought up the dramatic authors'

bill. There was a strong opposition to it, and to ensure its passage I was obliged to accept an amendment which rendered it less drastic, but which perhaps was a real improvement to the bill. With this amendment the bill passed, and became law. There was in it one important feature of broad scope, which may prove a precedent for the extension of the powers of the United States Courts in directions outside of copyright. The bill provided that an injunction of a United States Court in one circuit should be binding not only in that circuit but all over the United States, unless reason were shown why the injunction should be set aside. Later in the season the American Dramatists Club gave a dinner in New York to the senators and representatives who were chiefly instrumental in securing the passage of this bill, including Senator Platt, the chairman of the Senate committee, and myself.

January 18th I again got time and passed the patent law revision bill, substantially without opposition, after a full explanation of the changes proposed. I will not go into details, as those specially interested in patents and patent litigation are familiar with them; and it would require a long explanation to make them interesting to others. Concerning the final passage of this bill I shall say more hereafter.

On February 9th the committee again got time, and we passed a bill against the fraudulent use of the word "copyright," which was needed to prevent a peculiar kind of fraud. It seems that large amounts of certain imported articles reached the custom houses, marked "copyright." There they were detained on account of the provision that copyrighted articles must be made in the United States. The importer then appeared and swore truthfully that the articles were not copyrighted, though so marked; and they were, under the existing law, allowed to pass and were sold under the protection of the fraudulent mark. The bill, which became law later, was intended to prevent, and so far as I know has prevented, this special fraud.

February 18th I brought up, and the House passed, a bill defining the jurisdiction of the Courts in patent suits and providing that in districts where the defendant was not a resident,

but in which he had a regular and established place of business, service of process, summons, or subpoena, might be made by service upon the agent or agents engaged in conducting such business, in the district in which suit was brought.

For several weeks in the early part of this session my friend, Mr. Hitt, the distinguished chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee, was away, and I presided over the deliberations of that committee. All this time the Cuban question was rampant, and strong efforts were being made to force the hand of President Cleveland, who occupied a conservative position, by the passage of resolutions through the Senate and House. My position, like Mr. Cleveland's, was conservative, and though the House would have passed almost any resolution, from one of sympathy with the insurgents to the recognition of Cuban independence, the majority of the committee were with me. It was necessary that all resolutions offered in the House should be referred to the committee in case a single member objected to their immediate consideration, while if a resolution were brought before the House without such objection, discussion might ensue and a vote be taken, regardless of consideration by the committee.

Speaker Reed was conservative and would not recognize a member to introduce irregularly resolutions that were opposed to his view, but it was possible that a member might obtain recognition for one object and use it for another. Besides this, the Speaker sometimes left the chair temporarily. In order, therefore, to send to the Committee the numerous resolutions offered, it was necessary that someone should be constantly on the watch, so as to make objection to the immediate consideration of anything in this line that might be offered. This was a difficult task, requiring the closest attention, as anyone familiar with the House routine and the confusion that exists there at times will understand. It was necessary to watch each man who rose and, if he were recognized by the chair, to understand the kind of proposition that was being presented and, if it referred to Cuba or anything germane thereto, to object. The conservative members of the committee organized and took

turns in what was termed "watching the House," I as acting chairman having, of course, the greatest responsibility. This continued at intervals through the session, at one time lasting about three weeks, and was sufficiently tiring to those engaged in it, this close observation being added to their other legislative work.

During this time the Senate discussed what were known as the Cameron Resolutions, — and this added to the pressure upon us. These resolutions were as follows :

"Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That the independence of the Republic of Cuba be, and the same is hereby, acknowledged by the United States of America.

"Resolved, That the United States should use its friendly offices with the Government of Spain to bring to a close the war between Spain and Cuba."

To the first of these resolutions, or at least to a similar resolution offered in the House, I was strongly opposed, and I determined that it should not be reported to the House if I could prevent it. I consulted with others of similar view, including the President and Speaker Reed, and was advised that no harm could arise from keeping it in committee, — at least, till the return of the chairman, Mr. Hitt. This I was enabled to do in spite of a tremendous pressure for a committee report of some kind, which would bring the matter before the House. For weeks I realized what it was to be sought night and day, and how difficult it is sometimes to say "No." It may appear strange that the argument I found most effective with my colleagues was not the objection to the resolutions themselves but the discourtesy that would be shown Mr. Hitt in acting upon a matter of such far-reaching importance during his temporary absence. When he arrived, his additional weight on the conservative side made further pressure useless, and the resolutions remained in committee.

I felt at the time, and have been told many times since, that I rendered the country a great service by this action. If the inde-

pendence of the so-called Republic of Cuba had been recognized at that time, before any sort of a republic was established, we should not only have had war with Spain but many disagreeable complications which we escaped; and we should have placed ourselves in an utterly untenable position. The destruction of the *Maine* was the real cause of the Spanish war, which otherwise would have been avoided by the concessions that Spain was ready to make, — and in fact, offered to make, later, to avoid hostilities.

During the winter my little daughter Margaret attended school at the White House and became a great admirer of President Cleveland, who frequently went in to see the little ones. This, with our semi-official consultations on Cuban matters, brought us into pleasant personal relations, which added to my strength in the House.

My last day in Congress was one of the most interesting of my entire service. Three bills from my committee, which I have mentioned, were before the Senate, and two of them likely to be amended, in which case further action of the House would be necessary. After various attempts the first one, — the patent revision bill, — was passed by the Senate as amended, about three P. M. I made a special arrangement with the Secretary of the Senate to get the bill brought to the House promptly, and then went to Mr. Reed, stating the situation. He at first said that he had assigned all the time and could do nothing for my committee; then after discussion agreed to hear me again when the bill came over from the Senate, which it did about half past four. Meantime he left the chair, and the Speaker *pro tem* told me that he was instructed not to take up any bill, or recognize any person not on a list given him, — and my name was not on the list.

When Mr. Reed came in I opened the question again and stated my case very strongly. He turned and walked away, and I thought all was over, but suddenly he turned again, came up where I stood, and said: "I'll give you a chance; make the best of it." This I did, and during the evening passed the revision bill and the copyright bill, while the jurisdiction

bill was passed without amendment in the Senate. I then went to see the Attorney-General, and spent an hour and a half explaining the bills to him, so that he could meet any objection likely to be raised by the President; and satisfied him that the legislation was desirable. The next morning I had the satisfaction of learning that all three bills had been signed and become law.

I wrote a friend:

“I feel proud of this record, as it is seldom that three public bills of so important a character, coming from one of the committees without right of way, are put through both Senate and House on the last day of a session.”

All through the winter there was more or less talk as to Cabinet and diplomatic appointments, and my name was connected with some of them. I was asked semi-officially if I would accept a place in the Cabinet, and replied that my ambitions were not in that direction and that plenty of able men were available. The question of a diplomatic position, however, was different. The organization of the Draper Company, consolidating my home interests and placing the manufacturing and selling departments connected therewith under the direct control of my two brothers, left me freer than I had been, as far as the ordinary routine of our business was concerned; and the official association of my son George Otis with me in the special work of developing our loom and looking after patents and litigation was a further relief. I knew that if I remained in the country I should, as I had done, keep in touch with details through daily correspondence and occasional visits, while I thought that in going abroad I needed only to be consulted on matters of vital importance. Further, my service on the Foreign Affairs Committee was an apprenticeship for a diplomatic position, and my wife (whose father had been a general, member of Congress, and foreign minister), desired that her husband, who had served in two of these positions, should add the third to his record.

When, therefore, I learned through Senator Lodge that

Massachusetts would be considered entitled to an ambassadorship under the new administration, I said that I would accept such a position if it came to me, and authorized him so to state to the President-elect. Senator Hoar joined in endorsing me, as did all my Republican colleagues from Massachusetts in the House; and I awaited the result. President-elect McKinley came to Washington a day or two before the 4th of March, and I called to pay my respects. As I left he asked me to call on him as soon as convenient after his inauguration. I did so promptly, and he said that he had been pleased with my attitude on the Cuban question and would like to have me visit Cuba and make him a special report as to conditions there. I expressed my willingness to do this but intimated that later I should be glad, if I remained in public service, to occupy such a position as my State, or its representatives, had recommended me for. Nothing was said more definitely regarding either position.

March 7th I left Washington for a visit to Mrs. Draper's relatives in Kentucky. We visited both in Louisville, where we were hospitably entertained as usual, and at Lexington, where we saw Mrs. Preston for the last time. Her health was very poor and she died the next February. She was a remarkable woman, as before stated.

I found my brother-in-law, Mr. George M. Davie, greatly pleased with the result of the presidential election. Mr. Davie, who had become the acknowledged leader of the Louisville bar, had always been a Democrat, and still was one on the tariff question; but he was a believer in sound money and opposed to socialism, and could not conscientiously support Mr. Bryan. Being an active man and looked up to as a leader, he organized the sound money Democrats of Kentucky so effectually that the State gave its electoral vote to Mr. McKinley. I may as well add here that Mrs. Draper's near relatives as a whole took the same position, and her brother, Wickliffe Preston, went further and joined the Republican party.

I returned to Washington about the middle of March, but heard nothing more from the President, either about an embassy

or a mission to Cuba. The newspapers, however, were full of discussion as to the coming appointments, and my name was so much mentioned and for so many different positions that I grew tired of reading it. All my friends, too, were asking about the probabilities, and as there was nothing that I could say definitely I went home to Massachusetts and left the matter entirely in the hands of Senators Hoar and Lodge, both of whom were my personal friends and had recommended my appointment to an embassy.

Arrived home I plunged at once into business detail and had begun to believe that I should be left free to continue it, when toward the last of the month I received a telegram that the President wished to see me. I therefore went to Washington and called again, and he joked me about keeping away from him. I told him that I thought he had pressure enough without mine and that if he wanted me I was at his service; otherwise, that I had sufficient occupation. He said that after thinking over the Cuban matter he had decided to make other arrangements but that he had decided to send in my name for ambassador to Italy within a few days.

April 1st my name was sent to the Senate, April 4th I was unanimously confirmed, and my commission was dated April 5, 1897.

CHAPTER XIX

AN AMBASSADOR

THIS seems to be a suitable place to introduce a few remarks on some of the phases of American diplomacy as it was during my service, and is now; and also a general summary of my diplomatic experience, some of the details of which will be given later as I continue my story.

Diplomacy is defined by Professor Woolsey as "The art of conducting official intercourse between foreign States." It is generally conducted by ambassadors, ministers, or other agents, accredited by a sovereign or government to other sovereigns or governments; and by ministers of foreign affairs with the representatives of other governments accredited to them. Each government has, therefore, at least two channels of communication with others, as the minister of foreign affairs may deal directly with ambassadors or ministers accredited to his government, or through his own representatives with the foreign ministers of other countries. There may be some rule governing the general practice in this matter, but if there is, it is certainly not a universal one, as in my experience I found that sometimes one plan was adopted, and sometimes the other.

Diplomatic agents differ in rank, though their duties are similar. Outside of legates and nuncios, who are the special representatives of the Pope, they may be divided in accordance with a rule laid down by the representatives of the eight leading Powers, at Vienna, together with a supplementary rule adopted at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1818. They rank as follows: (1) Ambassadors, (2) Envoys accredited to sovereigns, (3) Resident ministers, (4) Chargés d'affaires. Woolsey says: "Ambassa-

dors represent the person of their sovereign, and are received almost with equal dignity. Agents of the second class represent their sovereign rather in his affairs than in his person. Resident ministers deal usually with the state department, though representing in some degree the person and dignity of their sovereign. They are treated with less ceremony than ambassadors or envoys. *Chargés d'affaires* represent their foreign ministers only."

As a matter of fact, to-day the representatives of the greater powers are ambassadors, while those of the minor states are ministers. *Chargés* generally have only temporary position, where and when the chief of mission is absent on leave or otherwise. At Rome there are eight ambassadors, representing Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Spain, Turkey, and the United States. Other countries are represented by ministers. At Washington, (1907), we have ambassadors from Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Austria, Japan, Mexico and Brazil. Spain and Turkey, which are here represented by ministers, have ambassadors at most or all of the European courts, while ours is the only country that receives ambassadors from Mexico and Brazil, — probably because we are liable to have more important matters to discuss with them than with the other South American or Asiatic States, or the smaller European Powers.

The duties of ambassadors and ministers in this practical age are not dissimilar, but the privileges and social rank are widely different. At all state functions the ambassadors are given places above the local nobility and dignitaries except the immediate members of the royal family, and the same precedence is extended by courtesy to all private entertainments. Even in visiting a Foreign Office an ambassador is ushered in at once, though the ante-chamber may be full of ministers, some of whom may have waited for hours. This condition of affairs is said to have been largely instrumental in causing our government to send ambassadors to the principal Powers, which was first done in 1893, the rule adopted being that we would send ambassadors to such Powers as accredit ambassadors to us.

When I was appointed we had only four ambassadors in

Europe, — to England, France, Germany and Italy. Since that time Russia and Austria have been added to the list and it is likely that in time Spain and Turkey will be, to make our practice conform to that of other governments.

Coming to the duties of ambassadors, and of resident ministers, they are expected to negotiate treaties, if so instructed; to become acquainted with the institutions of the country where they reside; to protect their countrymen who are there as residents or travelers; and to represent their country in expressions of friendship or sympathy, on occasions where such expressions are required. They naturally communicate with the foreign ministers of the countries to which they are accredited, as instructed by their own state departments, and are supposed to keep fully in touch with public affairs, especially such as have a bearing on home interests.

They should be able to foresee, and if possible to prevent, occasions of governmental friction, and in general to safeguard, as far as lies in their power, the interests of their own governments and of their countrymen within their jurisdiction.

They should be versed in the rules of international law and the usages of diplomacy. A knowledge of foreign languages is also desirable, but it is not yet considered a necessary qualification for American diplomats. They should be men of high character, of good breeding, and ability in negotiation.

Most foreign nations have a specially educated corps of diplomatic officers with a regular system of promotion and rewards for successful service. The more important countries have also residences for their representatives in foreign capitals and pay their diplomats of high rank sufficient salaries to live on a grand scale and entertain extensively. The United States has a different system, but I will not say that it is a better one, although under it we have so far succeeded fairly well. We conquered the great rebellion with volunteers, but that is not a good reason for disbanding our regular army and navy, closing West Point and Annapolis, and trusting to luck in finding suitable officers and soldiers when an emergency comes.

Our manner of appointment, in most cases, seems to be based

on the theory that an American citizen of fair ability and political influence requires no special training for any position. The appointments are apportioned among the several States, more or less arbitrarily, and the senators from those States, (if belonging to the party in power), practically select the candidates for appointment by the President. In some cases the President selects personal friends, or men whom he considers especially fitted; but even then, the claims of locality are considered. This plan does not in all cases secure diplomats "versed in international law and the usages of diplomacy," and it frequently gives places to men who cannot speak or write any foreign language; but it does ensure foreign representatives of local prominence, well versed in American politics, and endowed with good common sense.

Under these conditions our diplomats have generally been able to hold their own, in serious negotiation, with those of other countries; and they learn the minor details more or less promptly. I, however, believe that examination in certain requisites, — like international law and foreign languages, — would be desirable for the minor appointments and that promotion where merit is shown should then be general, as it is in the service of other nations.

Again, our system of general change when parties change in this country, or even when a new President of the same party is elected, makes a diplomatic career well nigh impossible. The diplomat's position, therefore, becomes a mere episode, — though a most dignified and honorable episode, — in the life of an appointee to a high position; and the country suffers, or is liable to suffer, from the more or less frequent substitution of inexperienced for experienced representatives.

Another fair criticism on our diplomacy is the insufficient compensation given, especially in the higher positions. Our ambassadors at London, Paris, Berlin, and I think St. Petersburg, receive \$17,500 per annum, and at Rome the salary is only \$12,000. There are no incidental expenses paid, such as rent, special service, or even traveling expenses to and from America. In the British service the salaries of ambassadors are

from £6,000 to £9,000, — \$30,000 to \$45,000 per annum, (Lord Currie at Rome received £9,000), and in addition thereto they have the occupancy of a diplomatic residence, kept in order by the government, and a corps of servants furnished for all but strictly personal requirements. Further, British diplomats are retired with a pension, at the age of seventy years; and receive meantime various orders and decorations, as recognition for faithful service, including titles of nobility in many cases, — in all cases, in the higher positions that I have in mind. In the French service the pay and regular allowances of ambassadors range from \$22,000 to \$42,000 per annum, and in addition they have the use of the diplomatic residences, with more or fewer servants, travelling expenses to and from their posts, and allowances for furnishing and installation when a change of post is made. They also have the right to retire with a pension after thirty years' service, and receive decorations for service from their own government and, by courtesy, from others.

Without referring to the special honors and rewards that foreign diplomats receive and ours do not, it is evident that in the ordinary expenses of living, an American representative cannot hold his own in the larger capitals, — to say nothing of doing credit to his country in entertainment, — unless he is a wealthy man, willing to spend his substance for the prestige of his government. At London and Paris and Berlin and Rome at least, — and probably at St. Petersburg and Vienna, — an ambassador must spend not less than three times his salary, to live and entertain in the style maintained by his colleagues. My expenses in Rome were easily five times my salary.

This makes it necessary in selecting ambassadors, to consider not only ability and fitness, but the choice must be made from men of large private fortune. This is not democratic and it is not conducive to the best service; but so it must continue until our government recognizes that men in high position, as well as low, must be adequately remunerated. We pay our lower grades of service double what similar work commands in the market; but for a position requiring ability, our compensation is only a fraction of what a competent man can earn in private life.

A marked change is taking place in American diplomacy and, it appears to me, in the diplomacy of other nations as well, though not as yet to the same extent. This change is evident even since my service. It may be summed up in the statement that ambassadors and ministers have less power and are allowed less initiative than formerly. Further, their advice is less frequently asked for and is less influential when given. If anyone doubts this, let him compare the full newspaper discussions of to-day regarding any international question with the scanty references to most such questions a few years ago. Let him also remember that until quite recently the facts necessary for intelligent discussion could not ordinarily reach the press from sources outside the government, and that they were only given out when the government had some object to gain in making them public.

If we in America go much farther in this direction, our service must lose in value and importance; and the plan already advocated, of substituting for resident diplomats special agents of the State Department, to be sent only in emergencies, would have more support. This surely would be better than to have our embassies and legations degenerate into merely social positions, or headquarters for the travelling public, — with the incidental function of transmitting letters and telegrams from the State Department to the various Foreign Offices, and obtaining and returning replies.

Much, of course, can be said for the social side of diplomacy, but if that is to be preëminent we should send representatives who can speak foreign languages, and pay them enough to justify their living in the style prevalent among the representatives of other great Powers.

The principal reason for the change above noted arises from the wonderfully increased ease and promptness of international communication, and the enterprise of the newspaper press. Reporters have access to Foreign Offices, and the general state of public feeling is as open to them as to diplomatic representatives, and perhaps even more so. Little, in time of peace, that has national importance, seems to be known to our State

Department before it appears in the daily press, and the clippings from foreign journals that are included in many despatches could be easily obtained through consular or other channels.

Republican diplomacy, especially, labors under great disadvantages, from the fact that the recommendations of Chiefs of Mission cannot in many cases be adopted by the State Department without laying them before a Congress or Chamber of Deputies, for action or discussion. These discussions reach the press, even if favorable action is taken, and through the press foreign powers have full information, not only of the action taken but of the reasons for the recommendation. Secrecy, which has been thought necessary in many cases, therefore becomes impossible, as the diplomatic cards have to be exposed on the table. I am not criticizing this condition, but mention it as a reason why diplomacy seems to be less relied upon in many cases than formerly.

Again, questions between nations are becoming very largely commercial, and the average diplomat lacks knowledge and experience in that very direction. In fact, under the hitherto prevailing *régime*, commercial questions have been considered as pertaining to the consular, rather than to the diplomatic, service, and though ambassadors and ministers signed commercial treaties they were generally canvassed and agreed upon by experts in advance.

As before stated, my appointment was based on the recommendation of Senators Hoar and Lodge of my own State. My qualifications have been sufficiently delineated in my memoirs so far, but may be summarized, I suppose, in the statement that I had considerable political influence and had had four years' experience as a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives, having been acting chairman a large part of the last session.

Further than this, my experience included military service in time of war and a successful business career, while I could speak French with fluency and write it with ease and reasonable correctness. These latter qualifications may have had little

weight in my appointment, but they were of great value to me during my service. I should add that both Senators Hoar and Lodge were personal friends, and that the former was very fond of me, as I was of him. He said to me, on more than one occasion and in the presence of others, that he hoped I would succeed to the senatorship from Massachusetts when his own labors therein were finished.

In leaving for Italy I expected to receive special instructions, but none were given, except the general rules contained in a little book furnished by the State Department, and a request to do what I could toward removing the obstacles then existing to the importation of American meats into Italy. In this I was successful, as will appear later. President McKinley, before I left, told me that if he had other special instructions they would be forwarded in due course; otherwise he trusted to my judgment and good sense.

I learned later that initiative in a diplomat is not a desirable quality; that in large matters an ambassador is expected to be what some one has called "a clerk at the end of a wire;" and that in small ones he is liked better if he uses his own judgment without bothering the Department with detail. I made occasional reports as to Italian conditions and politics, but it is fair to say that they were never asked for or commented on.

With my business habits I spent several hours each day at the Embassy, but judging from what I have seen and observed since, a perfunctory attention to business would have answered just as well, — except just before, and during, the Spanish war, when I was really required to be busy. However, I should not have enjoyed my life as well if I had done less, so that, from the personal standpoint if no other, I pursued the wisest course.

Outside of the war time, the principal questions between us and Italy related to murders of Italians in our country and compensation for their families, to details affecting Italian immigration, (a sufficiently fertile subject), and to questions of citizenship, concerning which I tried hard to make a treaty. There was also a long negotiation in connection with the Cer-

ruti claim between Italy and Colombia, in which the President of the United States was arbitrator. Various questions in connection with this were discussed and settled during my administration. There were also interesting commercial questions, particularly as to so-called reciprocity, and the "most favored nation" clause of our commercial treaty, to which I shall refer briefly later. Church questions also came in indirectly, but I kept as clear of them as possible, owing to the strained relations between the Vatican and the Italian Government, to which I was accredited.

On two occasions while I was in Rome, the Embassy was surreptitiously entered at night, evidently for the purpose of reading my correspondence with the State Department, as nothing was stolen and the records were disarranged. This suggested dealings of a mediæval or Machiavellian character, but I never had a real clue as to who was so much interested in my correspondence.

Outside of the business to be transacted, which was less than at London or Paris, and possibly at some other posts, the position of ambassador in Rome was delightful. To say nothing of historical associations, the winter life there is exceedingly pleasant and interesting, — pleasant because of the mild climate, which no other of the great capitals, with the exception of Washington, possesses, and interesting, not only from the artist's or student's but from the social standpoint. The court is a gay one, or was while I was there, and the royal family gave many entertainments, large and small, to which the diplomats were invited and at which ambassadors were singled out for attention. The diplomatic corps almost without exception were hospitable, and outside of formal entertainments, of which they gave many, their palaces were always open to colleagues.

The Italian nobility was divided in sentiment between church and state, those favoring the Italian Government being known as "Whites," and the papal party being called "Blacks." Our social intercourse, except in an informal way, was with

the former, and though they gave few dinners, their entertainments in other directions were always attractive, and sometimes brilliant.

For the American ambassador, too, the American colony was most sympathetic. This colony was not large, but had been the most permanent of any of our settlements abroad. Made up of cultured people of means and social position, it made a newly arriving diplomat from their country feel at home from the first.

Lastly, all prominent Americans abroad seemed to make a sojourn of weeks or months at Rome during the winter, giving an ambassador an opportunity to do favors for, and make more or less intimate acquaintance with, distinguished men from all sections of his country, as well as to entertain his former acquaintances and friends.

Taking it all in all, after seeing more or less of the social life in all the great capitals, and leaving out the question of the amount of work to be done, I would prefer the position of ambassador in Rome to any other foreign position in the gift of the American government. Rome is gayer than any capital except London and Paris, and in those cities society is so large that an ambassador counts for less than in Rome, outside of the Foreign Office. Again, in Paris there is now no court, and though I am a good republican, there is no doubt that the court functions and ceremonials add an interest to the lives of those who take part in them, even if only for a time, as is the case with American diplomats.

Returning to detail, my appointment was well received by the press as a rule, though one or two papers represented me as a chronic office seeker and others showed their knowledge by criticizing my supposed lack of linguistic attainments,—the fact being that my ability to speak Italian and German to a moderate extent and French fluently were among my strong points in my new position. However, it is easier to criticize without inquiry than to ascertain facts for a fair basis of criticism.

I was offered a public dinner by friends in Boston, and another

in my home towns, Milford and Hopedale, but declined both, owing to the pressure of arranging my affairs and preparing for departure. With my family I sailed May 15th on the ill-fated *Bourgogne*, and after a comfortable passage reached Paris May 23rd. A fellow passenger on the vessel was Mrs. Senator Hale, whose son, Chandler Hale, had been appointed my secretary of Embassy and preceded me to Rome by two or three weeks but had been taken seriously ill within a few days after arrival.

When we reached Paris Mrs. Draper had sundry purchases to make, requiring a few days' time; and as there was nothing of importance requiring my immediate presence at the Embassy, I saw Mrs. Hale off on the train and waited for my family to be ready to accompany me. General Horace Porter, the new ambassador to France, arrived in Paris just after I did, and was entertained royally by the American colony; and I, being largely acquainted among them, was included in these dinners and receptions as long as I remained.

After about ten days our preparations were completed and we took train for Rome, arriving on the evening of June 6th. At the station I was received by the consul-general, Mr. Wallace S. Jones, and the personnel of his office,—also by Dr. Nevin, the rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, and Mr. Waldo Story, the celebrated sculptor. They escorted us to the Grand Hotel, where the best suite of rooms was ready, and we made ourselves comfortable there for a few weeks. The next morning I went to the Embassy and found a fortnight's accumulation of mail awaiting me, and no secretary, owing to Mr. Hale's illness. My predecessor, Mr. MacVeagh, had closed up pending business as far as possible and left for home about two months before. I have omitted to say, and may as well say here, that I met him by appointment in Washington just before sailing, and that he gave me full information as to matters that remained open and valuable hints regarding matters unofficial, as well as official, in Rome. Mr. Larz Anderson, his secretary, remained until the arrival of Mr. Hale, as he had been deferring his marriage with a charming New

England girl, Miss Isabel Perkins, until he was free to return home. Mr. Hale's illness, therefore, left me obliged to commence my correspondence with my own hand,—something I had not been used to for years. Mr. Jones placed the force of the consulate at my disposal, but diplomatic and consular affairs being dissimilar, I was obliged to draw on my own knowledge and intuition for many details that usually are attended to by secretaries. The experience was valuable, though a little annoying at the time.

I, however, notified the Minister of Foreign Affairs of my presence, in due form, and asked for an audience with His Majesty, King Humbert, at his earliest convenience.

There was no pressure of business, as I have before stated; still there was considerable detail requiring attention, one item being a request to find and send home a certain American lady, whose friends preferred that she should return rather than to forward funds for her support so far away. (This duty was duly attended to.)

I met the minister,—the Marquis Visconti Venosta,—promptly and pleasantly, and commenced relations which ripened into real friendship. He was counted one of the ablest and most distinguished diplomats in Europe, and in all our relations I found that his word was as good as his bond.

The American colony received Mrs. Draper and myself with great cordiality, and for some weeks we were entertained nightly at dinners and receptions. Among those who entertained us then and remained close friends all through my term of service were Dr. Nevin and Mr. Story, before mentioned, Mr. Wurts, long connected with the diplomatic corps, there and elsewhere, Monsignor O'Connell, the head of the American College, Monsignor Denis O'Connell, a former head of the same institution, Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Field, Mr. and Mrs. Haseltine, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Hurlbert, Mr. Greenough, Mr. Franklin Simmons, Mr. Elihu Vedder, and Mr. Abbott, the head of the American Academy. We were also entertained immediately by the British ambassador, Sir Clare Ford, who did not wait for my formal presentation before extending hospitality.

About a fortnight after my arrival I received notice that His Majesty, King Humbert, would grant me a formal audience for the presentation of my credentials, June 29th. At the appointed time the state carriages drove up, with the Marquis Scozia di Calliano, and I was escorted to the palace and received in due form. It is customary for an arriving diplomat to make a little speech when presented, and I had mine prepared and committed in English, as a matter of course. When the Marquis Scozia arrived at the hotel, however, he said that King Humbert had learned from the Minister of Foreign Affairs that I spoke French, and desired me to make my address in that language, as he did not understand English well. I had some misgivings, as I had committed the speech to memory in English and it would be a tax to remember and translate it at the same time, especially on such an occasion; but I felt that this was the time to make an effort, and replied, "Certainly, if His Majesty desires it." All the way to the palace, with the crowds cheering the royal carriages, I rode, mentally translating what I had to say, so that I would not stumble over an unexpected word or expression. Arrived, I was received by the royal guard, with arms presented; then by a long line of gentlemen-in-waiting; then was introduced into a large and magnificent hall, in the centre of which stood the King. Count Gianotti, the prefect of the palace, accompanied me, and after three bows, — one on entering the hall, one half way to His Majesty, and the third as we nearly reached him, — he made the presentation and retired. I then went on with my speech, and when it was finished the King replied, and we conversed on formal topics, and the relations of the two countries, for nearly an hour. It was an impressive experience, standing in the centre of this large hall, face to face with a monarch and alone with him, — meantime conversing in a language not my own, on whatever topics were suggested by him. Like a good American citizen, however, I felt no *mauvaise honte* and my French came fluently. After the speech was over, the conversation was very interesting, principally relating to America and to my army experience, I having been presented as *General Draper*. At the close His Majesty bade me good-by,

sending remembrances to President McKinley, and I retired backwards, repeating the three bows, and returned to the royal carriage that awaited me, passing by the gentlemen-in-waiting and the royal guard, again drawn up in line.

A few days later, July 6th, Mrs. Draper and I were received by Queen Margherita, but with much less ceremony, except as to entering and leaving the apartment. She seemed to us the impersonation of what royalty should be and received us most graciously, expressing the desire that our relations should be something more than formal. Although the reception was in the afternoon, Mrs. Draper was required to go in evening dress. At other visits of a less formal character, afternoon dress was worn.

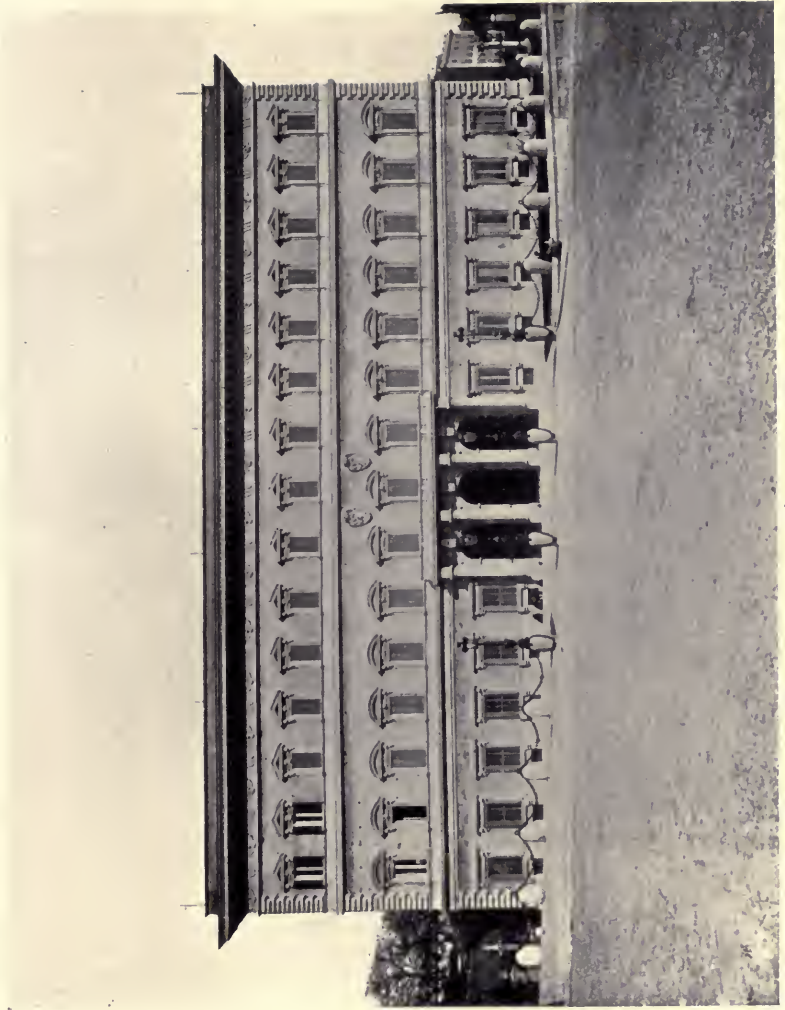
Although it is not considered good form for a diplomat to go into detail in reminiscences which are to be printed, my common sense tells me that there can be no harm in general reference to matters that have been fully discussed in the public press, or in mentioning incidental details that have no bearing upon public negotiation. In this view I will state that my first negotiation of importance had to do with the removal of the special restrictions on the importation into Italy of American meats, and that in this I was entirely successful. The result was a largely increased market for our meat products, which was duly appreciated by our exporters. This required many arguments and conferences, and served to bring me into close relations at the Foreign Office.

On the 4th of July I gave a reception to Americans in Rome, and was pleased to greet 220 of my compatriots, — many more than I had expected to find in Rome at this season, when the so-called "world" had left for the mountains and the seashore. The season was excessively hot, the thermometer each day registering nearly or quite 100 degrees Fahrenheit, and I was anxious to join the summer exodus, but before doing so courtesy required that I should make calls in person, and by appointment in advance, on my colleagues, or such as still remained in town; also I had to secure apartments for my family on my return, as it is not considered good form for an ambassador to remain permanently at a hotel. My predecessor, Mr. MacVeagh, had

occupied the Palazzo Piombino, now the home of Queen Margherita. It is a fine structure on the Via Veneto, occupying with its grounds a part of the ancient gardens of Sallust. The palace is comparatively modern, though it includes much ancient material, and it was counted the most comfortable, as well as one of the most beautiful, palaces of Rome. It was provided with an immense heating apparatus (*calorifère*) and elevators, as well as art treasures. In a part of the ground floor was the Boncompagni Museum with its famous statues, while at the foot of the grand marble staircase was Bernini's "Rape of Proserpine." Without completing a description now, I will say that Mr. MacVeagh had rented it furnished from the prince, but that was now impossible, since the Bank of Italy, or rather, a syndicate of banks, had foreclosed a mortgage on the building, and the prince proposed to remove his furniture. Though I was much pleased with the palace and desired to keep up with the scale established by my predecessor, I was dismayed at the idea of furnishing a palace 250 x 50 feet, besides a wing; and before deciding I looked at all the apartments in Rome available for such a purpose. The result was that I came back to the Piombino, which my wife had wanted all the time; and arranged with the bank for rent and with the prince for the purchase of tapestries and sundry large articles of furniture that were made for the places they occupied. We then called furnishers into consultation, ordering a complete *ameublement*, much or most of which had to be made to order, to accord with rooms 50 or 60 feet square and 35 feet high. The grand gallery, which was one of the handsomest I have seen anywhere, was 160 feet long and of the height before stated.

These arrangements being made we left about the middle of July for our summer trip, leaving my private secretary, Mr. Lane, who had arrived from America, to superintend the furnishing and preparations for housekeeping.

Before referring to that, I will mention one or two amusing requests that came to me, as indicating some of the demands made upon American diplomats. A letter came from a Texas man, who had been to Monte Carlo and lost the \$10,000 that



PALAZZO PIOMBINO, ROME.

he had counted on to furnish a European trip for himself and family. He wrote that when he had lost all his money the managers of the gaming house gave him fifty dollars to get away with, but, as he said, that sum would not take him and his family back to Texas. He suggested that if I would write to them, they would furnish him with tickets home. I replied that Monte Carlo was in France, not in Italy, and advised him to make his application to General Porter, our ambassador in Paris, thinking that would rid me of him. He, however, returned to the charge, asking that I would write, if not for his sake, for the sake of his poor wife and children. Getting tired, I wrote that I failed to see why I should care more for his wife and children than he had; and he closed the correspondence by writing that he desired no moral lectures.

Another man, — this one an Italian, — wrote that he was tired of his citizenship and desired to become an American: meantime, while he was arranging matters, would I send a ship of war to Palermo to protect him.

Still another wrote, with cabalistic signs, that I was the beast mentioned in Revelation, with the head of an eagle and the body of a lion, and that the world was waiting for me to reconcile the Vatican and the Quirinal.

American diplomats are allowed sixty days' vacation each year, and time *en route* besides if they get leave to visit America; but I had left America so recently that I took my sixty days in Switzerland, together with a little visit to Paris. In Switzerland we sojourned at Lucerne and St. Moritz, and realized in the assignment of rooms and little attentions received in travel some of the incidental advantages of a diplomatic position, — best rooms, first seats, reserved compartments, and *highest prices*.

While at St. Moritz my attention was called to the fact that an American lady was being blackmailed by a so-called Italian nobleman, though I had doubts of the validity of his title. I had no power in Switzerland, but I called the attention of the authorities to the matter and they ordered an investigation. When the crucial time came, however, the lady refused to give evidence, and I could go no further. I mention this to show

some of the dangers that susceptible American ladies incur in Europe, even in high social circles.

In going to Paris we met my brother-in-law, before mentioned, Mr. Davie, and his charming wife, Mrs. Draper's sister, and made a deliberate round of the cafés and theatres, — other entertainments being out of season. Returning we visited Venice, where the American cruiser *San Francisco* also made a visit of a few days, with Admiral Selfridge on board. We interchanged entertainments, and were also dined and wined by Venetian residents, official and otherwise. This time did not count against my leave, as we were in Italy, and we returned to Rome about the middle of October, the royal family and court being still away.

Our first business was to get settled in our palace, which was a work of considerable time, despite the pushing which Mr. Lane had done. Furniture had not all arrived, and when placed more was required; more tapestries and paintings seemed needed on the walls; all the practical troubles of a new home had to be discovered and remedied; and then there was the securing and organization of nearly a score of servants, only three of whom had come from America with us. Service is cheap in Italy, but a great number is required in entertaining houses, and I think that I had fewer than my colleagues, — at least, fewer were in sight in receiving calls and giving entertainments, even though in the latter case extra ones were secured. At an ambassador's palace, or an Italian's of high position, from six to ten domestics received callers, or stood at various points to direct them, — so that my ordinary force of a porter and aid below and four men in the ante-chamber seemed small. Even as it was, however, it required several times the salary of an ambassador of the United States to keep it running with reasonable credit.

Among other items of personalty I was very glad to receive as a loan from Mrs. Preston the gold service, which had ornamented her table in Madrid, General Preston having purchased it while he was minister there, in 1860. This was equal, or superior, to any similar service in Rome, and its history added

to its value in the eyes of our colleagues, who considered it evidence of at least one generation of ancestry.

During the summer, owing to Mr. Hale's illness, or perhaps to my representation that an Embassy needed at least two secretaries, I was given another, — Mr. Lewis Morris Iddings, — and he arrived and commenced his duties during my absence. Mr. Hale also returned, having married a charming bride, — Miss Rachel Cameron, — but after a few weeks his doctors decided that he could not endure the Roman climate, and he resigned. Mr. Iddings was made first secretary, and Mr. Richard C. Parsons, Jr., was appointed his successor. Captain Scriven, the military attaché, who had been in Greece during the Turkish War, and Lieutenant Niblack, the naval attaché, also arrived, and the staff of the Embassy was full.

This may be a good place to mention my colleagues, who became, — I may say, without exception, — personal friends. The diplomatic corps at Rome has the reputation of being more *lié*, — more intimate in personal relations one with the other, — than in most other capitals. Perhaps it is because Rome is a smaller city and hence has less diverse interests, than London or Paris, Berlin, Vienna, or Petersburg. At any rate, my experience confirmed the tradition.

There are eight ambassadors to the Italian court, not to mention the ambassadors to the Vatican, with whom our relations were not intimate, owing to the differences between the Holy See and the Italian Government. When I arrived, M. Billot, the French ambassador, was the dean, and he was succeeded later by M. Barrère, who still remains. The British ambassador was Sir Clare Ford, who retired on account of age and was succeeded by Lord Currie. The German ambassador, von Bülow, was promoted just as I reached Rome, and Baron von Saurma, whom I had known as German minister in Washington, replaced him. After a year or more he resigned on account of ill health, and General Count Wedel was named. He remained in Rome the rest of my stay, but has since been transferred to Vienna. Baron Pasetti represented Austria and Hungary all the time I was there, and after M. Billot's

resignation became the dean of the corps. M. de Nelidow was the Russian ambassador, and Rechid Bey the Turkish, during the most of my service, and both are still in service, the former having presided recently over the Hague conference. The Spanish Embassy alternated between Count Benomar and M. del Mazo, as Spain, like the United States, changes her diplomatic representatives with changes of parties.

Among the ministers with whom I became really intimate, were Messrs. Van Loo, Vasconcellos, Westenberg, de Bildt, Canevaro, Hurtado, Tucher, Reventlow, Carlin, and Regis de Oliveira. Of these, only Messrs. de Bildt, Vasconcellos, and Hurtado, remain in Rome (1907), while Canevaro, (the Duke of Zoagli), was killed in a railway accident in Spain, and the others have passed over the river, or represent their governments in other capitals.

After my installation was completed I found it necessary to systematize my time at the Embassy and at home as well, owing principally to the large number of callers coming at all sorts of hours. I settled on a routine which I followed as nearly as possible, during the rest of my stay, — at least, as far as the business part was concerned. I was called at eight unless I had been out overlate the night before. After toilet, coffee, and looking after household matters, including sorting the *cartes de visite* received the day before, I walked to the Embassy, arriving about ten.

This reference to cards suggests a digression. It is essential in Rome that cards should be promptly returned. An ambassador told me that he should cause himself less trouble in making a mistake at the Foreign Office in a matter of detail, than in allowing cards to remain more than twenty-four hours without return. It is not necessary, except in special cases, to return them in person; and I followed the fashion of the other embassies in sending a liveried servant around daily with Mrs. Draper's and my return cards. This occupied a large part of his time, as I had an average during the season of perhaps fifty cards to return daily, and sometimes the number reached several hundred. A little story apropos of cards may

come in well here, even if it makes my narrative seem rambling. A good lady visiting in Rome left her card; ours were promptly returned. She left another, and the same day ours went back. She then wrote Mrs. Draper a letter, stating that she had called twice in person and that we had replied by sending cards and that she was not accustomed to such treatment. Mrs. Draper gave me the letter for reply, and I was obliged to say that Mrs. Draper would be glad to see her at the palace on her reception day, and that, if she had business, I would see her at the Embassy, but that twenty-four hours a day were not enough for us to return all our cards by visits in person.

Coming back to the division of the day. From ten to twelve I read and dictated replies to despatches and letters received, and attended to other matters of business. After twelve I gave an hour to receiving calls, either of a personal or business character. This was a sufficiently busy time, as there was much business of a minor character that required personal interviews, and a great many travellers called to pay their respects to the ambassador, or to ask for information or official favors. The ambassador enjoyed many of these calls, as they brought him in touch with interesting men and home matters; but some were neither interesting nor profitable. The bore never knows when he has finished his visit, and the man who wants an impossible favor is very persistent.

I adopted the reception hour after an experience with the ordinary plan of seeing callers when they arrived, and found that it made the transaction of the Embassy business much easier. It gave me certain hours each day substantially free from interruption.

At one I walked home to breakfast, if not invited out. After breakfast we gave an hour to French or Italian, principally the former, as I used it entirely at the Foreign Office, and it was the language of society, even in Italian houses. I then returned to the Embassy to read and sign what I had dictated and see if anything else had come up requiring attention. At four Mrs. Draper came with the carriage, and we either drove (generally to the Pincio) or went to afternoon teas and

receptions, of which there were several daily during the season.

We returned to the palace in time to dress for dinner, which as a rule was a formal meal, either at home or at the house of some colleague or friend. We gave not less than one formal dinner or breakfast per week, generally to parties of twenty-four, and we averaged during the season five weekly dinners outside, — some weeks the whole seven evenings being taken. After dinners came balls, receptions, and card parties, which occupied at least half the evenings up to twelve or one o'clock.

This was the regular routine. Of course, there were variations, as for instance, once a week I went to the Foreign Office and oftener when special business called; and once a week I went to play whist in the afternoon with a party of intimates, at my friend Mr. Herriman's, — as he was unable to go out in the evening. There I met regularly the Belgian minister, Van Loo, and Vasconcellos, the minister from Portugal, (the latter said to be the best whist player in Europe), Count Barbiellini-Amadei, dear Mr. Haseltine, since gone across the river, Mr. Wurts, before mentioned, and others casually, — two tables being generally made up.

Soon after my return to Rome an order was issued by the government, forbidding all dentists to practise in Italy who had not received an Italian degree in medicine and surgery, there being no special degree there for dentistry. This caused great consternation among the dozen or more American practitioners, who were established in Italy and were counted by far the best there and included the highest officials among their patrons. I visited the Foreign Office at once; detailed not only the loss to these gentlemen, but to their clients, if the order was enforced; and obtained its temporary suspension, which, in spite of occasional discussion, continued during my stay in Rome, and I think ever since.

Questions arose over some of the reciprocity treaties being negotiated, and their bearing on the "most favored nation" clause of the treaty with Italy. Without entering into my

discussions at the Foreign Office or with the Department of State, I quote from letters sent to prominent men at home, on the subject, as the question of so-called reciprocity is still under consideration. I wrote :

“ Suppose for example, that Italy should make a commercial treaty with Russia and, as an equivalent for concessions made in the Russian tariff, admit Russian petroleum oil at a lower duty than she charges on American oil, would the United States have any ground for complaint under the ‘ most favored nation ’ clause of the treaty, when we are making, or trying to make, these reciprocity arrangements with other nations? Would not commercial treaties, giving special concessions to certain European nations, deprive us of any reasonable ground for protest, if other nations make special treaties among themselves, and shut out American goods? ”

And again :

“ I feel that we are making a great mistake in trying to act under the reciprocity clauses with any of the European governments. It may be all right in South America, where the exports are of a different class from our home productions, but if pursued here it can only result, I fear, in tariff reprisals, in which we may get the worst of it.”

I also found evidence of a traffic in, or exchange of American naturalization papers. Italians who had never been in America, as well as many who had been there an insufficient time to be legally naturalized, were said to have these papers in their possession and to ask immunity from military service in Italy on account of them, and sometimes to sell them to those contemplating emigration to our country. This general subject I will refer to later.

December 12th I had another private audience with King Humbert. I do not propose to mention each such interview, but this one established relations most pleasing to me, which, under the circumstances, are worth noting. This time the reception was in a room of ordinary dimensions, (for Italy), a kind of library or writing room. After my bows I commenced to thank him for the honor done me, etc., when he broke in, — “ Oh, General, leave that to the other ambassadors; we are

old soldiers." He then asked me to smoke, lit a match for me, sat down and insisted that I should sit also, and we gossiped as man to man for an hour. This was the style of my audiences after this time; and I had many of them.

December 30th came the annual diplomatic reception, an occasion where only diplomats and their wives are received — not like ours in America, where the diplomats are only a small fraction of those invited, and where the great mass of those never meet them at any other time. I wrote concerning this one:

"Last night we went to the diplomatic reception at the royal palace, — everybody in full uniform, and the ladies in their handsomest jewels and court trains. It was the most magnificent sight in a social way that I have yet seen. Both the King and Queen passed down the line and chatted from five to ten minutes with each ambassador, and spoke with every minister or chief of mission. I wore my general's uniform, as authorized by the regulations, so that I did not seem out of place in the gay throng. I rather think there is an advantage in separating the social state functions from the business of the government, as is done here. The ministers are responsible for administration, while royalty devotes itself largely to display, which gives an *éclat* to the head of the State that is probably of real value. I think it tends to consolidate a people and give it a national pride. The disadvantages I will not now discuss."

About this time there came a great pressure for presentations at court. My predecessor, Mr. MacVeagh, had told me that he found more trouble from the pressure in this direction than from all the rest of his diplomatic duties. Under the rule, any American desiring presentation was required to apply through the American ambassador, and a large fraction of our ladies visiting Rome came with this end in view. The first drawing room was held January 24, 1898, and the second, February 14th. Sixteen presentations were assigned me for each occasion. By the middle of January I had over a hundred applications, mostly from ladies, and most of the applicants called in person or sent their friends, — in some cases, both, — to urge their claims. I explained the situation fully

to each one, and gave none any hope, except a few, who, by the official position of their husbands or for other reasons were clearly entitled to recognition. Most of the others were good American ladies, — wives, widows, or daughters of American business or professional men, — against whom nothing could be said, but who possessed no special reason, one over the other, for selection. However, taking into account the court intimation that wives with their husbands were preferred to ladies alone and that divorcées were not desired, together with the principle of priority of application when there was no other reason, I made out my lists and sent them forward.

A day or two after I had done so, I received a letter from a lady, asking that her name and her daughter's should be sent in. I was obliged to reply that the lists were complete and the first one forwarded. She replied that she wished to be on the first list, as she desired to go out in Rome, and could not wait for the second, which would leave her little time before Lent. I wrote, regretting that there was no place, and supposed the incident closed. Then for two or three days various people called, to say that they hoped the X——s would be on the presentation list. As they all seemed to be inspired, I gave them all the same answer. Finally, a day or two before the drawing room, the lady called in person and desired to know if I had anything against her. I replied, nothing, but that it was impossible to put a gallon into a pint bottle. She then wanted to know if I couldn't get the bottle (the list) enlarged. I told her that perhaps I could, but that I was unwilling to make a request that could properly be refused. She then asked if I would present her if *she* could get the list enlarged, and I replied that I would if she would get it enlarged by ten persons, as there were some others that I should want to include if the number were increased. This I thought ended the matter again, but I did not count on the enterprise of an American woman in earnest. The last evening before the presentation I met Count Gianotti, the master of ceremonies, at dinner. Over the cigars he asked me if I knew Mrs. X——. I said that I did, and told the story. He replied, "I have been bedevilled about her for two days, but I

admire her push, and you may send in her name and that of her daughter." "Not unless I send ten more," I said. "All right," said he, "Send them all in," — and I did.

I presented seven men and nineteen ladies at the first drawing room, and three men and sixteen ladies at the second. Queen Margherita is reported to have asked if there were so many more women than men in America, being, like most Europeans, unable to understand the large proportion of ladies among our travellers abroad.

The next year drawing rooms were given up, and private presentations, limited to "persons of high official position, or national reputation," took their place. This was a great relief to the American ambassador. The others were under very much less pressure, as American travellers for pleasure exceed all others put together, and the representatives of countries having a court list needed to ask applicants but one question, — "Have you been presented at home," — and to verify the reply.

The 16th of January we were invited to the diplomatic court dinner. It was, as might be expected, a brilliant affair, — and Mrs. Draper sat on the left of the King. I was assigned the Duchess Zoagli, and sat between her and the Baroness Pasetti, the Austrian ambassadress, — a few seats from His Majesty. Mrs. Draper ranked me, she having become second among the diplomatic ladies by the changes made, while I ranked third among the ambassadors. Rechid Bey, who was second on the list, had no wife, or, at least, none in Rome. Turkish ladies, if the wives of Mahometans, do not leave their country under ordinary circumstances.

On the 19th we attended, officially, the Victor Emanuel Mass at the Pantheon. It was a most imposing ceremony, — a combination of church pageantry and military show, with perhaps the finest vocal music I had ever heard. Seats were reserved for the diplomatic corps.

On the 27th of January came my official reception, a function which is supposed to present a newly arrived ambassador to society, though it usually takes place several months after his arrival, when he knows the society pretty well, if he has any

talent in that direction. The invitations are really under the charge of the court chamberlain, though not entirely so, and presentations of those arriving are made to the ambassador and ambassadress by gentlemen detailed from the sovereign's household. In my case I was furnished with a list of the court who *must* be invited, — as must also the diplomatic corps in full. Then we selected as many as we chose from the Embassy visiting list, or from residents who had left cards. This list was examined by Count Gianotti, and those who had been presented at court allowed to stand, while others were struck out, — except in the case of my own country people, of whom I was at liberty to invite as many as I chose. The occasion was a success. A correspondent wrote:

“The reception was splendidly managed. Though there were 600 guests there was plenty of room. The music in the ball-room, the beautiful flowers and trailing ivy and rare plants, the Italian and American flags, the rich Gobelin tapestries, the great works of art purchased by the ambassador and Mrs. Draper since their coming to Rome, the soft lights from the marvellous chandeliers, the brilliant and varied and often extraordinary uniforms, the rich and beautiful toilettes of the ladies, all made a combination which, once seen, could never be forgotten.”

The following is a part of the Roman *Carnet Mondain's* account:

“Si au milieu de la profusion de fleurs, de plantes et de glaces, si devant le faste des gobelins, des riches damas et des tapis persans, du scintillement des bijoux, des reflets des glaces, des mille lampes électriques aux couleurs variées; si au milieu des brillants uniformes diplomatiques et militaires, recouverts de décorations de toute sorte, et si au milieu de ce triomphe de la beauté féminine des deux mondes, le pauvre directeur du *Carnet Mondain*, jeudi dernier, n'a pas perdu la raison, il a cependant perdu la mémoire. Il écrit donc au hasard ce qu'il lui paraît avoir plus que vu, rêvé.

“Après avoir traversé le petit jardin d'émeraude qui mène au Palais Piombino, on arrive dans la vaste cour et delà au grand escalier rempli de *palmyers*, de *bambous*, de *cameos de dracènes*, de *fougères*, et *muses* aux feuilles immenses et molles.

“ Par la splendide galerie, richement décorée et illuminée, les invités présentés par les maîtres de cérémonie de la cour, s’introduisent dans le salon rouge, accueillis par l’Ambassadeur en tenue de Général, et par l’Ambassadrice très en beauté, en sa riche toilette ‘*Worth*,’ collier de perles, et un superbe collier en brillants.

“ Splendide la salle Louis XIV blanche et or, avec les grands miroirs, qui multipliaient les centaines de lampes électriques. Dans cette salle se faisait entendre un orchestre parfait.

“ Mais le clou de l’admiration générale était le salon dans lequel on avait préparé le buffet. Une immense table en fer à cheval de laquelle surgissaient cinq palmiers gigantesques, contenant entre les feuilles des petites flammes électriques multi-coulores, aux troncs entourés de fleurs. Toute la salle était ornée de fleurs du meilleur gout.

“ A une heure du matin les invités (au nombre de 700), commencèrent à retirer, en emportant le meilleur souvenir de cette fête qui sera considérée comme la plus réussie de la saison.”

The first court ball took place January 31st. It was of course, a most brilliant function, but one of its features I dreaded exceedingly, namely *la quadrille d’honneur*, — danced by the Queen, members of royal families, distinguished members of the noblesse, and members of the diplomatic corps. There were, as I remember, ten couples who danced in a reserved space, while two thousand guests, more or less, — the men largely in uniform and wearing orders, and the ladies magnificent in evening dress and jewels, — looked on and admired or criticized. I had not danced for a quarter of a century and was afraid I should make some mistake in the figure; but I was on the side, with la Marquise di Rudini as a partner, and went through, not only without a break, but without the feeling of *mauvaise honte* that I had anticipated. Mrs. Draper danced opposite Queen Margherita and conducted herself as though she had occupied such a position every night of her life.

The next day, however, she was ill, on account of our long-continued dissipation; and the 2nd of February we received a telegram announcing her mother, Mrs. Preston’s, death, which put an end to the season’s festivities, as far as we were concerned. Mrs. Preston had been ill for several months and the end was

not unexpected, but the pain of parting was none the less. Mrs. Draper did not recover easily from the shock, and the doctor insisted on a brief change of air and scene. I could not leave at once, but we did get away for ten days about the 1st of March, making a brief visit to Nice. Just before going I wrote a friend at home:

“ I have obtained a new interpretation of the tariff on American clocks, which it is said will be of advantage to clock makers in the United States. If I had been limited to explanation in English, I could not have accomplished it.”

While at Nice I was asked to meet Mr. Pierrepont Morgan, the great financier, and we had a conversation of some hours, regarding the prospect of a war with Spain, (the news of the destruction of the *Maine* had reached us), and subjects collateral thereto. I was also entertained by General Charette, former commandant of the Papal Guard, and now prominent in the Legitimist party in France. He married an American lady, a friend of Mrs. Draper's, — Miss Antoinette Polk, of Tennessee.

On our return from Nice we had telegraphic news of another bereavement, — Mrs. John Mason Brown, Mrs. Draper's oldest sister, having died suddenly. Her health had been poor for some years, but we had no idea that the end was near. She was a talented woman and a leader of society in Louisville. Her husband, John Mason Brown, was colonel in the Union army, and a distinguished lawyer, who had been prominently mentioned for the United States Supreme Court.

The mourning for Mrs. Preston and Mrs. Brown of course removed Mrs. Draper from general society, but I was compelled to entertain prominent American visitors, — among them Mr. Morgan, before named, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mr. Marshall Field, and Mr. William Waldorf Astor, who had formerly been minister to Italy.

From the middle of March to the commencement of hostilities with Spain, April 18th, and in fact, for a month or two thereafter, I was *really* busy. Questions of neutrality and the position of the Italian Government had to be discussed, and

cipher despatches came and were sent by me daily, — sometimes several times a day. Owing to the difference in time, these despatches reached me oftenest in the night. They needed to be read, and sometimes replied to, immediately, and as considerable time was required to translate those received and put those sent into cipher, my nights were pretty thoroughly broken up. It was very interesting though, and I did not regret the experience.

The subjects of these despatches and the detail of negotiation are outside of what I am at liberty to record; but it is safe and fair to say that the attitude of the Italian government left us nothing to complain of, — their ground being that of the strictest neutrality. Personally I was much at the Foreign Office, on account of the various questions raised; and on one occasion when I said to the Marquis Visconti Venosta that I feared I was boring him, I was pleased to have him reply, “General, you are not only *persona grata* but *persona gratissima* here.”

A month before the outbreak of the war my naval attaché was instructed to examine vessels that might be for sale, that would be suitable for our purposes; and a little later Commander Brownson of the navy came to Rome, and reported to me that he was authorized to buy such vessels, subject to the approval of the Navy Department. I co-operated with him, and with such result that we acquired and submitted options on a battle ship, three torpedo boats, a small steel cruiser, and other vessels; — but none of the arrangements were completed, owing to the fact that the vessels were not immediately deliverable and that if war were declared before they left Italian waters they could not be taken without violating neutrality.

Soon after war was declared, both Captain Scriven, my military attaché, and Lieutenant Niblack, my naval attaché, asked for and obtained active service. Lieutenant Niblack distinguished himself in a naval action in the Philippines, and Captain Scriven was promoted to major and served with distinction as General Merritt’s military secretary.

Soon after hostilities commenced, I received a letter from my son Arthur, who had graduated from Yale and was then in the

Harvard Law School stating that he thought it his duty to enter the military service and that several of his friends had received commissions through the influence of their fathers and friends. I wrote him, inclosing a recommendation to the President, advising him however not to use it but rather to enlist as a private in a Massachusetts regiment, and take his chances. This he did, and was made a corporal, and later a sergeant, and was finally promoted to lieutenant, for gallantry in the skirmish at Guanica. The military blood of his ancestors, it seemed, had not deteriorated.

Captain Mahan, the well known author of books on naval strategy, was in Rome in May. The Navy Department required his services in consultation and telegraphed me (of course, in cipher) to find him and place him in communication with them. Then also, with great secrecy, I was to secure his passage by a northern route, as there was thought to be danger from Spanish cruisers. All was going on in accordance with instructions, when suddenly the Roman papers, having received news from America, published full particulars. The press in some way obtained the news as soon as the instructions were given.

Another case of this kind occurred in connection with another matter. A minister at another court, having a communication that he thought too private to send from the capital where he was accredited, came to Rome and asked me to send it to Washington for him in cipher, which I did. Within two days the substance of the despatch was printed in the *Paris Herald*, (it having been obtained in Washington), and the endeavor of my friend to send confidential information was defeated.

Still another: A week or two before the declaration of war, a gentleman called to see me and said that he represented the Vatican. I don't know whether he did or not, as I had only his word for it, but I told him that I had no official relations with the Holy See. He replied that perhaps I might give him news as it arrived, before it became public; or at least, I might confirm news that he received through other channels. I told him that I was not at liberty to do either. He then asked if he might call and tell me the news that he received. I said that I had no

objection, provided he expected nothing in return. He came several times and each time gave me information of conditions and discussions in Washington that it would seem could only have been known in the most confidential circles surrounding the President; and everything that he told, as to what was decided on, proved to be true. I suppose he wanted to judge by my appearance whether his information was correct, but I could not have benefited him even in this way, as his information was always earlier than mine, — so that when he told me something I simply looked as wise as I could and waited for the future to verify it, or otherwise. As before said, as far as facts reached me later he was always correct.

One day for a diversion, he asked me if I knew the inside of the celebrated Dreyfus case, that was then agitating France. Being told that I knew nothing more than was printed in the newspapers, he told me the story that the judicial investigation later seemed to establish. This was months before Henry's suicide, — yet he told me that Dreyfus was innocent, that Esterhazy wrote the *bordereau*; and that a clique of officers in the French War Department, among whom was Colonel Henry, sold the information and divided the money received, using Esterhazy as a go-between.

The news of Dewey's victory at Manila produced a great effect in Rome, as elsewhere. Prior to that there was a general feeling that though we should succeed in the war in the long run, if no other Powers became actively interested, we were likely to meet with disasters in the beginning. As I wrote at the time in a private letter :

“These people have really believed that we were not formidable in war, and that, man for man or ship for ship, any European Power was stronger than the United States. The war will have this advantage, to count against the many disadvantages, — that foreign Powers will have more respect for our strength, even if it does not make us better liked.”

I think the sympathy of the Italians was with us quite as much as with the Spaniards. True, the Church influence

was on the other side, and naturally so, and the ties of race counted for something; but the liberal sentiment was strongly our way. Ricciotti Garibaldi, the son of the great Garibaldi, called on me several times and offered his services and those of thirty thousand men to our government, if we would equip and transport them. This offer I declined, telling him that there was no lack of volunteers at home, but it was a strong evidence of the sympathy of a large section of the Italian people.

Referring again to Admiral Dewey's great victory, it was most cheering to our American colony, and I rejoiced personally, not only on account of the success, but because the man who won it had been for years a personal friend while I was in Congress at Washington.

About the time of this good news the son of the Mexican minister, Signor Esteva, died, and nearly all the diplomatic corps attended the funeral and followed the hearse on foot from the palace to the church. Being the senior present, I occupied the right, and the Spanish ambassador came next. Strict conformity to rule required that ambassadors or ministers from Powers at war, at neutral courts, should not speak or shake hands on meeting, but simply touch or lift the hat. We looked at each other a minute or two, neither making a sign, but finally I said, "*Après tout, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, je vous donnerai la main,*" and he replied, "*Ce n'est pas vous ou moi qui a fait la chose.*" After this we exchanged a few more words and went on together amicably.

During this spring events in Italy became very interesting and at times exciting for those living or sojourning in the cities and large towns. There was a scarcity of grain, caused by a shortage in the local harvests and the further fact that speculation in the Chicago market carried the price so high that Italian importers waited for the corner to break before buying in America. Naturally the price of bread went up in Italy, and for the very poor there was little or none to be had. My neighbor, the Prince del Frasso, told me that he had six hundred laborers on his estate, and that for two weeks they were unable to get bread and were obliged to live on such vegetables as they

could pick up. Under these circumstances it was only natural that bread riots occurred, bakers' shops being attacked and plundered; and it was natural also, that the disorders, once commenced, went further. The socialists and other enemies of the established government thought they saw their opportunity, and conflicts took place in most of the large cities, — particularly in Milan, where the rioting assumed the proportions of a battle, several thousand being killed or wounded, according to the reports which reached me. The mob had no political grievance, — "Death to the rich" being their cry. It was a serious outbreak, causing more casualties than our Spanish war. The rioters were put down with no gentle hand, and thousands of them afterwards were imprisoned or transported.

Rome was free from actual fighting, though ten soldiers and a large number of rioters were reported killed at Genzano, ten miles away; and the city was occupied by 12,000 troops, one meeting a patrol, with guns loaded, every few minutes. Mrs. Draper was in the midst of the only actual demonstration. She had started in the carriage for a call, and passed a place where new buildings were being erected, just as a crowd arrived and demanded that the laborers thereon should join them. There was a great outcry and the carriage was threatened, but the cry *Americani* and the arrival of soldiers and police saved real trouble. She drove at once to the Embassy, and I returned to the palace with her, and advised that she and Margaret keep within doors. For two or three days after this there were no carriages in the streets and no pedestrians who had not special business to transact, except the patrols. I of course went to the Embassy, but was not troubled by visitors. For one of these nights I had, weeks before, accepted an invitation to dinner at the Orsini palace, situated near the Tiber, and in a section inhabited by the poorer classes. To reach it we had to go through a labyrinth of narrow streets, in some of which two carriages could not pass, except where another street crossed. I would not have gone but for the fact that I did not wish my servants to think that I was afraid, as that

would have been disastrous in case of real trouble. I therefore ordered the carriage and went. The streets were empty, save for patrols, but I saw ugly looking faces peering out of the doors of low wine shops and I was delighted when I was safe at home, with the entertainment over. It took as much real courage on my part to take this drive as it ever did to face the enemy in battle, — perhaps more, as the presence of comrades is both a stimulus and a support.

After Dewey's victory the work of the Embassy settled down nearly into ordinary channels. The war was going on, and there seemed to be no danger of the interference of other Powers than those actually engaged. Under these circumstances I felt that I could properly take my vacation, and I obtained a leave of absence with permission to visit America. Before going we made our calls on the King and Queen. In our conversation King Humbert said to me that the war would be over before my return. I replied that I devoutly hoped so, but that I feared it might last longer. He said further, "You will win of course, but you are assuming greater burdens than you dream of. You are on the way to being loaded down with colonies and indebtedness, like the rest of us."

We sailed from Naples June 24th on the Kaiser Wilhelm, having a personal experience at the hotel there that is worth recounting. Mrs. Draper had her valuables in a bag, that we had placed in the hotel safe for security, taking the usual receipt. When we called for the bag, to go to the steamer, we were informed that the safe could not be opened, as the man who knew the combination had gone somewhere for a day or two and could not be reached. There were several hours before the boat was to sail, and I demanded that the safe should be cut open. After some demurring this was agreed to, but as it was a holiday an hour or two elapsed before workmen could be found for the purpose, and when they did arrive the work progressed very slowly. Finally I offered a special reward if the safe were opened before the boat sailed, and the men did the best they could, but the task seemed difficult. I then took my family to the boat, persuaded the captain to defer sailing for an hour, and returned

to the hotel to wait up to the last minute. It was of no use; the safe could not be opened in time; and I had to choose between remaining and leaving the jewels. I decided on the latter course, and left my private secretary to await the opening of the safe, take charge of the property, if there, and telegraph me at Gibraltar. I could not help fearing that the absent clerk had taken my bag and other property with him, and that the safe would be found empty; but on reaching Gibraltar a telegram from Mr. Lane told me that he had possession of the valuables, and that carelessness or stupidity, rather than dishonesty, had caused the trouble.

At and near Gibraltar I looked over to the Spanish coast with much interest, as I had been told in Rome that my route had been telegraphed to Madrid, and some of my friends thought that my trip would end at that city, rather than New York. I, however, had no fear of interruption, being on a German vessel and having studied the rights of neutrals pretty thoroughly on this point. I could not properly be taken unless the vessel were taken also, and that would make trouble for Spain with Germany.

Our voyage was uneventful until we reached Sandy Hook, the evening of July 4th. There we heard the news of the destruction of Cervera's fleet and the fighting at San Juan Hill. We also learned of the loss of the *Bourgogne*, on which we crossed in going to Rome. The next morning we landed, and Mrs. Draper and I went at once to Washington, sending little Margaret, with the servants and baggage, to Hopedale.

In Washington I had several interviews with the President and Secretary Day, and had the pleasure of being told by both that my service in Italy had been entirely satisfactory. I told the President that one reason for my coming home was my desire to offer my services to the Government in a military capacity, if they were needed or desired; and I gave him the following letter:

“ Sir: I hereby tender my services to the Government in a military capacity, if, in your opinion, I can be of greater value to the country as a soldier than in my present position. Between 1861 and 1865 I

held the various military grades from second lieutenant to the command of a brigade, in active service; and since that time the positions I have occupied, in both public and private life, have carried with them the necessity of taking responsibility. I have deferred this offer because there has been no lack of applicants for such military positions as my experience might fit me for; and because, as I was coming to America on leave, I desired to present the letter in person.

“ I have the honor to be, Sir, very respectfully,” etc.

Mr. McKinley replied that the United States had more need of experienced diplomats than of generals of division, which was the position he should offer me, if any. He said further that he hoped for an early cessation of hostilities, and read me some of the despatches he was receiving from the army in Cuba, indicating the surrender of Santiago. At a later visit, before my return to Rome, we had an interesting conversation regarding the terms of peace with Spain, which I do not record, as the circumstances changed later, and though our talk was not strictly official, it was not intended for print. Suffice it to say that at that time he had no idea of taking anything more than a naval station in the Philippines.

CHAPTER XX

MY SECOND YEAR IN ROME

THE latter half of July and the month of August, I spent in Hopedale, attending to business in a general way, and particularly to studying and remedying certain defects that had been found in the loom, in practical operation. Mr. Northrop, the inventor, co-operated with me, but his was a mind that could more easily block out a general conception than perfect in detail. In fact, he fretted under what seemed to him petty improvements, which were necessary, and notified me that at the end of the year he should retire, especially since he felt that in my absence he was not sufficiently appreciated. This he did, with a salary from our company, whether he did anything or not, and a larger one if he gave time to further invention for us.

September 8th we sailed on our return trip, via Cherbourg and Paris. General Pardo, of the Spanish army in Cuba, was a fellow passenger, and I chatted with him a great deal, as few among the passengers, outside of his suite, spoke French. A captain of his staff embarrassed him, and amused the ship's company, by a love affair with a young woman in the second cabin, in which signs were the language, as neither spoke the other's tongue. The captain of the steamer was consulted, and they were prevented from landing together at Cherbourg, as they had planned.

Thirty days are allowed by the regulations for diplomats journeying between the United States and Rome, and that left us two weeks in the French capital, where ladies always have business requiring attention. The Peace Commission arrived while we were there, and all the Commissioners being personal

acquaintances and most of them friends of years' standing, I saw much of them and heard much of their negotiations, until the time came to leave for Rome, where we arrived the 8th of October.

During my absence there had been a change of ministry, and Admiral Canevaro had become Minister of Foreign Affairs. I gave my best attention to establishing pleasant relations with him, and think I succeeded, as I always found him ready to consider promptly and as favorably as the circumstances would permit, any proposition which it became my duty to lay before him. At my first interview with King Humbert after my return he reminded me that he had foretold the close of the war during my absence, and laughingly said that he had some idea of setting up as a prophet.

The winter was very much like the last, except that as the war was over, diplomatic business was much less pressing. The principal questions related to immigration and citizenship. The latter question arose from the enforced service in the Italian army of various men of Italian birth, who had obtained naturalization papers in America and returned to Italy either for a visit or for permanent residence. Under Italian law these men were Italian subjects, and in the absence of a treaty each particular case, if insisted on, might lead to serious questions, I was successful in nearly every case in obtaining the discharge of the party most interested, but rather as a matter of favor than of right. The fact that a large share of the naturalization papers involved were fraudulent, of course had to be considered, as frequently the papers themselves, as well as the statements of the party claiming citizenship, showed that he had been in the United States less than the time required by our laws, when his papers were given him. In some cases the man became a nominal American citizen after a residence of only a few weeks, and in one, the party stated that he obtained his fraudulent papers through the intervention of a New York City sergeant of police. As I remember, forty-seven such instances were called to my attention in a single season. I undertook to negotiate a treaty, similar

to the one existing with Germany, which would be of great advantage in such cases, by furnishing a uniform rule for deciding them; but this abuse of our naturalization laws proved an insuperable obstacle.

During the winter the palace (Piombino) which I occupied, was offered me for sale on most advantageous terms. I recommended its purchase to our Government, but learned that it was not yet considered desirable for the United States to own its embassies in foreign capitals. This penny wise policy I hope will be changed some day, as well as others which interfere materially with the efficiency of our diplomatic service.

I had also considerable to do with negotiations affecting the Cerruti controversy between Italy and Colombia, which had been decided by President Cleveland, but in which there were still questions as to carrying out the award.

Socially speaking, the winter was crowded and brilliant. Our routine during the season covered not less than six formal dinners per week, with some additional function, — a ball, a musicale, a reception, or a card party, — afterwards. At the court dinner Mrs. Draper was escorted to the table by His Majesty the King, and seated on his right; and in the *Quadrille d'Honneur* at the court ball she danced with the Duke of Genoa, opposite Queen Margherita and the Duke of Connaught.

The winter before Mrs. Draper gave a weekly afternoon reception up to the time of her mother's death. These were open to all comers, and though at first they served a good purpose, — at least, for travelling Americans, — they developed into absolute "crushes," for which even the large accommodations of the palace were insufficient. It was necessary to make a change, so that friends and fellow countrymen could be received without being subjected to undue physical pressure, and after consultation with the *doyenne* of the diplomatic corps, the Baroness Pasetti, we adopted the plan of some of the other embassies, viz. — a daily reception, (Sundays excepted), from half past two till four. This left opportunity for all who really wished to see Mrs. Draper, without attracting those who wished to use the Embassy as a means of meeting,

or at least seeing, the Roman aristocracy. Further, besides lessening by more than half the total number of callers, it divided those who did call into smaller groups, so that each caller could receive a little personal attention.

Some amusing incidents occurred at these receptions, it being necessary for the hostess to speak at least two languages. On one occasion, when some of the ladies of the French Embassy came in and Mrs. Draper spoke with them in their own tongue, a good lady rose and announced publicly that she did not care to stay where English was not spoken. Another time a gentleman called who had been imbibing freely enough to be impressive, (I need not say that this was an American, as Italians are free from this special vice), and he was requested, by one of the Embassy staff, to leave. He did so, and sent an immense bunch of roses as an acknowledgment of the compliment.

A good story came from one of the other embassies, which I will not name, as I don't wish to make it personal. A reception was going on, and two young men,—Americans,—stood watching the guests as they descended from carriages and disappeared up the grand staircase. One said to the other, "I should like to go in." "All right," was the reply, "Come along, I will present you." They entered and left their overcoats; and when they reached the ambassadress the presentation was made. "I am very glad to know your friend," said the lady, "Now won't you present yourself?" "I did not come here to be presented," said our cheeky fellow citizen, "I only wanted to present my friend; now that that is done I will go, if you wish to have me." The ambassadress was good natured, and asked him to stay, and no doubt he enjoyed the occasion as much as though he had been on the invited list.

I had an experience not exactly similar with a lady who sought an invitation from one of my colleagues. Failing to receive it, she went just the same, and as cards of invitation were not asked for at the door, she found no difficulty,—unless her conscience troubled her, and I saw no evidence of that.

Among the distinguished Americans that I entertained this

winter were General Porter, our efficient ambassador to France, and Archbishop Ireland, who was in Rome on business with the Vatican.

In March I found myself "under the weather" from too much dining and too little exercise, and we took a fortnight's trip to Sicily for rest and change. I reported my trip at the Foreign Office, as a matter of form, especially since a question of extradition was pending and I desired to be notified personally if any action was needed. I anticipated no special courtesies beyond the reserving of accommodations, (always done for ambassadors), but was surprised, when our vessel reached Palermo, in being met by a special launch, and called on at the hotel by the prefect and other high officials. In leaving, one of them said, "We have detailed two agents in civilian's clothes to attend you wherever you go. If on foot, they will follow you on foot; if by carriage, they will take another carriage and follow." I stated that while grateful for this attention, I did not care for it; but was assured that they thought it necessary and that at any rate, they were obeying instructions received from Rome.

This suggested a discussion of the "Mafia," the celebrated secret society, which is said to flourish in Sicily and was about this time made prominent by the trial of a Deputy in the Italian Parliament, for complicity in a murder, supposed to have been ordered by this association, or some of its directing members. My visitors seemed unwilling to talk much on this subject, and I deferred it until a visit to our consul, Major Church Howe, whom I found very pleasantly located there. He told me that the Mafia, or possibly the fear of the Mafia, was a most important influence in Sicily, that many people were said to pay regularly for security of life and property, that witnesses were afraid to testify against the society, and that residents were afraid to discuss it publicly, or even privately, unless assured that there were no eavesdroppers. Prominent people who did not pay were occasionally kidnapped and held for a ransom, and murderers under society protection were seldom punished, because evidence could not be obtained, the people having more

fear of the Mafia than of the courts. Travelers, as a rule, were said to be safe, as the money value of their visits to the people in general was recognized, even by this criminal society.

At Messina I also received the visits of the authorities and a detail of police. An incident in this connection is worth relating. One morning, when we were going on a trip to Taormina and Catania, a deputy chief of police accompanied us to the train, and before it started walked up and down the platform with me, discussing the Mafia and the Camorra, in French. Within two days from that time he was assassinated, and it was suggested to me that this conversation might have had something to do with his death. While this does not seem probable to me, I mention it, as some of my friends took this view strongly.

I am not writing a guide book, but I would strongly recommend a trip to Sicily in the winter or spring to anyone able to take it. The climate during that season is mild, the scenery magnificent, the view at Taormina being rated among the finest in the world, — and the romance just enough to add to the pleasure of the trip. I was at Messina Holy Week and saw religious processions of a character not to be seen on the continent. They were of masked men, with crowns of thorns on their heads and halters around their necks, doing penance for the sins of the past year. Let us hope that they did not recommence the sinning!

One commercial fact, learned from Mr. Caughey, our long time consul at Messina, is worth noting. It is that 54 per cent. of the lemons raised in Sicily are exported to the United States. Our purchases, therefore, exceed the local consumption, plus the consumption of all Europe, which goes to show the value of the American market.

About the middle of June I again obtained leave to spend my vacation in the United States and sailed on the *Aller*, from Naples. This second year in Rome was very interesting as a whole, — less so from a diplomatic standpoint, because of the close of the Spanish War, but even more so socially, because of our increased acquaintance with people and manners.

Two or three further events I will notice before passing on.

I was made President of the British and American Archæological Society, which had very interesting meetings, where ancient Rome and the bearing of new discoveries in the excavations were discussed. As I have before stated, drawing rooms for presentation were suspended, on account of the great pressure, and ambassadors were instructed that private presentations would be limited to persons "of high official position or national reputation." I found quite a source of amusement in asking applicants to write, stating under which of these heads I should make a request in their special cases.

As a recognition of my good offices in the Cerruti case Admiral Canevaro suggested that he would like to have the Grand Cordon of SS. Maurice and Lazarus conferred upon me, but I was obliged to reply that, though I appreciated the offer most highly, I was not at liberty, as an officer of the United States, to accept a foreign decoration.

In May there came another change of ministry, which brought my old friend, the Marquis Visconti Venosta, again to the Foreign Office.



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CHAPTER XXI

THIRD YEAR IN ROME — CLOSE OF DIPLOMATIC SERVICE

I ARRIVED in New York at the very end of June, went at once to Hopedale, and I find by my letterbook that July 1st I was writing business letters. I found business in Hopedale, as elsewhere, driving, as according to my protectionist theories it ought to be, owing to the stimulus given by the Dingley Bill. 1,500 men were employed where 1,200 had been our maximum before, and we could not begin to fill our orders. We increased to 1,800, working at a disadvantage during the summer, but it became evident that we must make radical enlargements, at a cost, directly and indirectly, of some millions of dollars, or leave others to do the work that would naturally come to us. I obtained forty days' extra leave of absence and the question was carefully studied, with the result that we made plans for more than doubling our plant and commenced on the preliminary work. I agreed to this with reluctance, as it disarranged my financial plans, making it necessary to put into bricks, mortar, and machinery, the money which I had counted on for dividends to cover my large expenses at Rome as ambassador.

It also seemed that in view of so extensive a change, it would be wiser for me to attend to my own affairs, than to those of the United States, — especially since copyists were beginning to infringe our loom patents, and I had always given personal attention to the legal side of our business. In fact, a large part of my time during this summer was occupied by litigation and negotiations necessary to protect our general business, and more to the further perfection of the loom, — so that a week at Bar Harbor was the only real vacation I secured.

On the 14th of July I was entertained by the Massachusetts Club, and made a speech, from which I quote a part, since it refers to certain needs of our diplomatic service :

“ In thinking over what I should say to-day, for I was not modest enough to think I should not be called upon, gentlemen, it seemed to me that I could not do better than to refer to a few needs of the diplomatic service, with which I am at present connected. If we are to follow the policy of taking a larger part in the general politics of the world, it will be necessary for us to give more attention to our diplomatic service in various respects than has been given in recent years. That service may be said to be almost amateur, instead of professional. We appoint men as ambassadors, ministers, and secretaries, for one administration, and then we change them; and in making appointments the fact that a man has distinguished himself in some other direction, or that he has powerful friends, is sometimes a stronger recommendation than any special fitness that he has for diplomacy. It seems to me that this could be improved.

“ This is a day of examinations for positions. I do not commit myself to the theory of competitive examination, but it seems to me that one requisite for every man that is appointed, — at least, to the subordinate positions in our diplomatic service, — should be that he should be able to pass a reasonable examination in international law, in French, (the general language of diplomacy), and in the language of the country to which he is accredited. A prominent diplomat in Rome recently said to me, ‘ You Americans, although you succeed very well, have a peculiar way of doing things. If you have a negotiation to carry on with a foreign country, you often send a man to conduct it who would not be sent by any respectable firm to that country to sell shoes.’ I replied, — ‘ What do you mean? Our representatives are men of ability.’ ‘ Yes,’ he said, ‘ but a diplomat should be able to discuss the questions under consideration, personally, face to face, with the representative of the government with which he is dealing; and he cannot always do this unless he is able to speak either the language of the country, or the French language, which is the language of diplomacy the world over.’

“ Another point: Diplomacy with us, as I have intimated, is not a career. In every other nation, or at least in the most prominent of the European nations, if a man enters the diplomatic service and distinguishes himself, he can count upon advancement. If he is suc-

cessful in making a treaty or carrying on a successful negotiation, he stands better with his own government and has more opportunity of making a personal career, which shall be of advantage to that government, than he would have if he simply sat in his chair and forwarded letters from his own State Department to the Foreign Office, and *vice versa*. Under our government this makes very little difference. If a diplomat succeeds he goes out at the end of the four years; if he does nothing, he is likely to stay his four years. I am very glad to say that the present administration is to a certain extent recognizing the system of promotion, and believe that our service will profit by it.

“Still another matter, — and in this I am not speaking personally. The cost of our diplomatic service, (in that I do not include the consular service, because it is entirely distinct), is between \$500,000 and \$600,000 a year to the United States Government. That includes the salaries of all the ambassadors, of all the ministers, of all the secretaries, and the rents and incidental expenses, — everything connected with our diplomatic service. With this amount we pay our principal representatives about one-quarter of what is paid to similar representatives of other Powers; and they are expected to perform the same duties, to live in the same manner, and to entertain even more extensively and expensively than the representatives of other countries, because we have more travelling fellow citizens who come to see us. Bear in mind the figure, — from \$500,000 to \$600,000 a year, and it seems to be impossible to get it increased, — and at the same time, without the slightest difficulty, we appropriate \$1,000,000 for the use of the representatives of the United States Government merely for the Paris exposition. I am not objecting to that in the least, — I think the money will be well spent, — but it seems to me that there is a great lack of proportion, which ought to be remedied.”

Just before sailing on our return trip, in October, we were entertained by Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, at his country place near Tuxedo. One of the guests invited at the same time was Mr. Benjamin Kidd, author of *Social Evolution*. We reached Rome in November, having been detained at Paris en route by illness. While in Paris I was presented to President Loubet by General Porter, and had a long conversation with him, principally on the subject of socialism. He seemed much interested in my account of the Hopedale Community.

The following winter was the pleasantest, in a social way, of the three I spent in Rome, as we had become a part of the Roman society and on intimate terms with our colleagues of the diplomatic corps and their families. From the standpoint of business, there were fewer matters requiring my attention, and my time was less occupied at the office of the Embassy; though from my business habits I kept up my usual routine as to hours. One question that was raised during the winter was that of compensation for the families, and punishment of the murderers, of certain Italian subjects who had been killed at Tallulah, in the State of Louisiana, and there was a strong feeling shown that we did not properly stand by our treaty obligations. As a matter of fact, I think the Italian view was correct, though it was, and is, difficult under our form of government, to find a remedy. The national government is the treaty making power, while the State governments make and administer the criminal laws, so that in cases like this the national government has not the power to carry out its just obligations. What can be constitutionally done in this direction I will not undertake to say, but it is evident that some way should be found to make the agreement of the United States Government a valid one. It is fair to say that in such cases the United States has paid agreed upon sums of money for the benefit of the surviving relatives of murdered aliens. The Italian papers, commenting upon these cases, said various disagreeable things, such as that we should not be judged by European standards, that life was notoriously unsafe among us, and that we did not enforce our laws against homicide where our own people were the victims. I was disturbed by these statements and commenced an investigation as to the number of homicides in the United States as compared to those in Italy, also as to the relative certainty of punishment in the two countries. This I did with the view of having the facts presented unofficially through the Italian papers. I did not get beyond gross figures, however, before discovering that it was not a subject I cared to discuss; as, in spite of the Mafia and occasional brigandage and the habit of knife-carrying, the figures showed a much higher rate of homicide and a much

lower rate of punishment in the United States than in Italy.

At one of my interviews with His Majesty, he asked me what proportion of the income from property in the United States was taken for taxes, local, State and national, and said that 51 per cent. of the revenue of Italian property was collected in taxes and dispensed for public objects, adding that they were more than half way to Socialism. I was unable to answer him, but told him I would consult some of our statisticians; and did so, without obtaining any satisfactory figures or even estimates. I therefore gave him, later, the best estimate I could make based on taxation in Massachusetts, to the effect that local taxes took about 30 per cent. of the net income of property and that United States taxes might take, directly or indirectly, 10 per cent. more, — making 40 per cent. of property income collected and disbursed by the government. My basis for the proportion of local taxes was that property averaged to pay 5 per cent. net, and that Massachusetts local taxes averaged $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., or 30 per cent. of the income. The 10 per cent. estimate of national taxes was formulated from census figures, in connection with the annual governmental appropriations. This was little better than a guess, but I think it was large enough. Statistics as nearly accurate as possible on this line would be interesting, and I suspect that they would show the American property holder to be a pretty heavily taxed individual.

In the latter part of December we attended the ceremony of the opening of the doors for the Jubilee Year at St. Peter's, a ceremony that takes place once in a hundred years. We were given a position very close to His Holiness, the Pope, so that we could both hear distinctly, and note the brightness of his eye and his peculiar waxen complexion. The regalia was magnificent, but the ceremonial was poorly gone through with by the assistants. During the Pope's chanting, several of the cardinals carried on audible conversation, some of them emphasizing their remarks by tremendous blasts, incident to the use of red pocket handkerchiefs. I asked why better order was not preserved and was told by a high papal official that the cardinals

considered themselves too great dignitaries to keep silence in the ranks like private soldiers.

During the winter, outside of other visitors, we entertained some of our own family; as my brother George with his wife (Mrs. Draper's sister) were in Rome for a month, and so also were my sister, Mrs. Colburn, and her daughter Alice. We also entertained the well known English Liberal statesman, Sir William Harcourt, and Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge of our own Senate. One of the notable dinners that we attended was given by Lord Currie, the British Ambassador, to the Duke of Cambridge. His Royal Highness sat on the right of Lady Currie and I on her left, — Lord Currie escorting Mrs. Draper.

During the month of February we received the sad news of the death of our brother-in-law, Mr. Davie, whom I have before mentioned. This was a great loss, not only to his family, but to his State, and I may say to the nation, as if he had lived a brilliant future awaited him.

In the latter part of the winter an excursion steamer, the *New England*, stopped at Naples, having several cases of small pox on board, which I was informed were not properly reported to the authorities. Without going into this, however, I will say that a large number of passengers were landed and came to Rome, where several of them died of small pox, and the rest were quarantined so efficiently that the disease did not spread. During the prevalence of the disease I was notified that a Mrs. Lowell of Worcester, Mass., had died at the Hotel Chapman, and that nothing could be learned of her connections at home. I telegraphed the mayor of Worcester, asking who she was, and learned that she was the daughter of Colonel Drennan, an old comrade and fellow officer of the 25th Massachusetts during the war. Of course, all was done that could be done, her body being sealed in a metallic casket and sent home, and meantime the consul general, Mr. de Castro, and I attended the reading of the burial service over her remains, by Dr. Nevin at the Protestant cemetery. The fear of contagion prevented others from being present, but my affection for

Colonel Drennan required this last attention to his flesh and blood. It was one of the most impressive funerals I ever attended.

In May I was asked to serve as sponsor for Miss Woodworth, an American lady, who was to wed the nephew of Cardinal Macchi. I had given away other brides as ambassador, but I note this special service as the ceremony was performed by His Eminence in person, in the private chapel of his palace, and the occasion was well worth remembering.

This may be a good place to mention an institution which I found of value in my diplomatic service, as well as agreeable in itself. Several of the corps were very fond of whist, which became bridge later; and by a general understanding our houses were open one night in a week, after ten, (except in the height of the season), to invited friends, each house having substantially the same list. Every evening in the week there was opportunity for the selected coterie to drop in somewhere for a rubber after dinner and to exchange gossip on public or private matters. In this way we became intimately acquainted, and each obtained information as to general public sentiment and what was going on, that in some cases had not reached the newspapers. There were anywhere from one to four or five tables, as the case might be, and the "cutting in" left always an opportunity for conversation. Among the usual guests were Baron Pasetti, the Austrian ambassador and dean of the corps; Baron von Saurma, the German ambassador; M. Barrère, the French ambassador; M. Van Loo, the Belgian minister; Carvalho de Vasconcellos, the Portuguese minister and our best player; Count Reventlow, the Danish minister; M. Condouriotis, the Greek minister; Prince Barclay de Tolly Weimarn of the Russian Embassy; Pangiris Bey, of the Turkish; and the writer. Several of the secretaries also dropped in, and two Americans, Mr. Wurts, an old diplomat, and Mr. Haseltine, since deceased. Admiral Canevaro sometimes favored us with his presence, as did also General Pelloux, when he was prime minister. I also sometimes played whist with friends in the so-called "Black" set. There we sat down with cardinals

and lesser dignitaries of the Church, but political discussion was not "good form."

At one of our audiences with Queen Margherita, my little Margaret was received also. Like her mother, she has no *mauvaise honte*, and she kept up her part of the conversation so well that Her Majesty gave her a cut glass dish, mounted with gold, as a souvenir.

Early in the winter I received a letter that illustrates some of our travellers' ideas of foreign courts and the duties of ambassadors. A lady wrote me from, — let us say, Gibraltar, — saying that she was *en route* for Rome with a party of American young ladies, who by birth and education would be ornaments to *any* court. She asked that I arrange for their presentation as soon as they reached Rome, and also that I would arrange to have a court ball given promptly thereafter, which they might attend, as their itinerary allowed them only two weeks in Rome. She probably thought that I was either a most discourteous or inefficient man, when I replied that presentations were impossible and the times of court balls beyond my control.

As my story of Roman life is nearly complete, I will add a few general statements that may be interesting. During the time that we were in Rome I took each winter an opera box for the season, — one of the best, — and, if I remember aright, covering forty nights each year. To give an idea of our social occupations, I will say that I personally was in it only one entire evening, (during a court performance), and a part of another. Mrs. Draper went a few times in addition, but most of the time it served me only as a means of extending courtesies to American visitors, who were less engaged evenings than we were.

One of the pronounced features of Roman society is the division between the "Whites" and the "Blacks," — the adherents of the Italian monarchy and of the temporal power of the Pope. There is a pronounced line socially as well as politically between these two parties, though it is perhaps less marked than formerly. Unofficial people may go in both

sets, but an ambassador is considered a part of the court to which he is accredited. For instance, I sat next the Princess Altieri, counted very "Black," at a dinner given by Mrs. Mac-Tavish, daughter of General Winfield Scott. When dinner was over the princess was polite enough to say that she had enjoyed meeting me and should be glad to continue the acquaintance, but that political considerations forbade it.

Though Italy is called poor and America rich, the wealthy Italians far exceed us in the display of living. I believe there are more than twenty times as many turnouts, with liveried coachmen and footmen, in the Pincio, any bright Sunday afternoon in the season, as exist in all Boston, and several times as many as Washington can produce. Servants, particularly men servants, are also far more numerous in any well appointed house, and the palaces exceed in extent and in works of art, such as pictures, statues and tapestries, anything that I have seen elsewhere, outside of royal palaces. The display of jewels at evening entertainments is dazzling beyond comparison with anything seen at home. It is said that economies are made elsewhere, and they must be if it be true that incomes are less than those of our wealthy class; but expenditure is so made as to produce a remarkable effect.

One further point I will mention concerning the Italian Government, which I think it allowable to refer to. Their Parliament, outside of the Socialists, is divided into groups instead of parties, and my observation of it convinces me that party government is superior, — as under it the adherents of certain principles, rather than of certain men, are in power, and the views of the real majority can be embodied in legislation. Under the group government, ministries are made up of discordant elements, which separate when any consistent line of policy is attempted, and frequently, also, under the influence of personal intrigue for the purpose of obtaining office. Under our system advance is possible; under the group system it is, if not impossible, much more difficult. It seems to me far better that majorities should control and have the opportunity to embody their well-considered ideas in legislation, than to reduce govern-

ment largely to a consideration of personal claims and of what concessions must be made to individuals to obtain a temporary majority.

Early in June I was able to write the Department that there was *absolutely nothing* pending between the Embassy and the Foreign Office, and that I had no instruction of the State Department that had not been carried out. A little later I left for my summer leave of absence, returning by way of Paris, where I took a brief glance at the Exposition, and reaching home July 16th.

One of my earliest pieces of news was contained in a letter from my old friend, Hon. Henry St. George Tucker, stating that Washington & Lee University, (with which he was connected, and of which Hon. William L. Wilson, author of the Wilson Bill, was president), had conferred upon me the degree of Doctor of Laws.

I found business going under high pressure, — our number of employees approximating 3,000, working at a disadvantage, as changes in and additions to our buildings were going on in all directions. My special department, — invention and improvement in our product, — was temporarily relegated to the rear, in the pressure to fill orders and push forward the great changes in our manufacturing plant. More than this, consolidation with other companies in our line was under discussion, and when I expressed opposition to it, it was intimated that if I desired to control or largely influence the general policy of the business, I ought to give a larger share of attention to it than I could expect to do as ambassador to Italy, five thousand miles away.

It was evident that I must make an important decision, affecting materially the rest of my life. Either I must give up the position of leadership in the business, which I had done much to establish and in which I was the largest stockholder, and leave the management entirely to my associates or I must resign my position as ambassador and come back to active business detail.

It was a hard question, and I took a week to think it over.

I think I should have remained in diplomacy had American diplomacy been a continuing career; but it seemed to me that if I made that choice I might fall between two stools, — dropping out of business and being dropped out of diplomacy, by a future change of administration, and left that most pitiable object, for one who has been an active man, a gentleman of leisure. I had seen too many retired men wandering over Europe, discontented and dissatisfied, to desire to join their ranks, — though the wives of these men seemed to stand leisure better, and enjoy it more than their husbands, perhaps because their home pursuits in America were less engrossing than their husbands' business. At any rate, if Mrs. Draper had made the decision I should probably have remained a diplomat, taking the chances of the future in that direction. Another reason, that affected her as well as myself, was that my health was poor and we were advised by physicians that the Roman climate, or our mode of life, or both, did not agree with me, physically speaking.

However, I considered the matter carefully on all sides, and made a decision, which on the whole I think was wise. At any rate, it was irrevocable. July 23rd I wrote the following letter to the Secretary of State:

“Sir: I have the honor to tender herewith my resignation as ambassador to Italy, to take effect at the expiration of my present leave of absence, or earlier if it be desired to appoint my successor immediately. The pressure of my private affairs is such that I find it inconvenient, if not impossible, to continue residence abroad, and there seems to be no public emergency making it necessary for me to retain my position. It may be proper to add the statement that my relations, both with the State Department and the Italian Government, have been most cordial and friendly during my entire term of office.

“I am, Sir,” etc.

Secretary Hay replied, under date of July 30th, as follows:

“Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your despatch, dated July 23rd, 1900, by which you tender your resignation of the office of ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary of the

United States to Italy, to take effect at the expiration of your present leave of absence. The President, before whom the same was laid, directs me to inform you that your resignation is accepted and to express to you his appreciation of the efficiency, zeal and intelligence, with which you have performed your official duties. In doing so I beg leave to add my own regret at the severance of official relations with the Department of State.

“I am, Sir,” etc.

Under date of August 4th I received the following cablegram from Marquis Visconti Venosta, Minister of Foreign Affairs :

“J'apprends avec regret que vous avez du renoncer à vos fonctions d'Ambassadeur à Rome. Je desire vous dire au nom du gouvernement royal et pour mon compte personnel combien nous avons apprécié votre oeuvre de représentant d'un état ami. Nous en gardons toujours le meilleur souvenir.”

(Translation. “I learn with regret that you are to give up your post of Ambassador to Rome. I wish to tell you in the name of the royal government and on my own behalf how much we have appreciated your work as a representative of a friendly country. We shall always retain the pleasantest remembrance of you.”)

The papers had plenty of notices, mostly complimentary. I venture to quote two or three.

“The determination of General Draper to resign his important post as minister to Rome will be received with mingled feelings by citizens of Massachusetts and Worcester County. While regretting to lose the distinction Mr. Draper's excellent service has brought to both commonwealth and nation, that loss will be amply compensated for by Mr. Draper's energetic presence at home. His reason for resigning, — the weight of private business, — will not be considered an empty pretext by those familiar with the rapid growth of the Hope-dale works.” (*Worcester Spy*).

“General Draper's resignation as Ambassador to Italy costs the United States the services of a man of tact, dignity, high character, and uncommon strength in private and public business. When even consuls in obscure parts of the world, such as China and the Transvaal, are thrown, often without warning, into situations which involve the credit of their country and the security of its relations with other

governments, we may well regard it as a misfortune to lose such a representative as General Draper has been, from the post of ambassador to one of the great nations, whose subjects are entering more and more every day into the life and the business of the United States. Massachusetts has taken especial pride in General Draper's success, because he was Massachusetts born, and a Massachusetts soldier, but long before his retirement from this post he had become national in his reputation, and his service; and doubtless, though pressed by the growth of his business, he will continue to be national in his influence and his usefulness." (*Boston Journal*).

"General Draper has given evidence of being a sensible man in politics. He did not cling to his seat in the national House of Representatives, though his usefulness in that body might have justified him in so doing. He left it when the State regretted his loss there. Later, as Ambassador to Italy, he has acquitted himself with credit, and he leaves this position also, with an excellent reputation made in it. The impression naturally is that General Draper has not doped with public office, and it is not improbable that he may anticipate holding it further in the future. Still sensible, he sees that any movement toward this end would be premature at present. . . . He wisely, therefore, announces himself as chiefly concerned about his business interests in these days." (*Boston Herald*).

July 30th, the very day when my resignation was accepted, came the terrible news of King Humbert's assassination. Had it reached me sooner, I would have withdrawn my resignation, as I should have felt it a duty to do so and to return to Italy at once, — but it was too late. In commenting I cannot do better than to repeat what I then wrote, for a public occasion :

"The assassination of King Humbert is one of those atrocious crimes against the heads of government, which do not diminish in frequency as governments grow milder; in fact, the lessened precautions taken against assassination and the milder punishment when the assassin is captured have seemed to encourage crimes of this nature. No one could say that Presidents Lincoln, Garfield, and Carnot, and King Humbert, were oppressors of the people; and yet they all have fallen victims, either to cranks or murderous societies, within the last forty years. Republics are no freer from this danger than monarchies; in fact, during that time we have had

two chief magistrates murdered, as compared with one in Russia.

“King Humbert I knew well, and was greatly attached to him. During my stay in Rome I was assigned three or four private interviews per year, of about an hour each, at which only His Majesty and I were present, and outside of this I met him at court functions, probably six or eight times more each year. At all these latter occasions he never failed to seek me out for five or ten minutes' conversation, that being his custom with each of the ambassadors who might be present. He was greatly interested in the United States of America, and particularly in our wonderful material progress. At our last interview he said: ‘You will lead the world, — in fact, you are leading it now, materially.’ He also said: ‘We old nations, that are compelled to keep up immense armies to protect ourselves against each other, are very severely handicapped.’

“He was frank, cordial, courageous, the *beau ideal* of a soldier, and it is said that he would have preferred to be general of one of his own cavalry divisions to being King of Italy. My deepest sympathy goes out to the bereaved Queen and to the country, which must be greatly disturbed at this crisis.”

During this summer, 1900, although suffering from malaria and other troubles, I remained in Hopedale, giving more hours to business than most of our employees, whose labors ceased at six P. M. I consulted with our inventors, and devoted much of my time to remedying defects that the increasing use of our loom had brought to light and to making further advance in the construction and operation of all looms. This was congenial work, but there was much of other kinds, owing to our great enlargements in process, and to litigation which was inevitable, since the loom was an assured success and others desired to participate in the fruit of our labors. The last of September, however, the strain became too great, and I succumbed to a really severe illness, which lasted me substantially for the rest of the year and serves as a warning that there is a limit to my ability to apply myself.

I have before mentioned that the Grand Cordon of SS. Maurice et Lazare was practically offered me by Admiral Canvaro during his ministry and that I declined it, because I could not, as an officer of the United States, properly accept it. After

my resignation, however, there was no reason why I should not accept it as a private citizen, and this honor was conferred upon me by His Majesty, the present King, and I need not say that I prize it highly.

In May, 1901, I was chosen Commander of the Massachusetts Commandery of the Loyal Legion, (the association of officers of the army or navy who served in the Civil War), and re-elected in 1902 and 1905 — a compliment from my fellow soldiers which I fully appreciate.

In September, 1901, came the murder of President McKinley, and owing to my peculiar relations with him, as well as with King Humbert, who was also murdered by an anarchist, my remarks at a memorial service may not be out of place.

“Ladies and Gentlemen: The sorrows of this occasion come home to me to-day with peculiar force, for, as you know, for three and one half years I was the accredited representative of this country to the court of Rome, on the credentials of President McKinley, and was received as ambassador by King Humbert of Italy. A year ago news came to us that King Humbert had been foully murdered by an anarchist. To-day we come here to mourn the death of our martyred President, also murdered by one of these enemies of the human race.

“Two weeks ago to-morrow the President of the United States, William McKinley, was shot by an anarchist with a name unpronounceable by an Anglo-Saxon tongue, and a week later he died from the effect of the assassin's bullet. When wounded he was in the act of receiving his fellow citizens and extending to them, as they came forward one after another, a shake of the hand, — the greeting of man to man. He was no despot, but a constitutional President, elected by a large majority of the voters of this country of universal suffrage, and respected and beloved by substantially all who voted against him. He was not an autocrat, but a man who sought to know the views of the people whom he served as Chief Magistrate, so that he might as nearly as possible carry them into effect. If he was open to criticism it was on the ground that he was too anxious in this direction. He was not an aristocrat but a plain man of the people, plain in origin and in manner of life up to the time of assuming his high office, and his sympathies were ever with those of humble position and

small means, rather than with the wealthy and fashionable classes. Personally he was without enemies. Everyone who met him was impressed with his friendliness and sympathy, as well as his desire to do exactly what he believed to be right.

“Why was such a man the target for a murderer’s bullet? The assassin had no personal grievance, either real or imaginary; and no pretence is made, even by those of anarchistic faith, that he was a tyrant or oppressor, whose death would avenge the sufferings of his victims. The ordinary motives for assassination, even of crowned heads, were lacking,—I speak of motives which governed men up to recent years. Within the present generation, however, a new sect has arisen which may be compared to the thugs of India, except that it is worse, as the thug deals with ordinary men, and the anarchist with the representatives of organized society. The anarchists are the enemies of all who believe in law or order or government of any kind, and they promulgate their views by assassination and the fear of assassination. If ordinary society desires to protect itself, these worse than wild beasts must be properly dealt with, and our best legal minds should grapple with the problem how this is practically to be done.

“But to return to our President, whom we mourn to-day. He was a shining example of the high results of our American institutions. Born, as before said, in humble circumstances, with limited opportunity for education, he worked his way by his substantially unaided merit to the highest position in the land. In any other country the accident of birth, the lack of fortune, and, at the start, of influential friends, would have kept him in the background. Here there is opportunity for those, who can do, to find work suitable to their talents, and William McKinley, like Abraham Lincoln, came to the front by sheer force of ability and character. As a youth of eighteen, when the call came for soldiers, he responded and enlisted as a private soldier. Carrying a gun in the ranks at the beginning, he performed his duty so well that he rose from grade to grade, and came home as major of his regiment. In civil life the same results followed his faithful service. Commencing in minor public office, he became district attorney of his county, then a Member of Congress, then chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, then Governor of his State, then President. Institutions that permit careers like this are those that the anarchist seeks to destroy in the pretended interest of the people.

“He was probably the most popular President since Abraham Lincoln, popular because he possessed the qualities of heart which brought him close to the ordinary man, as well as those of mind which stamped him as a great statesman. His death, no less than his life, will endear him to posterity, who will count him high among the martyrs for constitutional liberty.”

CHAPTER XXII

TRAVEL AND SOCIETY

During the last six years, my immediate family and I have taken five very interesting foreign trips, in the first two of which we were accompanied by my son Otis. The first, to the Orient; the second, to the North Cape and Spitzbergen; the third, the Baltic Sea trip, including a visit to St. Petersburg and Moscow; the fourth, to the British Islands and the Marienbad cure; and the fifth, to Rome, with brief excursions to the south of France and to Spain.

Taking up the first trip, in 1902, we sailed in January on the steamer *Auguste Victoria* of the Hamburg-American Line, which had been selected for a special trip to the Mediterranean and was specially well fitted therefor. She was a stanch, steady vessel, fitted with every needed convenience, and her officers, from Captain Kaempff down, were most competent and courteous. The passengers were all first class and only about two hundred in number, while the high price made necessary by this limitation restricted the list to those able and willing to pay a large price for superior accommodation. We had the best suite on board, believing that economy is more profitable at home than in travel. The passengers were generally congenial, and the trip was long enough to ensure the forming of pleasant acquaintances.

The passage was stormy to our first stopping place, the island of Madeira, but after that I have no recollection of anything but reasonably smooth seas. Madeira is beautiful to the eye, if not always to the nose, and we greatly enjoyed our day ashore. The one peculiarity that impressed me most was the kind of public carriage in use, namely, a sled drawn by oxen. This,

in the absence of snow, seemed ridiculous, — but the inhabitants like it, and the world will be much less interesting when the assimilation of all customs and the obliteration of all peculiarities, now in process, have finished their deadly work.

From Madeira we went to Gibraltar, which I had before visited and will not describe; and thence by rail to Granada, where we stopped at the Washington Irving Hotel and visited the Alhambra. I quote from a letter home:

“The Alhambra is the most beautiful ruin I have ever seen. The trip to reach it was a very hard one. I do not regret it, but never want to take it again in winter. We left the boat about eight, and landed at Algeciras, carrying only hand luggage. There we took cars and climbed the mountains, covered with snow, stopping for lunch at Bobadilla; and arrived at Granada about eight P. M., finding a cold hotel, cold room, and a poor dinner, for which we waited until we were thoroughly chilled. We then went to bed, sleeping in some of our clothes and piling on the others, for warmth, even then hardly sufficient. Next day we walked to the Alhambra, which was duly explained by English speaking guides, then drove about the city, and wound up in the evening by attending a gypsy dance. The coachman of one of our parties was thrown from his carriage on the way home, and killed, and others got into trouble with friends of some of the gypsy girls, but our immediate family escaped all adventure. Another cold night followed and then a cold ride in the unheated cars to Malaga, where we retook the boat. At Malaga the American consul, Mr. Ridgely, invited us to dinner, but we arrived too late to go.”

From Malaga we crossed to Algiers, which we found a strange mixture of Orient and Occident and explored as fully as our time allowed. The main curiosity, outside of mosques and people, is the street of stairs, half a mile or so long and four or five feet wide, the street serving as a sewer as well as for the passage of human beings and donkeys.

Next we crossed to Genoa, celebrating the German Emperor's birthday en route, it falling to my lot to propose the health of His Majesty with a little speech.

From Genoa we took cars to Monte Carlo, remaining about a week. This is a beautiful spot, "where every prospect pleases and only man is vile." The whole ship's company visited the Casino, and nearly all played at the tables. I did not, though I claim no superior virtue on account of my abstinence. I had never indulged in public gambling in America and did not care to vary my custom abroad. Each one of our ship's company, who played, claimed to have won, though I never saw any of them do anything but lose in the long run,— and generally on each bet made. Later, at an entertainment on the ship, I suggested that the collection taken up should be given to the bank of Monte Carlo, which had been so depleted by our visit, but I found myself in the minority on that proposition. We met many friends there, outside of our boat acquaintance; and M. Santos Dumont manœuvred his airship in plain view from our salon windows every afternoon.

Our week over, we took the boat again at Villefranche, and sailed for Alexandria, stopping over at Malta, which I will not describe; and from Alexandria we went by rail to Cairo, having engaged rooms by telegram at Shepherd's Hotel. Thence we visited the Pyramids and the Sphinx, being duly impressed, — also the museum, various mosques, and the sights of Cairo generally. Here I quote again from a letter, or letters:

"After my visit to the Pyramids at Cairo, we took life easily there. It is said that one can sit on Shepherd's noted portico and see everything go by except a sleigh, and the saying seems literally true. The Oriental flavor is very interesting, and the human side of life about as different from ours as it well could be.

"The university education is a sample. There, thousands of young men spend their time in committing the Koran to memory and having it authoritatively explained, the Mahometans, unlike us, thinking that religious and moral teaching is much more important than secular knowledge. After the Koran comes law, simple mathematics, and modern languages, the latter being taught and learned much better than in America. Only boys are taught. It is not thought that a woman needs a book education. These people consider themselves as much

superior to us as we think we are to them, and I agree that they pay more respect to their religious observances and the commands of their Prophet than we do to ours. For instance, drinking seems to be unknown except among Europeans, coffee houses taking the place of saloons.

“The American consul, Mr. Long, was very polite, and we received several invitations and were entertained twice at dinner. Our lunch with Baron Oppenheim was very interesting. We met several persons of high position, and he has almost a museum of curios in his palace.

“The plague has broken out in Alexandria, and we had several health officers aboard last night to prevent anyone from going ashore. This noon the rest of our party came on board, and we were soon under way and out of sight of land. When we reach Beyrout we have to be quarantined four days before landing. Otis will visit Jerusalem, but the rest of us will remain on board or simply go on shore at Beyrout. I would go to Jerusalem if alone, but I am not an anxious sightseer, having come to realize that I can't see everything, and that there are plenty of things that don't pay for the trouble of seeing them. . . .

“This is the last day of our quarantine, and as we go to Damascus to-morrow, I will send my friends a line meantime. I forgot to note one thing which I have never seen mentioned in my reading of Egyptian antiquities. The men and women shown in their statues and hieroglyphics are very broad shouldered,—remarkably so as compared to modern folk. This is probably no accident, but an accurate representation of the race, as animals seem to be recorded substantially as they are now.

“We reached Beyrout before eleven o'clock three days ago, and went at once into quarantine for four days. I expected a dull time, but thanks to a self-constituted committee, our life on board has been very lively. The first evening we had a masquerade ball on deck, the next day sack races, potato races, a tug of war, etc.; yesterday three boat races, two for passengers and one for the crew, and in the evening a theatrical

performance by the stewards. Otis was very successful, carrying off the palm in several of the contests, and I had to contribute remarks, which were well received. My former official position seems to book me for talk, of the general kind which I don't care for, but I get compensation in other directions. On the German Emperor's birthday I was called on to propose his health and could not well decline. Then followed Lincoln's birthday and I declined to speak, thus leaving the field clear to the German representative of the company. On Washington's birthday there was no speaking, but last night I was sought out by a committee and felt compelled to say something, and am in for it again to-night. For a man who likes to talk, this would be first-rate, but for one who does it only as a duty, it becomes a fly in the honey. . . .

"We drove through Beyrout and took the train, where we secured a comfortable compartment. Beyrout is the port of Damascus and vicinity, and contains about sixty thousand souls, rather more Christians than Mahometans. The two sects do not live in peace, as there are five or six assassinations each month, on one side or the other. The Christians get the worst of it, as the Turks are permitted to carry arms and they are not. The Christians, however, have the most money, in spite of the tax gatherer, and are sometimes able to buy justice, or the reverse. The railroad is run by a French company, and apparently very well run, except that the trains are slow. It first climbs the slopes of Mt. Lebanon, several thousand feet, largely by a zigzag track, in which the engine is frequently reversed. The trains run up one incline on to the straight part of the "Y" and then the engine is shifted to the other end of the train, and leads off to the next incline. The views of Beyrout, the mountainside, and the sea, were beautiful, the terraces built to prevent landslides being covered with wild flowers. The celebrated cedars of Lebanon have been largely cut, but we saw some comparatively small ones. Mt. Lebanon is 11,000 feet high and covered with snow, but where we crossed the range the height was said to be only 5,000 feet. We reached Malaka, where we left the cars, about

one o'clock, and sat down to a very good luncheon of three courses. Our party consisted of 54 persons, besides the conductor, Mr. Dossi, and two dragomen, Selim and Joseph. The trip was much better arranged than that to Granada or those in Egypt.

"After luncheon two-horse victorias drove up, and this time we had the good fortune to get the best one, and the lead, Selim taking his seat on the box with our driver and directing the procession. We drove past the alleged tomb of Noah, which we did not have faith enough to investigate, and were four hours making our 24 miles drive to Baalbec. It was cold and rained, but we were warmly dressed and protected by a leather boot, so that we were not really uncomfortable. About six we neared Baalbec and forgot all about cold and rain, as the sight of the magnificent ruins temporarily eclipsed all other sensations. I have seen and become well acquainted with the Roman ruins, and I have visited the ruined abbeys of England and Scotland, Heidelberg Castle, the Alhambra, and the Pyramids, but never was I as much impressed as by the first sight of these ruins of Baalbec, parts of which date back to prehistoric times.

"Baalbec, Baal-town, Sun-town, is a village of about 5,000 people, not counting the donkeys, goats and camels. They are mostly Mahometans, but far ahead of the Egyptians in cleanliness, comfort of living, and apparent intelligence. In the time of King Solomon, and at various times since, it has been a great city. It has been taken and retaken by Roman, Arab, Crusader and Turk, to say nothing of Tamerlane, who perpetrated one of his great massacres here. Tradition says that Cain founded it and that the Tower of Babel was built there, but, waiving this, there seems little doubt that the early temples were built by the Phœnicians for the worship of the sun. The Romans added temples of their gods and goddesses, including a celebrated temple of Venus; then Constantine the Great changed a part to a Christian church, and Theodosius destroyed the statues as idols. When the Arabs took possession they changed it into a fortification and a mosque,

and the ruins of all are now mixed together, with the immense stones of the Phœnicians and the beautiful columns of the early Roman emperors as the chief attractions. A German association is now excavating, uncovering new treasures and opening additional chambers and passages. We went, duly conducted, to look the ruins over and climbed over them for about three hours, and Baalbec was voted one of the wonders of the world. After dinner I walked to the quarry, where a great stone, 64 feet long and 15 to 20 feet square in section, lay partially cut from the rock to which it is still attached. There are several larger stones than this in the wall of one of the temples 30 feet or so above the ground. How they were raised no one knows now, though probably by the use of inclined planes.

“The next morning we drove to Malaka. It was so cold that we all got out and walked more or less, to keep the blood in circulation. We met camel trains and donkey trains galore, carrying material for a new railroad which is to pass through or near Baalbec, and continue to within a day’s journey of the ruins of Palmyra, which are now somewhat difficult of access.

“By the way, I admire the camels. The proud way in which they hold their heads, and, so to speak, turn up their noses at all around them, stamps them as of very old family. When a woman here loses a good husband she cries, ‘The camel of my house has departed.’ I could not help thinking how many patient camels our American ladies, travelling in Europe and elsewhere, have left behind them at home.

“After another good luncheon at Malaka we took our special train for Damascus, the last part of the way following the Abana river. We passed the alleged tomb of Abel, and the heights from which Nebuchadnezzar, and later Tamerlane, besieged Damascus. The ride was beautiful, and such coloring in cliff and sand and flowers I never saw before. The almond and apricot trees, which were thickly planted, as far as the irrigation from the river permitted, were in bloom, and it is not strange that the traditions assert that here was the Garden of Eden.

“ Arrived in Damascus we found a really Oriental city. No European dress in sight, except that worn by our tourists. In Cairo a large part of the natives wear our kind of clothes, surmounted by a fez. The men in Damascus wear turbans or the fez, and wrap up their bodies in long robes, or a jacket and petticoats. The women’s faces are absolutely covered, and they have designs of various kinds painted on their veils, so as to make recognition difficult, if not impossible. The streets are largely roofed over to keep the sun and rain out, occasional openings letting in the light, and they are just full of humanity, not to mention camels, donkeys, and other animals. A carriage makes its way with difficulty, the driver shouting, cracking his whip, and quarrelling, at every step.

“ After reaching our hotel we deposited our luggage and went for a drive, first to a hill for a beautiful view of the city; then to the tomb of Fatima, Mahomet’s daughter; then to the point in the wall where St. Paul was let down in a basket; and then home, where we were advised that it was not safe to go out in the evening, except in companies of six or eight. I stayed in.

“ The next morning we visited the grand mosque, the street called ‘ Straight,’ the tomb of the Sultan Saladin, and the house of Ananias; and passed by the home of Naaman, the Syrian, now properly a hospital for lepers. We also, by permission, visited two private houses, beautifully fitted up, with inner courts containing fountains and orange and lemon trees; and parlors beautifully decorated, one with carved marble walls and gilded ceilings, something after the style of the Alhambra. The floor around the fountain in this house had been paved with silver pieces, but the proprietor, having lost money, took them up for use. . . .

“ This trip to Baalbec and the ‘ Pearl of the Orient ’ was one of the most interesting I ever took. In the evening the company got together in the hall of the hotel and compared purchases, and our family seemed to have done remarkably well, both in selection and price. I think our French was responsible in great part, as the merchants spoke that language

better than English, and we needed no Arabic interpreter. Their money was hard to comprehend, and I judged only by the size of the pieces, but English gold was all right for the larger purchases."

After our return to the boat we steamed to Jaffa, where we waited for the bulk of our passengers, who had made the Jerusalem instead of the Damascus trip, my son among the number. We probably should have chosen Jerusalem but for the difficulty in landing and returning to the vessel in open boats, which is sometimes dangerous, as well as difficult, if a storm comes up, there being no harbor. Mrs. Draper feared this, and I remained with her, and however well we might have enjoyed a visit to Jerusalem, I should be exceedingly sorry to part with the memory of the Damascus trip.

I refer again to my letters:

"After our passengers arrived we steamed off for Constantinople, arriving Friday afternoon instead of in the morning, as we had hoped. The last part of the sail between the islands and through the straits of Dardanelles and sea of Marmora was beautiful but cold, the wind being high and reminding us of the same month at home. Our late arrival prevented our seeing the Selamlik, or going to the church of the Sultan. It also prevented an audience that had been arranged for myself and family and some German officers, as His Majesty receives only on Fridays. However, we were pleased, on anchoring, to be called for by the Legation launch, which took our party ashore, while the rest were having passports examined.

"Arrived at the Pera Palace hotel Mr. Leishman, the American minister, who had accompanied us, excused himself for the evening, but sent a kavass to clear the way for us in the streets and attend to any other wants; also a guide, who was to be at our service for such sightseeing as we might wish to do.

"After a fair dinner we retired, with a good first impression of Constantinople. That city is beautiful from a distance, but dirty on a closer acquaintance, though it is less dirty than we expected, perhaps because we had just come from Egypt and Damascus. The streets, as a rule, are broader than those of

either Cairo, Damascus, Algiers, or many Italian cities, and the Pera quarter seemed quite European. To be sure, one sees the fez constantly, and there are many dogs, but it is a combination of Europe and Asia rather than entirely Oriental. Merchants speak either French or English, and we were less embarrassed in having any want supplied than during our Spanish trip, — in fact, I may say, not at all. There is mud, but less than in many an American town, and on the whole, I was favorably disappointed in the externals.

“ In the morning our carriages appeared, with the kavass in handsome uniform in front, and we drove to the banker’s for money; to the British apothecary’s to replenish our medicines; and then to the Legation, where we found open doors and a warm reception. After a little talk an aide-de-camp of the Sultan, Col. Hakki Gurail Bey, appeared, and announced that he was sent by His Imperial Majesty to escort General Draper and family to the seraglio, treasury, and two of the palaces. We invited the colonel to lunch, where Mrs. Draper nearly paralyzed him by her talk of Miss Stone; and later we went to the old Seraglio, where we saw several private rooms; then to the treasury, where are some of the most magnificent jewels in the world; then to a reception, where we were served with rose jam, Turkish coffee, and cigarettes. The rose jam was in a bowl, into which you were expected to dip a spoon, take a mouthful, and deposit the used spoon on a lower shelf. As it was offered to me first, I should have been embarrassed but for the fact that the servant explained in French, and the others had only to imitate me. After this collation the launch came up to the palace wharf, and our immediate party were taken across to the Asiatic side, to a palace built by a former Sultan, now used only as a residence for outside royalty visiting Constantinople. It is magnificent in marbles, mosaics, mirrors and chandeliers. Thence we crossed to the European side to another palace, used for fêtes and grand ceremonials, which contains the largest reception hall I ever saw, and one of the finest. We were told that 5,000 guests could be easily entertained therein, and I should call the number small rather than large, from my experience in

such matters. We also saw a quantity of the Sultan's pictures, his private collection. After this trip we returned tired, and undertook nothing in the evening.

“Next morning, Sunday, we visited two mosques in the morning, St. Sophia and the Ahmed mosque. The architecture impresses me; in fact, it seems to me quite as imposing as our Christian church architecture, where it is limited to the form of the cross as a ground plan. The Ahmed mosque has walls of beautiful tiling. Mr. Leishman, and his secretary, Mr. Brown, lunched with us, and after luncheon went with us to the Oriental museum and bazars. There I did not expect to buy, but as Mr. Pardo says: ‘A skilful merchant sells to men who think they do not wish to buy.’ I won't go into full detail, but we secured a Byzantine necklace, which had been the property of the late Grand Vizier, Halil Pasha; also a jewelled bird, presented by the Shah of Persia to the recent Persian ambassador, whose jewels were sold after his death; also the sacrificial dagger of a former Emir of Bokhara, blade and scabbard set with precious stones, and a piece of jade set with rubies for a handle.

“Yesterday we saw more mosques, the streets, the national museum, which contains the so-called ‘Tomb of Alexander,’ — also called, and with reason, one of the wonders of the world. No one within range ought to miss it. A ball was given our passengers last night, but we thought it better to get comfortably on board, rather than to sit up late at night and get up early in the morning.

“This morning we steamed up the Bosphorus, into the Black Sea, a most charming and interesting excursion, among scenes made memorable by fable and history since the beginning of human records.

“Minister Leishman, and the German ambassador and ambassadress, Baron and Baroness Marschall, came on board, and a special luncheon was given them, in which we were included. We are now off for Athens. . . .

“I take advantage of a day when nearly all the passengers have gone on an excursion ashore, to write a continuation of my diary. My last was written after our visit to Constantinople;

and when I read it to Margaret she noted one important omission, — a mention of the dogs of that city, who serve as scavengers and are never killed by the Turks. The Mahometans respect animal life more than human life, according to all accounts. Wonderful stories are told of these dogs; not only that they are organized and claim possession of certain districts, but that if, for any reason, explained in dog language, a dog of one district desires to pay a friendly visit in or across another, he is duly escorted by one or more of the local canines, who make themselves responsible for him. They are present in great numbers, and do not seem to interfere with human promenaders, in the daytime at least, and we did not go out in the evening. . . .

“ We reached Piræus about three P. M., the morning sail being through beautiful island and mountain scenery. This is a busy port, doing the business for Athens and a large part of Greece. Its boatmen are notorious for being the worst-behaved in the world, and they justified their reputation on our arrival. They swarmed up to the landing stairs, and fought with each other for places, seized the passengers, pulled their bags away, and made themselves generally disagreeable, each one meantime shouting at the top of his voice. One man was kicked overboard, and many received blows. Luckily I had telegraphed the Grande Bretagne hotel at Athens, and among the boats one bore that flag and contained a man who added to the pandemonium by calling out, ‘ General Drapper.’ When I caught sight of it I responded and waited. Fifty boats, however, were waiting besides ours, and the other boats would not let ours in. I refused to move. Finally one of the steamer officers ordered the way cleared, and as the orders were not obeyed, he rapped hands right and left with his cane, and made opportunity for us to reach our boat. Captain Kaempff had a strong quartermaster with a rope’s end to keep the passage clear, and says that on one occasion he had to play on the crowd with the ship’s hose. He says that complaints had been made to the Greek government, and that a special regiment of soldiers was at one time stationed at the Piræus to control the boatmen, but when it was learned that they had orders not to shoot, the boatmen paid

no attention to them. However, we were not drowned, and all went smoothly when we were disengaged from the mass of waiting boats. At the landing we had no trouble, neither passports nor baggage being looked at, and our man, George, who spoke French well, secured us carriages for Athens. We had doubts about going by carriage, owing to talk of brigandage and Miss Stone's enormous ransom, but the way seemed, and probably was, as safe as that from Hopedale to Milford. All the way up we faced the magnificent Acropolis, with the Parthenon and other ruins, and though it was cold, we greatly enjoyed the drive. The best rooms in the house were reserved for us, though not warmed, and we gradually became comfortable as the heat radiated from an immense porcelain stove in our salon. The dinner was good too, so we retired with the feeling that Athens was well worth visiting.

"Next morning we started at ten, and called on the American minister, Mr. Francis, who invited us to dinner; then on to the bankers, who were the slowest yet seen; and then we went sight-seeing. The morning was given to the Stadium, the theatres of Dionysius and Heracles, the temples of Jupiter and Theseus, the prison of Socrates, the forum where Demosthenes and other orators used to address Greek citizens, and various other ruins and monuments. The temple of Theseus is the most complete ruin I remember, and the most impressive. The Stadium will seat 50,000 spectators of athletics and other games, and is built of or faced with marble. The Heracles theatre was the first covered one ever built, and is similar to such buildings as now made, except that the musicians were placed above the stage.

"In the afternoon we spent our entire time at the Acropolis, which, with its associations, is probably the most impressive ruin existing. It does not equal Baalbec in the size of columns or building stones, but its situation is far more imposing and its history fairly well known, while that of Baalbec is lost in myths.

"I have omitted to mention that we visited the present cathedral, where women are separated from men during worship; and that we saw a priest with long hair done up behind in a roll or knot, like that of a woman. The beard was also permitted

to grow, our guide saying that the natural growth of hair and beard was supposed to add to sanctity, and that certain priests abstained from the use of razors and scissors.

“Yesterday morning we gave to the museum, which we found more than interesting. The bracelets, earrings and knife sheaths of 1500 years before Christ, were very similar to those of to-day. I was interested in the remains of two or three combs found in the tombs of that epoch. A silver statue of 600 B. C. showed that women had not then subordinated their physical charms to the higher education, and the devices on some of the Tanagra vases and jars would serve as illustrations for French and the later American novels. The faces of the dead, at least of the distinguished or wealthy, were covered with beaten gold masks, many of which are preserved, thousands of years after the features they covered have gone to decay.

“The modern public buildings of Athens are very fine, — much more so than could be expected where the poverty is so great. Several have been given by Greeks who have made their money elsewhere but who have retained their love for their native country.

“Mr. Francis says that Greece is poor as a whole, very poor, but that certain merchants have made immense fortunes. No purely agricultural country seems to be rich, — a point which goes far towards sustaining my protective views. Athens is growing rapidly, and now has about 150,000 people, which number they think will be much increased when mail routes for the East are changed as is now planned, so as to make Athens a distributing point.

“Before leaving I will give a little description of retail trade as I found it here. At a good-sized shop on the principal street, I bought some pictures on silver and copper, and, after bargaining and agreeing on a price in francs, I paid in French gold, and needed five francs in change. The proprietor looked at the gold suspiciously, told the guide it was not genuine, and tested it with acid. The guide protested that I was a great man and had received the money from the bank in Athens. A boy was sent out to another store to get change, but also, I thought, to

see if the gold was all right. Finally all seemed satisfactory, and the shop keeper undertook to give us change in Greek paper. This I refused, and then my guide woke up. The boy was sent to shop after shop, and meantime the guide poured out a torrent of apparent abuse. It took at least fifteen minutes to settle this matter of change, and I left, wondering, not that the people were poor, but that they lived at all, if they traded on such principles.

“In settling our bill we found prices very high, as we had at Constantinople and Cairo. Travel costs considerably more here than in Western Europe, to say nothing of the little swindles that exist here in greater numbers. One of the difficulties comes from the change of money. The bankers take about ten per cent. commission, and any small money left over might as well be thrown away. Nobody wants it outside of its own country, unless it be shillings or francs, and they won't serve the desired purpose in many places. However, the proper way is to consider all these expenses as extras added to the price of the ticket, rather than to get angry over each particular one.”

After Athens we made an excursion to Nauplia, then sailed for Sicily, which I will not again describe, further than to say that we visited Syracuse, Catania, Taormina, Messina, and Palermo, whence we sailed for Naples. A little incident at Messina showed what travellers may sometimes expect. We bought tickets from the shore to the steamer, a mile away, and were taken over in boats holding perhaps twenty each, besides the rowers. When nearly arrived, our boat stopped, and the chief boatman demanded payment. We produced our tickets, but he refused them, saying, “Tickets no good. Want five dollars each.” As I was the only male passenger who spoke any Italian, this put me in the vocative, and I explained that we had paid for our tickets and would not be imposed upon. He then said he would take us ashore, and started in that direction. I replied that that would give me great pleasure, as it would give me a chance to send him to jail. Naturally he wanted to know who I was, and I told him the ex-American ambassador, without bearing down very hard on the “Ex.”

He looked me over; said "all right," he would take the *biglietti*; and rowed us to the landing stage, where we parted amicably, he being very profuse in compliment.

We reached Rome about Easter and visited our old friends for six weeks. All my old associates, my successor, Mr. Meyer, and the American colony, did their best to make our visit pleasant, and they succeeded. Later we took a trip to Carlsbad for a cure recommended by my physicians in America, which was so successful that the good effects of it have lasted till the present writing, (1907).

Our next summer's trip, (1903) was of an opposite character, exchanging the tropics for the Arctic region, and extending to the North Cape and Spitzbergen. We sailed on the same boat, — the *Auguste Victoria*, — first from New York to Hamburg, and then from Hamburg north, and we occupied the same suite as before.

We sailed along the coast of Norway, entering the magnificent fjords and sailing for hours in narrow, tortuous channels, with mountains thousands of feet high on either side. Every day or two we stopped for land excursions, to see magnificent waterfalls hundreds or thousands of feet high or to climb to special points of view. Among these latter, the views from Stalheim and the mountain at Digermulen are worthy of special mention. Emperor William pronounced the latter the finest view in the world. Besides this we called at cities and towns along the way, — Bergen, Trondhjem, Tromsøe, Hammerfest, etc., buying Norwegian curiosities and souvenirs. At Tromsøe we visited an encampment of Laplanders, the curious people who tame reindeer, and never change their clothes. Hammerfest, the most northern town in the world, is well built, and lighted by electricity.

The midnight sun is the great feature of this trip, and we were especially favored in having clear weather and seeing it for nine successive nights, beginning at Tromsøe. This was most satisfactory, since oftentimes parties make the trip without seeing it at all. I will not undertake description, but will refer the interested reader to Marie Corelli's *Thelma*, which for

word painting of the scene equals the sea and sky painting of nature. Suffice it to say that the sun appeared to come down nearly to the horizon; then to slowly mount in the heavens. I did not watch it till the proper time for sunrise, as it was necessary to take some time for sleep. The light at midnight was bright enough to read by easily, and many took photographs. At the North Cape we had an especially clear view of the phenomenon for hours, many climbing the steep cliff, a thousand feet high, for a more extended view.

At Spitzbergen,—“sharp peaks,”—we were within 600 miles of the North Pole, and no polar expedition has gone more than 400 miles farther north. The sea was fairly open at our highest northern point, though there were plenty of floating ice fields of small area, and I suggested to Captain Kaempff that we keep on until we came to the solid ice. He, however, wisely replied that he had no such authority and that we should be in a bad predicament if the ocean froze behind us.

We landed twice at Spitzbergen, (which is uninhabited); visited the hut of some cast-away sailors who died from hunger and frost, with, I believe, a single exception; and shot two wild reindeer, who were unacquainted with man, and allowed the hunters to get close to them.

Between the North Cape and Spitzbergen we passed Bird Island, where millions of birds have their nests, and who, by their numbers, seemed like a great white cloud, when the ship's cannon was fired and they rose in the air.

On our return, at Molde, we found the *Hohenzollern*, the yacht of the German Emperor, with His Majesty on board. Our captain paid him a visit, which he promptly returned, the passengers being assembled to greet him. Some of us were presented, the writer included; and at the mention of my name he stopped and said, “I know you; I have heard of you from Rome.” I expressed my pleasure at this recognition, and after a few more words he invited me to lunch with him on his boat. The captain and a few German officers and nobles on board were also invited. At luncheon His Majesty placed me next himself and devoted the larger part of his conversation to me for an hour

and a half. He was much interested in President Roosevelt, who, he said, was said to resemble him in character. He also inquired as to my military service, and showed himself well acquainted with the detail of our civil war. He further said that the three great German nations, as he called them, — Germany, England, and the United States, — should avoid all misunderstanding, as they might some time be called upon to stand together under serious circumstances. Then, changing his subject, he asked me the reason of our wonderful recent development in a material way, — not in science, in which Germany excels, but in our application of science to production. I gave him three reasons — the first two unreservedly, and the last after saying that he asked my real belief and that I desired to say nothing that ought not to be said under the circumstances. My first two reasons were, that our high price of labor made machine production necessary, and that our patent laws protected the inventor better than those of other countries. The third was that our free institutions had something to do with it. To this he said, “That is probably true, but they may bring danger in other directions.” I inquired, “What directions?” and he said, “What will become of your institutions and your development if the Socialists obtain a majority, as they may some day?” I replied that I hoped that day was a long way off, and he proposed my health to the table.

This was to me a most interesting interview, and it gives me a personal interest in the future career of this monarch, who is popular with his own people and respected by others.

After finishing our trip at Hamburg, we spent a few days at Berlin, and a month in beautiful St. Moritz, before leaving for Paris and home.

Our summer trip in 1904 was of a still different character — a month in London, including entertainment by Ambassador Choate, the court ball, and dinners and garden parties at some of the great houses; some weeks at Paris, seeing much of our dear friends, General Porter and the Winslows; a visit to Holland and Belgium, where we met several diplomatic ac-

quaintances; followed by the Rhine, and the Baltic Sea trip, on the yacht *Princessin Victoria Luise*. The Townsends entertained us at Brussels, and the Newels and others at The Hague. I was there also made a temporary member of a club of bridge players, including the French and Portuguese ministers. At our hotel, (*des Indes*), we met Justice and Mrs. Brown of our Supreme Court and Admiral O'Neil of the navy, and with them and Minister and Mrs. Newel for guests, we had a real American dinner, which all seemed to enjoy.

The *Victoria Luise* is a pleasure vessel, large enough for ocean travel but better calculated for the inland seas in rough weather. Our accommodation therein, (the so-called Emperor's suite), was the best I have ever occupied on any vessel. Captain Rusir was most attentive to the needs of the passengers, as well as skilful in his more serious duties. We had about a hundred passengers, mostly Germans, as American tourists felt that the war time was undesirable for visiting Russia. Our itinerary included Christiana, Gothenburg, Wisby, Stockholm, Helsingfors, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Königsberg, Danzig, Copenhagen, and Kiel, whence we came through the ship canal to the North Sea and Hamburg.

We saw the usual sights all around, but I will not enlarge outside of Russia. At Copenhagen we met our old Embassy physician in Rome, Dr. Bull; also Mr. Leech, who was one of the English secretaries there.

From Stockholm, we paid a visit to General and Countess Wedel, who represented Germany while we were at Rome and now occupy a similar position at Vienna. Their *chateau*, Stora-Sundby, is six hours from Stockholm, — four by rail and two more by carriage. The trip was very interesting and a little difficult for a party knowing only a few Swedish words; but our German helped us out, and we got along without special trouble, even where we changed cars. The Wedel estate is large, and the villagers turned out and stood, cap in hand, as we drove by. It seemed like going back into feudal times. Our friends gave us a warm welcome, and invited prominent persons of the neighborhood to meet us at dinner. Over the door of my

room, though probably not intended especially for me, was the following motto :

*Quand on vous a connu,
On ne peut vous oublier;
Quand on vous a perdu,
On ne peut vous remplacer.*

On our return we took the boat again for Helsingfors, and were much interested in an art museum there, — the paintings being all by native artists, and some exceedingly good.

Between Helsingfors and Cronstadt our passports were taken and examined by the Russian officials, who also went through the form of customs examination before we landed at St. Petersburg. This passport matter had been made a great bugbear, but it was absolutely simple for us, and is, no doubt, for all whose papers are in proper form. They were gathered, examined, stamped, and returned to us. At the hotel they were taken again, and returned to us with a proper endorsement when we were ready to leave Russia. At Cronstadt, on the return trip, they were taken up again for examination, and again returned after that formality, and that was all. There was not enough trouble or excitement about it to make it interesting, and I suspect that much that is written on this point, as on the terrible police surveillance in Russia, is either made out of whole cloth, or grossly exaggerated. I saw no evidence of spies while I was in Russia, and my banker told me that he had lived in St. Petersburg four years and should not know from personal observation or experience that there was a single secret policeman there.

The appearance of St. Petersburg as one steams up the Neva, is very different from that of the ordinary European city. The spires and minarets are different, the buildings have a different air, the signs and placards are not only in a strange language, but have many peculiar letters, and the bearded men at work, with shirt outside of trousers instead of inside, do not look like other Europeans.

We anchored just below a fine bridge, across which a regi-

ment was marching, — not a march for parade, but to take the train for Manchuria, it was said. The men were large and sturdy looking, and the officers, like all that I saw, were handsome young fellows. In the crowd on the landing stage was an important looking man, wearing a tall hat, who seemed naturally to direct all around him. To my surprise he inquired for me, and announced himself as Mr. James Pilley, the celebrated guide, for whose services I had written in advance. Let me say here that he leads his profession, being the best I have ever employed, — and my experience in that line has been long and varied.

In a jiffy he had us off in open landaus for the Hotel d'Europe, while he looked after the baggage, which arrived almost as soon as we did; and before we had removed our wraps he appeared, stating that the carriages were ready. I demurred a little, stating that Mrs. Draper desired a little time to rest, but he replied, "Let her take a few minutes while we go to the bankers. There is much to do, and little time." I am accustomed to direct my private affairs, but I surrendered at discretion, and Pilley was General while we remained there.

Returned from the bankers, who, in spite of my letter of credit, telegraphed to Paris to see if my draft was good, we called on our ambassador, Mr. McCormick, an old friend. We desired to be present at the christening of the new royal baby, and rather expected it; but His Excellency assured us that that was impossible, although he had sent in our names. He said further that in the time preceding the war I should surely have been invited and also have been granted an audience with His Majesty the Czar, but that the American sympathy with the Japanese was so marked that members of our nationality could expect no special courtesies. I told him that I fully understood the case, and asked if we were liable to any danger or disagreeable incident, as ordinary sightseers. "No more than in New York or Boston," said he, — and so we found it.

After receiving an invitation to dine, at Ernest's, a day or two later, we departed, as we supposed, for our hotel, but Pilley insisted on our taking the Island drive, which was well

worth taking, though it was a little cold. Here let me say that though it was August, I needed an overcoat every day.

Arrived at the hotel, Pilley wanted to know if we had any cards to be left while we dined, which, fortunately for our importance with him, we had. Immediately after dinner he appeared and gave us our choice of amusements. We selected the Aquarium, a kind of outdoor garden restaurant, with concert hall,—many thousands present,—and were glad to retire in the early morning. The concert was especially interesting from the enthusiastic interest which the spectators took in the performance, joining in the choruses, encoring enthusiastically, and expressing disapproval by shouts and jeers. I had never seen anything like it. Pilley said it was a little more pronounced than usual, because officers going to the front had taken too much vodka.

The next day,—and the other days were like this, full,—Pilley, being told what we wished to see especially and having the rest left to him, arranged our itineraries and left us hardly time to eat and sleep. For us, who have been over the travelled ways so much that churches and galleries have lost their interest merely as churches and galleries, this crowding of the time was a new experience; but Russia was novel, and we moved in the direction of the least resistance. Pilley was not only guide, but interpreter, purchasing agent, and general director. We saw the Hermitage, the Winter Palace, the house of Peter the Great, the Verestchagin exhibition, St. Michaels, Our Lady of Kazan, the burial church of the Czars, the palaces at Peterhof, the great monastery outside the city, and other churches, galleries, palaces, and special attractions, till it is difficult to separate one from the other in memory,—and I am purposely writing without referring to the guide book.

The Hermitage was a surprise. We expected to see fine pictures but not a collection equalling those at Rome, Florence, and Dresden. We did break away from Pilley enough to pay a second visit to the magnificent Murillos there.

At the house of Peter the Great, which is in part fitted up as a church, Pilley got us entrance to see the officers of a regiment

going to the front receive the parting blessing of the church; and the scene was impressive. At Our Lady of Kazan a christening was going on, but Pilley pushed forward and said something to a priest, and we were admitted to the chapel and given places just behind the family at the font. The child was duly blessed, immersed, salted and oiled, and a lock of hair cut off, while an attending priest intoned, — and *such* intonation. I never heard such low notes at the Opera. The intoning here is a specialty of all the religious services.

The churches themselves are magnificent in interior decoration. Tons of gold and silver plate and bushels of precious and half-precious stones may be seen in any one of several churches, both here and in Moscow. The church is certainly not poor in Russia, however it may be with the peasants. It is fair to say, however, that the common people were stalwart and comfortably clothed and looked well fed. The laborers in the streets and at the docks worked with more of a will than I have seen anywhere else, even in America, — and much more than in America since the time of Trades Union domination in so many lines.

We bought Russian enamels and sundry curiosities, — on all of which Pilley doubtless received commission, but I felt that he deserved it. In going about the palaces he ordered the Emperor's flunkies about as though he were Ivan the Terrible, as Mrs. Draper called him. When she expostulated, he replied, — “There is only one way to treat these ‘*Roosians* ;’ bully them and pay them well. You must do both to be well served.”

Of course we went to Moscow, Pilley making all arrangements, including telegraphing for carriages to meet us at the station and the best rooms at the best hotel. This city is more Oriental than Petersburg, but still very busy and thriving commercially. We saw all the usual sights, including the Kremlin, with its palaces and churches, and the wonderful Treasury. The principal palace was given up to Red Cross work, and there were hundreds or thousands of women, from the highest nobility to peasants, doing voluntary, unpaid work for their countrymen in the field.

We entertained the American consul at dinner, and he

assured us that there was no real opposition there to the war, — perhaps there might be in Poland or Finland, — but so far as he knew, the people were united and enthusiastic. He did not wish to talk about the Nihilists, but said they were mostly recruited from educated young people, who did not find satisfactory positions in life and that as yet they had little hold on the masses.

Between Petersburg and Moscow we had a queer experience on the sleeper. Mrs. Draper's maid, Marie, speaks German as well as French, but Russian is beyond her. After Mrs. Draper's bed was made she desired another pillow, and Marie rushed into the corridor to get one. Seeing a man in uniform, (the railway porters wear uniforms), she demanded a pillow, in German. "I have no pillows," said he. "A bolster then," said Marie. "I have no bolster." "Then give me a couple of towels to wrap up one of these dirty cushions." "I have no towels either," said the uniform, "I am a colonel in His Majesty's Imperial Guard." Poor Marie nearly went into hysterics, and I was called in to explain that no offence was meant.

Returned to Petersburg we were entertained by Ambassador McCormick, and by the Spanish ambassador, the Duke of Arcos, who married a cousin of my son-in-law, Montgomery Blair; and gave a dinner at Ernest's ourselves. This is interesting as being one of the best and most expensive restaurants in the world. The caviar and sterlet were exquisite. The waiters were all Mahometan Tartars.

We left Russia with regret, and hope for a longer visit in the future. Arrived at Hamburg we took the earliest possible train for Paris, where we spent a week or ten days in shopping and visiting friends, before our return to America.

In 1905 our trip was of a more commonplace character. I had business in Lancashire, which kept us some weeks. Mrs. Draper always visits Paris when there is opportunity, and the rest of the time was occupied by a visit to the Salzkammergut and a month's cure at Marienbad.

We sailed early in June, on the *Celtic*, and after a quiet but somewhat slow passage, reached Liverpool on Whitsunday.

Going to Manchester, we learned that the next week was substantially all holiday, so no business could be done, and Manchester, especially in holiday time, has few attractions for the tourist. We decided therefore to take a flying trip of ten days or so, as nearly without baggage as possible. Our itinerary included Edinburgh, the Loch Katrine route to Glasgow, steamer to Belfast, train to Dublin, boat to Holyhead, train to Chester, and thence to Manchester. We had no special experiences, and I will pass along rapidly, as the route is well known to travellers, — and what American doesn't travel nowadays!

At Edinburgh we invited friends to a dinner, which was returned at Glasgow. On Loch Katrine we were caught in the rain, and entertained meantime by bagpipes which accompanied an excursion. Whether the rain or the music occasioned the most discomfort, it would be hard to say.

At Belfast we spent an hour in the station with a large Protestant Sunday School excursion, and the difference between the clothing and general appearance of the children and our American children under similar circumstances was most striking. While these Irish children, in their best clothes, were not ragged or dirty, the closest economy, going to the verge of insufficiency, was evident all along the line, — giving an object lesson of what free trade would do for us. Belfast is said to be the most prosperous city in Ireland, and the Protestants there embrace the more prosperous among the working people, — hence this makes the evident poverty among them a stronger argument against the conditions that produce it.

Dublin is a shabby genteel city, living largely, apparently, on what it has been. The feeling among people that I talked with there was that the new land laws were not increasing the material prosperity of Ireland.

We had a delightful day in Chester, which I had not visited for many years, but all seemed unchanged, — the walls, the rows, and all that sightseers go to see. We purchased there a bedstead said to have been used by Oliver Cromwell at Whitehall, and which at any rate was worthy of Protector or King. The words, "Hear my prayer, O Lord," are engraved on the headboard above the pillows.

Returned to Manchester, I visited various factories having sample Northrop looms in use and secured a large order for our British company. The manufacturers here are far more conservative than with us, and the workmen's unions are opposed to labor-saving devices. Taking all together, I was thankful that we were not limited to this field for the introduction of improvements.

Leaving Manchester, we passed through London without a stop, simply going from one station to another, and reached Paris at night. There we found our rooms at the Ritz ready and passed an enjoyable fortnight, as we always do, — with excursions, amusements and evening entertainments. The new ambassador, Mr. McCormick, was very polite, sending us several invitations, and we also attended the ceremonies connected with the return of Paul Jones' body, which General Porter had discovered. At a dinner where I was a guest, given by Mr. McCormick to the officials, French and American, who were connected with the ceremony, there were about a score of each nationality sandwiched around the table. As none of the Frenchmen spoke English and few of the Americans spoke French, it was a silent dinner, except in two or three spots. General Porter and I did our best to help out the ambassador and were enabled to shine when the others were necessarily silent.

My sister, Mrs. Colburn, and my son Franklin, were both in Paris, ill. We saw them frequently, but it seemed to me that I should select almost any other place in the civilized world for residence, if I were suffering from physical ailments.

Leaving Paris, we went to Salzburg without change, and remained three or four days, making the excursions, including a visit to a salt mine, which was illuminated for our benefit.

From Salzburg we penetrated the mountains as far as Ischl, the summer residence of the Austrian Emperor, Francis Joseph, whom we met driving out without ceremony. Ischl is a beautiful spot, and we greatly enjoyed a week there. No one seemed to speak English except the porter of our hotel, and I was glad of a chance to practise my German. The excursions are wonder-

ful, the views entrancing, and we found old friends, (the Pasettis, whom we knew well in Rome, where he was dean of the diplomatic corps, and Madame Hengelmüller, the wife of the present Austrian ambassador to Washington). I hated to leave, but our rooms were engaged at Marienbad and must be paid for even if not occupied.

We therefore went away regretfully, and took possession of our apartment at the Hotel Weimar, Marienbad. I say ours, — it was ours three weeks, till the King of England arrived, when he took it and we went higher. Here Mrs. Draper took the cure, and I passed the time, outside of accompanying her in her prescribed walks, in studying German. I gave five or six hours a day to this language for a month and made some progress, though I think that few people learn easily after sixty.

The routine of Mrs. Draper's cure may be interesting, if briefly stated. She rose at six, and took a glass of the spring water, then walked to the spring, where thousands were in line, and as soon as we reached the fountain took another glass, then promenaded for half an hour, and took another, returning to the hotel at half past eight for a meagre breakfast. At ten she walked to the bath house and took a soda bath, and returned to the hotel for an hour's gymnastics and massage. We dined at one, or as soon thereafter as practicable, and she was then allowed a little rest. About half past three came a two hours' walk to the summit of some one of the neighboring hills, on each of which was a café, furnishing tea and zwieback to cure-takers, and other refreshments to those who desired them. Arrived home at half past five, another hour's massage followed, then supper, then half an hour's walk. She was required to go to bed at ten, and it must be pretty evident that after this routine she was ready for it.

Among our acquaintances here, taking the waters, were Miss Cannon, daughter of the Speaker, Ambassador and Mrs. Storer, and Collector Lyman and family of Boston. Outside however of meetings at the spring and during the walks, there was little general sociability. Where people go to bed at ten and are limited in eating and drinking, there can be but little in the social line.

We met His Majesty frequently, but although I had been presented to him in London, I did not presume upon it to go beyond the ordinary formal greetings.

My German teacher was a Jewish rabbi, Herr Goldsberger, and he accompanied us in many of our walks to give me practice in German, though Mrs. Draper, who preferred English, considered this an additional labor beyond those prescribed by the cure.

Margaret, having no friends of her own age, found life rather dreary, the shooting gallery furnishing her principal amusement.

The cure ended, we took the through train to Paris, where we again met friends; got our purchases together; and the 8th of September sailed for America with our good friend, Capt. Kaempff, on the *Deutschland*. The trip was pleasant but uneventful, and the 15th saw us back in our Hopedale house, to which it is always a pleasure for me to return.

1906 brought no summer trip abroad, as we decided to spend the winter in Rome, to have a real change of living for a season and renew our old acquaintance. We therefore took a cottage at Manchester-by-the-Sea for the hot season, and there I spent Sundays, while the rest of my family had the advantage of cooling breezes all the week. No description of an American resort is necessary, though this one has special advantages for New England men who keep in touch with their affairs.

We returned home about the middle of September and remained about two months, while I arranged my affairs for a winter's absence, and gave some attention to State politics. Finally, November 22nd, we sailed on the *Amerika* of the Hamburg-American Line for Cherbourg and Paris. Despite the season our passage was smooth; and we were most comfortable. For the first time, we had the advantage of the Ritz restaurant on board, which furnished meals *à la carte*, almost as good as can be had in that famous hotel, — and at the same high prices.

In leaving the vessel at Cherbourg Mrs. Draper's most valuable trunk was dropped into the sea, to the great detriment

of furs and velvets. This caused us considerable trouble and expense, but the company met me fairly in settling the loss. I, however, learned that it is wise to insure valuable luggage on sea trips and recommend that course to my friends.

At Paris we were just in time to take part in a round of entertainments given Ambassador and Mrs. Tower, who were there on a visit. While there also, there was quite an excitement in the American colony over the resignation, or removal, of Ambassador McCormick, an old friend of mine.

This change, following the Storer correspondence and followed almost immediately by the retirement of Sir Mortimer Durand as British ambassador at Washington, and still later by the resignation of Mr. Tower himself furnishes an illustration of some of the present tendencies of American diplomacy that I have previously referred to. It may be fairer to say "Roosevelt diplomacy," but outside of our strenuous President's idiosyncrasies there certainly is a tendency to lessen the power and importance of our representatives abroad.

December 20th we took the *train de luxe* for Rome, arriving without accident, and finding our own carriage at the station to meet us. We drove to the Villa Wolkonsky, near St. John Lateran, which was to be our winter home; and there found a charming house, beautifully furnished, well warmed, and fully lighted, with an excellent dinner awaiting us in the dining room,—just as though we were fully installed and had just returned from a drive. It seemed like a chapter out of a novel, and even more so when we found that all details had been attended to and that we had nothing to do except to take up our life among our old friends. My secretary, with my valet and housekeeper, preceded us a few days and had made everything ready.

The villa stands in a beautiful garden, which is said to be the Roman headquarters for nightingales in March. The old Roman aqueduct runs through it, and we had our own private catacombs, which could be visited simply by going downstairs.

We remained in Rome four months and enjoyed our stay

exceedingly. The American colony and our friends in the diplomatic corps received us warmly, and we had our full share both in giving and receiving entertainments.

We were given special audiences by the King, the Queen, and the Queen Mother. His Majesty talked largely of the changes in diplomacy in recent years, and his statements corroborated what I have written in a previous chapter on this subject. He said that "successful diplomacy was formerly largely based on deception, but that at the present time straightforward dealing was, as it ought to be, the most effective." Further he thought "that in this age of the telegraph and the newspaper the diplomat could convey little information not attainable through other channels, and that a successful diplomat now needs especially to make a study of good manners, and also of the character and idiosyncrasies of the men who may have the decision of questions relating to foreign affairs,—so that he may present his own view, and that of his government, in the most convincing manner."

While I was ambassador, owing to the strained relations between the Vatican and the Quirinal, I made no effort to be presented to His Holiness the Pope. This time, as a private citizen, I was under no restraint, and sought and obtained, for myself and family, an audience with the Holy Father. We found him most gracious and unassuming. I first addressed him in Italian, which I understand better than I speak. He soon asked me if I spoke French, and on my replying in the affirmative he asked me to speak to him in French and said that he preferred to reply in Italian. In this way we talked about twenty minutes, and seemed to understand each other perfectly. Mrs. Draper followed my lead, but my daughter Margaret continued in Italian, which she speaks fluently, and before our leaving he gave her a special blessing.

Mr. White, an old acquaintance, was the American ambassador when we reached Rome, but before we left he was transferred to Paris, and succeeded by Mr. Griscom. We saw much of both, as also of our old friend, Consul General de Castro.

About the middle of April we left Rome for Madrid, where

Mrs. Draper's father, General Preston, was minister just before our civil war. My wife was there with him as a small child and had not visited Madrid since. We found the house where General Preston resided, and read his despatches to our government, through the courtesy of our present minister, Mr. Collier.

I expected a mere sightseer's visit, but through Mr. Collier's courtesy and our acquaintance with several of the diplomats, we enjoyed a social season. Our former acquaintance included Count Cassini, Russian ambassador, Mr. de Bunsen, British ambassador, Count Reventlow, Danish minister, Baron Riedl of the German Embassy, and Mr. Thomas of our own, besides Mme. Dupuy de Lome and Countess Benomar, widows of old diplomatic friends. The King granted me an audience, hearing that I was an old soldier, although he had announced that he would grant no audiences till after the birth of a royal child, then daily expected. He impressed me favorably, and evidently has inherited, besides his kingdom, that great gift, a gay and cheerful disposition. He asked about my military service, and said that he was delighted that our country had relieved Spain of the care of, and responsibility for, the Philippine Islands.

Apròpos of the heir, who arrived after we left Madrid, I found my diplomatic friends in a flutter over the uncertainty of the date of arrival. It is the custom for the chiefs of mission to be called to the palace on such occasions, when the new born infant is exhibited to them, as a precaution, it is said, against substitution. The time for the birth had been set for the 10th of April, and I arrived the 20th of that month. As a joke I told my friends of the corps that as a family man I would make them a prediction,—namely, that a month from the time first set would elapse before the birth, which would come the 10th of May. As good fortune would have it, the heir arrived on that day, and His Majesty sent me special thanks for my prediction through our minister. We should have been invited to the christening had we remained in Madrid; and as it was, we were invited to the investiture of a cardinal, in the



MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN PRESENTED TO TOWN OF HOPEDALE BY MRS. SUSAN PRESTON DRAPER,
NOVEMBER 12, 1904.

chapel of the palace, where we occupied the private box of the court chamberlain.

In a sightseeing way we visited the Prado, which Carolus Duran calls the finest picture gallery in the world, also other galleries and churches.

A visit would not be complete without seeing a bull fight, and we had a box at what was said to be the most interesting one of the season. We also visited Toledo, saw two reviews and a socialistic procession, and bought souvenirs, in the shape of Spanish fans and mantillas.

Leaving with regret, we went to Paris early in May, stopping over at Biarritz, which is destined to become a great watering place. At Paris we had another lively three weeks, and gathering our baggage together, — a work of difficulty, — we sailed on the *Kaiserin Auguste Victoria* the 31st, reaching New York June 8th, and Hopedale late in the evening of June 9th.

Going back to the time of my stay in Rome as Ambassador, there was a strong desire in our section to place in Hopedale a public memorial to Rev. Adin Ballou, the founder of the Community. It was desired that his statue be erected on the lot where his house stood, and was still standing; and a committee was appointed to solicit funds. After some correspondence I offered to give a life size bronze statue and suitable pedestal, provided sufficient funds were raised from other parties to purchase and grade the lot, — lot and statue to be presented to the Town of Hopedale. This arrangement was carried out; and the statue, executed by Partridge, now ornaments the town and commemorates the reformer's work.

While in Rome in 1902, Mrs. Draper conceived the idea of presenting to our beautiful town a marble drinking fountain; and engaged Waldo Story to carry out her ideas. There was, as usual in such cases, delay in design and execution, but in November, 1904, the fountain was in place and turned over to the town authorities.

During the past few years my stay in Washington has been largely devoted to social duties, — or pleasures, — and a little

description of the conditions existing here in that line, may be interesting.

American society is hard to define, but society in Washington is easier to comprehend than that in most of our cities. In Europe the definition is easy. Rank counts, also high public position; and those who make themselves sufficiently agreeable to the dispensers of hospitality also enter the charmed circle. Wealthy Americans going abroad, who have a marriageable daughter, are more likely to be invited than others; and the gay, if outsiders, are considered more eligible than the straight-laced.

In most of our cities a combination of wealth and long family residence is the principal requisite for social recognition, though a readiness to entertain is of value. In Boston, however, wealth and hospitality are not essentials, provided the heads of the family, for two generations or more, have resided in town and been educated at Harvard College.

High official position is not a passport in our commercial cities. Even governors are not invited by the inner circles unless they belong thereto independent of their public position. This is perhaps because of the comparatively short tenure of office among us. Governors and other high officials may come and go, while the old resident still remains.

In Washington, on the contrary, the official circle predominates. I do not refer to the President, as he stands apart, and his entertainments are necessarily not exclusive, from the social standpoint. Further, custom prevents his "going out," except to the dinners of his own Cabinet. The real "swells" in Washington are the ambassadors, — and the whole diplomatic corps is in high favor. The Vice-President is generally considered entitled to first place, but that is not universally conceded, and a wise man will not ask him to dinner at the same time as an ambassador. Then come the Chief Justice, the Speaker of the House, the Cabinet officers, and the other Justices of the Supreme Court. Senators and Representatives, and the Army and Navy, follow, and then minor officials and citizens. Only a fraction of the Senate, and a small fraction of the House, take

part in social functions, (either from lack of means or inclination), and the Army and Navy are principally represented by the higher officers at dinners and the smart younger ones at balls. The unofficial contingent is made up of either old or wealthy residents, or both, who entertain, and others who are found sufficiently attractive to *be* entertained; many of both descriptions having settled here after having held public position, through their interest in public life, and their enjoyment of the advantages found here.

Washington is called a paradise for middle-aged people. In most of our cities private entertainments are almost entirely for the benefit of the younger element; while here the dinners, at least, include few not of mature age, and even the balls are crowded by the fathers and mothers and others, who take little part in the dancing but enjoy the social greetings and occasionally a rubber of bridge.

The entertainments may be divided into official and private. The President gives dinners, or rather banquets, where the large number present excludes general sociability and where many of the guests, outside of officials, are strangers, both to the officials and to each other. Four annual receptions are also given at the White House, — for the Diplomatic Corps, the Judiciary, the Legislative bodies, and the Army and Navy, — and a large part of the guests are invited to all four. Twice as many people as could comfortably be accommodated, have been present at all that I have attended, under three Presidents, and many whose presence would be desirable under other conditions have ceased to attend. There is no comfort in being packed like sardines in a box, or in having feet trodden on and dresses torn. It would be much more distinctive if the receptions followed their names, as they do abroad, (at least in Italy), the Diplomatic being substantially confined to the Diplomatic Corps, the Foreign Affairs Committees of Senate and House, the higher officials of the State Department, and such others as the Diplomats meet in their social relations; the Judiciary, to the Courts and the Bar, with congenial friends; the Legislative, to the Senate and House, and their families; — and the Army and Navy, to the Army

and Navy, and the War and Navy Departments. At any rate, the number of invitations should be largely reduced, if it is desired that the occasions should be either comfortable or representative.

A clash occurred a year or two since between the Supreme Court and the Diplomats, which could have been easily avoided if the plan suggested above had been followed. At the Judicial reception the Diplomats were not only invited, but asked to appear in uniform. When the line was formed to pass before the President, the Justices of the Supreme Court took the right, as the reception was nominally given to them. They were not allowed to proceed, however, till the Diplomats, down to the last secretary, had passed, and considerable unnecessary feeling was engendered, — some of the dignified Justices being reported as expressing themselves very strongly. It was an error all around. Only the Ambassadors are supposed to precede the Supreme Court, but the Ministers and Secretaries also were placed in front of them; and as to the Ambassadors, it was not necessary or wise to invite them *formally* and give them precedence at a Judicial reception.

At most of the receptions I have had what is called a blue ticket, (as an ex-Ambassador), which gives admission to a favored few by a special entrance which is not crowded. Before I received one, however, Mrs. Draper and I attempted to pay our respects at a Diplomatic reception, arriving at the main entrance. It was a cold, windy night, and when our carriage reached the front steps of the White House we descended into the crowd, and moved toward the door, — to find it closed, and a policeman on guard to prevent passing. I asked how long this was to last, and was told “until those who had gone in had disposed of their wraps.” I then tried to get my carriage and go home, but it had moved on to make room for the long line of other carriages that were depositing their human freight on the steps. Most of the guests were insufficiently dressed to endure such an exposure. I, like most of the other men, wore low, thin shoes, and many ladies had left their wraps in their carriages, and stood with shoulders bare. We expostulated

with the doorkeeper, but in vain. There we were kept in the cold a full hour before the door was opened, and a part of us allowed to enter. The crowd at the entrance was so great that each person going through, moved as though shot from a gun. It was more like a crowd at a circus tent than a gathering of a party of ladies and gentlemen. Families were separated,—in one case a husband being pushed in while his wife was left outside to wait for the next open door. Naturally no one was in good temper, and several were made ill. I personally was not strong at the time, and took such a cold that I was confined to the house for several days.

Thinking the matter over, I thought that President Roosevelt ought to know how badly the affair was conducted, so that proper instructions should be given in future. I therefore wrote him, as follows:

“January 8, 1902.

“Sir: I feel it a duty to write you a line upon a subject of perhaps minor importance, but one on which you should be informed.

“On arriving with my wife last evening at the White House, with an invitation to the reception, we found the doors closed and guarded by policemen, and were kept nearly or quite an hour waiting on the flags, with no protection from the cold. The few persons we found there soon became a crowd, largely of ladies in evening dress, with wraps suitable only for a carriage, and thin slippers. We should have returned home but our carriage had gone and the way was blocked by arriving guests,—so we stayed and shivered. Finally one, and one only, of the two glass doors was opened, and we all converged upon the narrow opening, being finally shot through like boys entering a circus tent, to the danger or damage of ladies' apparel and the discomfort of all.

“I know that you do not wish your invited guests, who come at the hour appointed, to be received in this manner, and I write so that, if desired, a remedy may be found for the future. I was told last evening in the crowd that the door closing was an innovation, and I should most certainly consider it an unsuccessful experiment. It is probably difficult to arrange for the reception of so large a party comfortably, but I venture to suggest that it would be better to receive one thousand comfortably than three or four thousand in the manner

in which those who came to the front door were received last evening. If this involves a reduction of the list, most self-respecting persons would prefer to be left off, rather than to be received with closed doors.

“ I have the honor to be, Sir,” etc.

After a little delay I received a polite note from the private secretary, expressing regret that Mrs. Draper and I suffered any inconvenience.

Whether the same plan of reception has been followed since, I am unable to say from personal experience, as the possession of a “ blue ticket ” up to the last winter has saved me and my family from such inconvenience, — I may say, danger. I have heard, however, that even at present there are long delays and much crowding, — the bottom trouble being the large number of invited guests, joined to the fact that some go without formal invitation. I suppose the fact that we are a Republic prevents what is termed “ exclusiveness ” at these functions; and that condition, in turn, develops pressure for invitations, which it is thought must be yielded to, to some extent.

I have not considered myself as in favor at the White House under this administration; and this letter probably did not tend to make me more so. I heard indirectly that it was considered that I took a liberty in writing as I did, — and that view was not surprising. It seemed, however, to others as well as to me, that some one ought to call attention to such a state of affairs, as otherwise it would not be known and remedied; and I thought I could perform this duty more safely than could a person occupying official position. The matter may not be worthy of mention, and it is not mentioned from any personal reason, but to throw a side light in a direction which is interesting from the social point of view, which we are now considering.

The Cabinet have not, of late years, been great general entertainers. Each of them has given one dinner during the season, to the President and his colleagues, together with a few invited friends; and each of their wives hold several afternoon recep-

tions for all who care to call. These receptions are naturally crowded, by those who visit Washington for a few days, or by residents who might not be invited, in all cases, if invitations were required. I don't mean that there are no others present, but that here, as in Rome, a reception free to all comers is not likely to be select.

Coming now to our society in general, it may be divided broadly into two classes, — the entertainers and the entertained. Of course, those who entertain, are invited in return; but there is a large number of others, agreeable people, who are *en evidence* at every large function, but whose table one never sees. Probably most of the ladies among them have reception days, when a few intimate friends drop in, but that is all, — and the younger gentlemen return their social obligations by invitations to the Bachelors' Germans, of which several are given during the winter.

This state of things is not peculiar to Washington. In every capital a large part of society contributes to the success of social functions by its presence, and not otherwise. Some are distinguished, some are charming, some have always been invited and for that reason always will be, some have influential friends, — and most have simply *push*. It is evident, however, that there would be no functions if no one expended money for them, and the demand brings a supply of entertainers. Some entertain because their position requires it; some because of the prominence that entertaining gives; and some because they like it.

Among entertainments the dinner easily ranks first, and it is necessarily largely confined to those who make return. A dinner must be returned, — if one ever gives them, — and the consequence is that a dinner giver becomes a frequent diner-out, and that the great majority of those he meets at table are frequent diners-out also. Others are invited because of distinction, friendship, or other reasons, but the dinner giving set becomes the most exclusive set, and the most sought for at other functions as well.

In Washington the number who give dinners at their own houses is probably larger than in any other American city, and yet it is not large. In the winter of 1904-5 I made a list of those who, as far as I could learn, gave more than a single home dinner of a formal character, and there were less than seventy. I then reduced the number to those who gave four or more such dinners during the season, and there were less than forty, — about half holding official position, and half unofficial. The number has not greatly increased since.

It is said that Washington society is very changeable, but taking my list of forty, above referred to, and allowing for the changes among the diplomats, about two-thirds were devoting themselves and their houses to the pleasure of entertaining society when I took a house here fifteen years ago.

Outside of dinners, many give musical entertainments, or small dancing parties, but the most of these hostesses give dinners also. Large balls are given in but few private houses, because of lack of room; so the most of those given are subscription affairs, — some being very elaborate. We have given a ball each winter, (having a spacious ball-room), and shall probably continue, as our little Margaret will make her social début before many years.

Of course, what I have written does not cover the numerous small occasions which bring people together, like breakfasts, afternoon teas, evening receptions, and card parties, the latter being exceedingly numerous. In fact, few people who are "in the swim" here fail to go to some social gathering once or twice a day during the season; and the diners out are invited nearly every evening, in addition. The following, written by a keen observer, on this general subject, agrees with my views, and I quote it.

"Good society, which is inclusive rather than exclusive, is undoubtedly the keynote of Washington's charm, where good manners and good breeding, a long purse, if one has it, a good mind, and agreeable disposition, even if one is not very rich, find recognition and a place in the ranks of the socially elect. Everyone knows million-



INTERIOR VIEW OF BALLROOM, WASHINGTON RESIDENCE.

aires who have stormed the portals of Washington society and seldom got beyond a bowing acquaintance with the real leaders of the smart world, while everyone also knows charming families of small means, who are among the best-placed of the community."

I count an evening at home in Washington as clear gain, although the evenings out are always pleasant, and sometimes, when the company is well chosen, remarkably so. If one could go out about twice a week and choose the occasions, it would be better, both for real enjoyment and health; but one must take the social world as it is, and either be in it or out of it. For the time being I have decided on the former course during the winter, taking my rest in this direction while attending to more serious duties at my real home, Hopedale, and in travel in the summer months.

CHAPTER XXIII

BUSINESS AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

DURING the years 1902–1907, outside of business and travel, I have given a great deal of attention to public affairs. I have held no public position and have sought none, but as I am personally acquainted with the leading men of both parties, and as my winter residence is in Washington, I naturally keep in touch with the questions before Congress.

My known devotion to the cause of protection has made my house a frequent meeting place for those in sympathy with my views, and I have naturally been more or less consulted as to legislation, or proposed legislation, having a bearing on this question. It has been very interesting, and I hope that my labors have produced some result. They certainly have in some cases, and I trust the end is not yet.

Free traders are apt to assume that an advocate of protection is governed more by some private interest than by his desire for the general good. This is a poor argument, unless accompanied by proof, and certainly not a valid one in my case, as neither protection nor free trade have any material bearing on my individual fortunes, except as one or the other may produce greater general prosperity. I am not a candidate for office, and have no temptation in that direction; while my business has not depended upon the tariff, beyond the fact that all business is better in good times than in times of depression.

I consider the tariff question a question of the well being of the mass of our people, — and in fact, as one affecting the perpetuity of our governmental institutions. Free trade,

by *equalizing* conditions with other nations, will *lower* ours; and if we lower the condition of our workers we shall degrade our voting constituency, and open the door to socialism and perhaps to anarchy.

As to business, ours,—like all well managed business in our country,—has been remarkably prosperous during the time under consideration. Our new loom is (1907) weaving fully one quarter of the plain cloths produced in the United States, and its use is increasing every month. It possesses such advantages that manufacturers without it find difficulty in competition. Mill owners cannot afford to pay present wages with antiquated machinery, and operatives are naturally unwilling to take less. Either our loom must be adopted,—or some substitute found for it,—or the trade will go where labor is less highly paid.

Important improvements have been made under my direction, since 1900,—the most of them affecting the quality of the fabric produced. In 1900 we had not been successful in weaving the finer cloths. Today a good weaver on ordinary looms, by the use of great care, may—but probably will not—produce as good a fabric as our looms do automatically and much cheaper. If the improvements now in process go into use, however, our automatic loom cloth will be universally better, as well as cheaper.

This opens another subject which I will only touch upon briefly, though it has made a material change in my life and my plans for the future.

As before explained, our business for fifty years or more has not been based on the manufacture of “standard” machinery; but upon experiments, resulting in improvements, which we introduced and made “standard” if successful. We further bought and developed inventions of others in textile machinery, and undoubtedly did more to cheapen and improve the manufacture of yarns and cloth than any other establishment in that line of business. In fact, it is not egotism to say that we did more in that direction than all our competitors added together.

This, of course, introduced complication into our affairs, — it being necessary to study faults, and develop remedies, — then to test the remedies, — then to secure them by letters patent, — and later, to protect our rights by litigation, — in addition to the buying and selling and manufacturing incident to mechanical work.

Up to the consolidation of our various companies in 1896 I gave attention to all departments of the business, and for ten years before that time all were under my control. My ambassadorship necessitated a change, and after my return in 1900 I confined myself to the special departments above mentioned, — outside of serving as President and giving general advice as a senior director, and the largest stockholder.

My special duties covered invention, experiment, purchase of improvements, tests to determine value, securing patents, and litigation. As our new patents aggregated a hundred or more per annum, and as experiments and litigation were always in progress, I was sufficiently occupied with congenial work, and not as closely confined as if I had looked after the more ordinary detail.

This experimenting to keep at the front was, and must be, expensive and sometimes unfruitful; but improvements were the foundation of our business and the basis for the larger percentage of gain which we earned, as compared with the results of ordinary manufacture.

My brothers, however, did not fully sympathize either with this view or with my expensive and exhaustive manner of conducting experiments. For several years after my return from Europe they acquiesced in my mode of action, but finally, and to me unexpectedly, in the winter of 1906, they secured a vote in the Board of Directors which brought about a change of policy, and removed the experimental department from my control. Believing that this was an error, and that it would, as patents expired, change our business to the mere making of standard machines, I sold the greater part of my stock and invested elsewhere.

I believed that the change would, in the course of years,

diminish the profits of the business; but even if it did not, I had reached the point where I cared more for advancing the textile art, to which I had devoted so much of my life, than I did for the merely profitable manufacture of standard articles. I wish my associates all success in their new departure and believe that the enterprise will continue; but there will hereafter, I fear, be less reason for personal pride in the Draper Company as a prominent factor in textile improvement.

In this connection I will refer to the report of a dinner of the American Cotton Manufacturers Association, April 26, 1906. The President, Mr. MacColl, introduced me in the following language, and the reception accorded me showed that he had not entirely gone astray:

“In the city of Plymouth in old England there is a splendid monument to the memory of Sir Francis Drake. It stands on the site of the bowling green where Sir Francis was playing a game of bowls when notice was brought to him that the Spanish Armada was in sight, and you will remember that he said he would finish his game of bowls and then attend to the Spanish Armada. The inscription on that monument particularly impressed me, — one word, ‘Drake,’ beautiful for its simplicity and its brevity. There was no need to say more, for everybody knew Drake and his story. And so in introducing the next speaker, to a gathering of cotton manufacturers there is need to say only one word, ‘Draper.’ I have the honor to present General William F. Draper.”

I am an anti-expansionist, as well as a protectionist. My reasons for the latter view have appeared sufficiently often in these pages. As to the former, I believe that the maintenance of colonies with little or no voice in their own government is an unwise departure from the ideals and principles of the founders of our Government. If given voting power, the votes even of those that we have acquired may mean the control of the more intelligent sections of our country by those less intelligent. In fact, no one advocates this for the present. If they are not to have a voice, our principle of “government with the consent of the governed” will become obsolete.

Further, a republic is an unfit government to maintain extensive colonies. It is liable to too many changes of parties in power to continue any line of policy consistently. Still further, on the mere ground of expense, we have already increased our expenditure enormously on account of our insular possessions and shall do so still more if we continue to purchase or annex, — particularly in tropical regions.

I have borne my testimony in this direction, although it has been unpopular at this time, when weak nations are being absorbed by the great Powers all over the world, and when there is a prevalent feeling that we ought not to miss our share of the plunder. I was in full accord with Senator Hoar on the Philippine question, except that I would have pushed my objections farther than he did and voted against the treaty; and he did me the honor of consulting with me fully and freely on these matters. I think these views, in connection with other differences to be mentioned later, have made me *persona non grata* with President Roosevelt, although I was formerly on excellent personal terms with him. Such disadvantages, however, are incident to the holding of positive views and expressing them.

In the winter of 1903-4, about the time of the alleged revolution in Panama, and our taking possession, (to be exact, the morning of the 11th of January), the President sent for me to ask my opinion of a candidate for high position. I gave it favorably, and it is fair to say that the appointment was made. In fact, Mr. Roosevelt went so far as to say that he would be glad of my advice whenever an important vacancy occurred in Massachusetts, or even in New England. I naturally thanked him, and told him my views were at his service whenever he desired them. He then asked me, (and I think that was the object of the interview), if the somewhat discordant views of Republicans on the subject of protection could not be harmonized. I told him that in my view our party was based on the principle of protection and that the great mass of Republicans were satisfied with present conditions. He said that such men as Governor Cummins of Iowa and Mr. Foss of Massachusetts

were not content, and I replied that I thought he would be very unwise to be influenced by their views. He then said that he had come to the same conclusion, and that he wished me to understand his position.

Speaking generally, he explained that "the true policy of the Republican party was to maintain a strong and consistent protective policy, that no more reciprocity treaties in competitive products ought to be negotiated, and that there should be no tariff revision until the trouble caused by some existing duty or duties exceeded the disturbance which a general tariff revision would bring about." When that time came, he thought that a revision should be made, always keeping the protective principle fully in view. I commended these views, which accorded with my own, and he added, "These are my ideas, or I think they are; I sometimes think that other people know my views better than I do myself."

I told him that I had not approved of the Cuban reciprocity treaty, though I recognized it as an exceptional case, and he replied that he would not undertake to force through another such treaty under any conditions, as it made him much difficulty and raised many disagreeable questions.

He asked me what people thought of his foreign policy, and I asked if he meant *conservative* people like myself. As he replied "Yes," I said that a great many thought he was too belligerent. "A little quick on the trigger," said he; and I agreeing, he seemed much pleased. I then said that I did not approve of his dealings in connection with Panama, if the papers reported the facts correctly. He replied, "You do not know all there is to it," to which I agreed, and the interview terminated.

I came home and made minutes of the conversation, from which I now quote substantially. It seems fair to the President to make this record, as he has been represented as occupying positions inconsistent with it.

About this time some of my speeches or letters attracted the attention of the officials of the American Protective Tariff League. They sought an interview with me, with the result that I was made a member of their Executive Committee.

During the winter of 1902, under the auspices of the National Association of Manufacturers, a convention was called in Washington, to which all the associations of manufacturers in the country were invited to send delegates, to consider the subject of reciprocity. I went as a delegate from the Home Market Club, and was made a vice-president of the convention, and a member of the committee on resolutions. The manufacturers of agricultural machinery, and some others who felt sure of their home market and desired increased sales abroad, were anxious for some declaration which should lead to the confirmation by the Senate of certain reciprocity treaties already negotiated by the State Department; and the negotiation of others which might increase their foreign trade. On the other hand, those adversely affected by the above named treaties were on hand, and the general sentiment of the convention was protective.

While the committee sat for nearly two days, the question was discussed by various speakers before the convention. I found the committee very evenly divided, and the chairman, Mr. Tompkins of North Carolina, prepared with a resolution recommending reciprocity arrangements, provided that no *serious* injury should be inflicted on any American industry. I took exception to the word "serious," saying that I was unwilling to recommend commercial arrangements by which *any* American industry would suffer, and the matter was discussed at length. When it came to a vote in committee, a majority of one was with me. The question of two reports was then raised, and I took the position that in that case the majority would present a stronger resolution, detailing the constitutional as well as the practical objections to *any* reciprocity treaties; and stating that with the matter fully explained I believed that the convention would sustain the ultra-protective view by a much larger majority in proportion than its adherents had in the committee.

Here we adjourned, to give each side an opportunity to consult and to ascertain the general sentiment of the delegates. The next day, when we came together, our opponents accepted my amendment to the original resolution, which was reported

unanimously, and adopted by the convention, (numbering several hundred), with hardly a dissenting vote.

The result was a great disappointment to the Democratic and independent journals and to free traders generally, as they had hoped for a different result, or at least, for a division in the convention. My friends were kind enough to say then, and I believe now, that had a man of less positive conviction occupied my place on the committee, the impression would have gone forth that the manufacturers of this country were willing to sacrifice their home market in the hope of making greater sales abroad, — thus making protection what it is not, but what free traders say it is, a giving of government bounties to certain favored interests at the expense of others.

The next fall the same question of reciprocity was to come before the Republican State convention in Massachusetts, and Senator Hoar was desirous that I should be on the resolutions committee, to represent our mutual views. My selection was made without my seeking the place, and the resolutions were satisfactory to Senator Hoar and myself,— the sentiment of the committee and convention being in accord with ours.

In the winter of 1903-4 a determined effort was made by parties interested, including Mr. Henry M. Whitney, a prominent Democrat, and Mr. Foss, before mentioned, a Republican, to pass resolutions through the Massachusetts legislature favoring reciprocity with Canada. Hearings were held, and with Colonel Clarke, Secretary of the Home Market Club, Mr. William Whitman, treasurer of the Arlington Mills, and others, I went before the committee and argued the case, with the result that the Republican members reported against the resolutions, and the Legislature confirmed their action.

In the spring of 1904 the usual Republican State convention was held to choose delegates-at-large to the Republican National Convention, which nominated Roosevelt and Fairbanks. My friends desired that I should go as a delegate, but having arranged for a foreign trip I was unable to serve. I, however,

determined to be a factor in the preparation of resolutions; and I was. My popularity in my own district was assured, and I took steps toward being named by its representatives as a member of the committee. The position was a subordinate one, but I had the gift of speech and the right to take part in the consultations. The chairman produced a prepared list of resolutions, which it was said had passed the scrutiny of our senators, and which was adopted, in great part. The resolution on protection was satisfactory to me and stood without objection; that on reciprocity was weak, and open to double construction. I attacked it without gloves, and after a long discussion prepared a substitute embodying my views, which was adopted by the committee without a dissenting vote. I have always noted that a positive man, who knows just what he wants, has great influence in committees where lines have not been drawn in advance.

The next day in convention, Senator Lodge advocated the committee report, in opposition to a resolution favoring Canadian reciprocity regardless of protection, that was offered by Mr. Foss; and the convention adopted my resolution eight or ten to one. Privately, in advance, the senator told me that he feared the convention might not favor such strong statements, though he personally was in sympathy with them. I replied, "What is the advantage of having convictions, if you do not state them when occasion requires?" and in backing his convictions and mine, he won what was then considered a great oratorical triumph.

In the fall, while I was in Europe, the sad news came that my friend Senator Hoar was fatally ill; and he died a few days after my return to this country. I attended his funeral, having been selected as one of the bearers. It was a most impressive occasion, showing the great respect and affection felt for him, not only by his colleagues in the Senate and other public men, but by the entire population of his city of Worcester. He was our greatest citizen, worthy to be associated with the great men of former times that Massachusetts has produced. His

place in the Senate, as a jurist, a scholar, and especially as a devotee of absolute right regardless of expediency, will not be filled in this generation.

“The king is dead; long live the king,” is, however, as true now as when it was first uttered. The papers were at once filled with discussions as to his successor, in which my name was prominently mentioned. The choice lay with Governor John L. Bates, who had been intimately associated, as lieutenant-governor, with Governor Winthrop Murray Crane, and it was generally expected that he would give him the appointment, as he did.

I felt that it would be poor taste to have my claims pressed, and no one saw Governor Bates in my behalf, though all those mentioned were not equally delicate, it is said. I was not sure that I desired the position, though I would have accepted it if offered.

The choice of the governor was only, however, for an interim, until the Legislature should elect; and I decided to enter the field before the Legislature, unless the appointee of the governor (who would naturally expect to be elected) was a strong protectionist like myself. I therefore sought an interview with Governor Crane and made my decision known to him, stating that I should feel sure of the support of the ultra-protectionists and of my comrades, the old soldiers, who had never been properly recognized politically in Massachusetts. The governor said that he fully agreed with me in principle, though he was perhaps less outspoken “in season and out of season” than I was. As he was at that time an especial friend of President Roosevelt, I felt that he could do the cause more good during his administration than I could, and I assured him not only that my name would not be used but that I would support him; and I did so.

Among the many complimentary notices that I received in connection with this matter, I print only one, from an article entitled “Massachusetts in the Senate,” in *Gunton's Magazine*. My old friend Professor Gunton fairly made me blush in reading it, as I especially appreciate commendation from a man of

his ability and high position as an economist. However, despite my blushes, I put it in, as my children and friends may appreciate it.

“Among the names thus far mentioned of those who are fitted to occupy the seat of Senator Hoar and represent the constructive political spirit of Massachusetts, is that of General William F. Draper, of Hopedale. General Draper is of the same school of statesmanship as Hoar, Sumner, and Webster. He is a man of wide experience and solid sense. By temperament, habit, and training, he is a statesman. He combines, as few public men in this country do, the qualities of the practical industrial leader and the sound political philosopher. Besides being a successful manufacturer and developer of the most advanced productive methods that have contributed to this country’s exceptional progress, he has the capacity for treating questions of public policy from the point of view of practical political philosophy. His attitude toward the labor question is liberal and sane. He is a protectionist who advocates protection as a national doctrine, not as a local expediency. He does not ask for protection to what he sells and free trade for what he buys. With him protection is part of the political philosophy that recognizes that the economic opportunities of the home market should be secured to home industries; and that competition in the domestic market should always rest upon the wages of home labor, — in other words, that foreign producers should never be permitted to compete in the domestic market of any country, without paying the equivalent of the domestic wages of that country. That is the only kind of protection doctrine that is worth having. If protection is to be a matter of dicker for the benefit of one industry at the expense of another, then it had better be abolished. It must rest on some equitable economic basis, or it cannot last as a public policy. This is the kind of protection that Hamilton and Clay and Webster and the other great statesmen of the country stood for. It is the kind of protection that Massachusetts has stood for, and it is the doctrine of public policy that General Draper represents.

“General Draper has had the experience of public life that especially fits him for the duties of United States Senator. In addition to being a successful business man, which has brought him directly in touch with the spirit and methods of economic progress, he has had the advantage of an extended experience in Congress and in the diplomatic service, and he is just of the right age to retire from prac-

tical business and give the benefit of his experience to the public service.

“All in all, there are few men in this country, who, by temperament, ability, and experience, are so well equipped to fill the seat of Senator Hoar and sustain the standard of Massachusetts in the Senate as General Draper.”

October 7th the annual Republican convention for the choice of candidates for State officers came off, and in this convention, for the first time in recent years, I was beaten. I think the resolutions committee was made up with that object in view; or rather, with the object of putting down the stalwart protectionist wing of the party, with which I am identified. Prior to the convention I sought a conference with Senator Lodge and obtained a promise that I should be heard by the committee. The committee resolutions were, as usual, prepared in advance by the chairman, in conference with others high in party councils, and the committee sustained them almost without change. A large delegation of gentlemen favoring Canadian reciprocity, — even in competing products, — was present, and addresses were made representing their view, by Congressmen McCall, Powers, and other speakers; while straight protection was advocated by William Whitman, Colonel Clarke, and myself. I heard from the chairman of the committee that only one word was changed by all the arguments, and that change was reported to have been made to meet the views of the candidate for lieutenant-governor, Curtis Guild. I don't think, however, that the committee was proud of its handiwork, except as it showed ability in facing both ways.

All interested agreed that, taken as a whole, the resolutions were an unmeaning “straddle” on this subject, and at the request of my opponent, Mr. Foss, we together sought the committee after the resolutions were given out, to ask them to make a square statement one way or the other. We failed to get a quorum together, however, and should doubtless have failed to obtain a modification if we had.

The question now came, Should I make a fight in convention? Perhaps I ought to have done so, but I allowed

myself to be influenced by the consideration urged by friends, that a party split on the eve of a presidential election ought to be avoided, and that having borne my testimony my duty was done. I am not sure that I was right, but I am writing what occurred.

I quote a clipping from a metropolitan daily to show that my view of the resolutions was not a merely personal one:

“General Draper is the chief champion of uncompromising protection in Massachusetts. He is the ruling spirit of the Home Market Club, and he bitterly opposed the resolution in favor of qualified reciprocity at the recent Republican convention. But he is convinced that it was nothing but a trick to catch the votes of those who do and those who do not really wish reciprocity. In a statement made at a meeting of the officers of the Home Market Club last Friday he said, with admirable simplicity and candor:

“Both parties in Massachusetts may ask for Canadian reciprocity, but they will not get it except on non-competitive lines, so long as one-third or more of the members of the United States Senate are protectionists who stand by their principles, and that is likely to be the case for the next four years at least. If, or when, two-thirds of the Senate become free traders, or near enough to free traders to indorse reciprocity regardless of protection, there will have been such a change of sentiment that our whole tariff structure will be overthrown, and we shall have another object lesson, as we had in '93, to learn again whether the country is more prosperous under protection or not. This lesson would not need to be learned over again if nominal protectionists would stand by their colors.’

“This fully confirms the view we have taken from the first as to the tactics of Senator Lodge in placating the reciprocity sentiment in his State. The Republican party is not a free agent for the reduction of the tariff taxation. Since the present taxes were brought into operation by the repeal of the countervailing internal war taxes in the late sixties, the Republican party has never reduced the tariff, and there is not the slightest reason to suppose that it ever will.” — *New York Times*.

The election followed in due course, with the result that Mr. Roosevelt was elected, and the Republican national protective platform ratified by an immense majority, — while in Massa-

chusetts, with its straddling Republican platform, the national ticket received 80,000 majority, and the Democratic candidate for governor was elected by 36,000. A few days later I sent the following letter to the *Herald*, which was received with general commendation:

“To the Editor of the *Herald*: Though you disagree with me on the merits of the general policy of protection and also on the particular branch of that question that comes under discussion in the formulation of reciprocity treaties, I believe that all fair-minded men will endorse what I have said publicly, and what I propose to elaborate more fully in this letter, on the subject of platform straddles. I have purposely delayed this letter till after the election, because the party with which I have always been affiliated has just been guilty of one of these ‘straddles’ and because discussion with a view to amendment produces better results when a political campaign is not in progress. I am writing not as a Republican or a protectionist but as a citizen and a believer in party government; and I believe that the views which I shall present are worthy of fair consideration by both political parties.

“What is a ‘straddle’ in the sense usually given to the word, as applied to political platforms? It is an attempt to commit a party to both sides of a pending question, or to use such language that it may be argued to each side that its particular view is favored.

“It is an attempt to obtain or to retain votes under false pretences, — to induce men on one side or the other to sustain a policy that they would oppose if the issue were squarely presented.

“It takes from the rank and file of voters their power of controlling issues, — which they would control if issues were plainly stated, and were important enough to cause a change of vote in case their party changed its ground.

“It tends to bossism, or personal government, by leaving officials elected on meaningless platforms free to take either side of a question, regardless of the views of the men who elect them. It tends to degrade party government to a mere quarrel between ‘ins’ and ‘outs,’ leaving the question of who shall hold the offices, as the great, if not the only, question. If this is desired it would be better and more honestly accomplished by the abolition of party platforms, than by the preparation of statements of principle calculated to mean all things to all men.

“The ‘straddle’ cannot be defended except on the ground that where there is a difference in a party it may be held together for the time being by deceiving one side or the other, or both; but in such cases it would be better if the platform were silent on unimportant matters, and if on important ones it took the majority position and left the voters to act according to the dictates of their consciences. A straight, square statement of honest belief is in itself an element of great strength.

“The recent election has shown that the voters are much less certain than formerly, to vote for their party candidates. Does this not come from the fact that principles have been juggled with, on one side or the other, until it is hard for the average voter to know what either great party stands for. Under such circumstances he is not to be greatly blamed for voting for the man that he prefers, regardless of party; and he will do so more and more, unless party platforms are constructed with the intention of expressing real belief, rather than concealing it.

“The question whether protection is to be considered in the making of reciprocity treaties, or not, will probably come before future Republican conventions. If it does, I hope that men of all shades of opinion will unite in the demand that if the platform refers to the subject, it shall do so in no uncertain language.”

As the time for the meeting of Congress approached, the Washington correspondence was full of tariff revision, even reciprocity being forgotten; and a persistent effort was made all along the line to have it appear that the President, just elected by an immense majority by the party of protection, would take the same action that would have been expected of a Democratic President, had the election gone the other way.

As the Senate and House began to assemble, however, the tune was changed. It was then said that the President would like to upset the tariff, but that the old foggy Senators and Representatives would not agree to it. I believe Mr. Roosevelt was maligned,—at any rate, there was no mention of tariff revision in his annual message.

Arrived in Washington, my winter residence, I placed myself in communication with my old friends, the Republican leaders, and found them in general sympathy with the views expressed

in my letter. A canvass taken during the winter showed that more than two-thirds of the Republican members of the House and a safe majority of the Republican Senators would vote against any proposition for revision, — and none was made in earnest. Our Massachusetts delegation, however, weakened, and were nearly unanimous in passing a resolution calling for an early revision “in accordance with the principles of protection.”

This action of our delegation was unfortunate for them, as it lessened their influence in party councils; and it may prove so for the industries of Massachusetts when revision actually comes.

Early in 1905 I was asked to write for the *Outlook* a statement why tariff revision under then existing circumstances, was not only uncalled for but undesirable. The article attracted sufficient attention and produced sufficient discussion, but I will quote only my summary, contained in five sentences as follows:

“Revision, interpreted as reduction, would cause commercial depression while being made.

“It would lessen our general prosperity after it was made.

“It would lower the wages of labor.

“It would not aid in solving the trust problem.

“It is advocated by free traders, who wish not only to revise but to destroy our tariff.”

About this time, after the meeting of our Congressional delegation above referred to, I addressed the following letter to each of our representatives in Congress who was reported to have signed the letter, or other paper, calling for the “earliest possible revision, in accordance with the principles of protection.”

“I am preparing a brief address on ‘The Demand for Tariff Revision,’ which I expect to deliver some time during the spring at one of the club meetings in Massachusetts. One of the difficulties in the present situation is the lack of knowledge as to exactly what the demand is, although I suppose that each man, or at least each Republican, who favors revision has a definite idea of the duties that he would change if he had full power.

“Have you any objection to writing me, with the privilege of using your letter, as above stated, what special changes in the tariff you consider so necessary as to warrant the demand for revision?”

The senators and all the representatives addressed replied, with one exception.

Analyzing the letters, eleven in number, it appeared that two of the writers, Senator Lodge and Mr. Gillett, believed in conservative action; that several of the others were non-committal; and that the rest desired so-called free raw material. This used to be a Democratic doctrine, and a Republican demand for it indicated a change of view rather than a change of conditions.

I have preserved the letters and if any one cares to see them as a matter of interest, or political history, my secretary, Mr. O. H. Lane, will have them in charge. I thought they made a weak presentation of the case for revision, — probably because some of the writers were in doubt as to the wisdom of the course they were taking.

April 15th, on the invitation of the Massachusetts Club, I delivered a prepared speech on “The Demand for Tariff Revision,” in which I read these letters and commented on them. This speech brought a large amount of newspaper comment pro and con, from Maine to San Francisco. I will not quote, as quotations would not show the complete line of argument, and the speech is too long to be printed here in full.

During the next summer (1905), my brother Eben decided to run as a candidate for lieutenant-governor, and the tariff entered largely into the contest, though he to some extent deprecated what he termed my extreme views. This placed me in a somewhat embarrassing position, but I determined to stand by my guns. I appeared before the committee on resolutions at the State convention with Colonel Clarke, with the result that my tariff plank was agreed to in part, as follows:

“We believe that the policy of protection to American labor and American industry should be maintained. The Republican party of Massachusetts reaffirms its devotion to the principle of protection,

and is opposed to tariff changes tending to depress or destroy any of our industries or to lower the wages of American labor."

The committee, however, added the following :

" We approve the position taken by our senators and representatives at the last session of Congress, in favor of present action, and we urge that they should continue to press upon their party associates in Congress from other States the wisdom of a consideration of the tariff for the purpose of revision and readjustment,"

and this made it necessary for Mr. Whitman to make a minority report and for me to make a protest before the convention.

My speech was as follows :

" I rise to express my agreement with Mr. Whitman in his dissent to the tariff resolution and to congratulate him for standing for his belief, although alone on the committee.

" I regret that it seems to be my duty to say what it is necessary for some one to say on this resolution, for two reasons : First, I am content with the work of your committee except on this one point, and would be glad to accept it without raising a question. I should do so if such action would not convey the impression that those interested in the productive industries of Massachusetts desire a tariff revision under present conditions, when I know that such is not the case, and when I believe that the great majority of them are opposed to it.

" Again, my brother is a candidate for office, and I do not wish to introduce questions which will in any way embarrass him or his supporters.

" However, on the latter point I will say that Eben S. Draper, who is a candidate before you for the office of lieutenant-governor, is in no way responsible for what I shall say. He and I are different individuals, and each of us is entitled to his own individuality. My remarks will have a bearing on questions of principle, and while we may not disagree materially, he very probably will not accept all my views without modification. At any rate, he will be no more bound by them than he would be if we were members of different families. I wish him all success in his candidacy and know he will fill the place well if nominated and elected, but principles are important for a political party as well as candidates, and, whoever your candidates may be, they will stand upon the platform that you prepare for them.

“I am not satisfied with the resolution calling for immediate tariff revision that has been reported by the committee, and I do not think it wise to let it pass as though it represented our unanimous opinion. It is a concession to the free trade element, that in my opinion is only a small minority of our party in this State. At any rate, a large number of the most reliable Republicans among us, — men who have stood with the party in victory and defeat, and are thoroughly imbued with its principles, — are opposed to an immediate tariff revision, and conservative men who might make concessions to hold the party together locally, are doubtful as to its wisdom. Besides this, the adoption of this resolution will place our party in Massachusetts, and the senators and representatives who represent us in Washington, in direct opposition to the overwhelming majority of the senators and representatives from other Republican States.

“I will state briefly the reasons which lead me to oppose the acceptance of the committee’s action.

“First, as a business man, interested in a variety of productive enterprises, I know that they require *stability* of conditions. It is evident that revision means instability, and we cannot fail to remember that a revision of the tariff *downwards*, (which is the direction it will take when it comes), has always been associated with business depression. We are now prosperous, — probably more so under the present tariff than ever before. Why should we disturb one of the main pillars which support our prosperity?

“Again, we all know that when revision is begun, no one can be sure when or where it will end; and everyone liable to lose by changes of schedules will protect himself by doing business from hand to mouth, — thus lessening production, throwing labor out of employment, changing profit into loss in many cases, and adding a new and important factor to those that make business uncertain. This might be endured if there were a prospect of greatly improved conditions after the change, but the indications are not in that direction.

“Who are behind this movement for revision? The Democratic party, and certain Republicans more or less impregnated with free trade ideas. Neither would be satisfied with a revision on really protective lines, and if we were united enough, (which I fear we are not), to carry through such a revision, we would soon have another, brought about by the same combination of Democrats with free trade or weak-kneed Republicans, encouraged by their first success.

“Business men, especially producers, recognize this danger; and

the vast majority of them, taking the country through, will stand for present conditions rather than advocate the opening of Pandora's box. Many would be willing to see a reduction in duties that protect others, but few think that duties on foreign articles that compete with their own industry require revision;—and taken as a whole, the business community is wise enough to see that general prosperity depends upon individual prosperity, and that depression or destruction in special lines will re-act upon others,—especially when all are threatened with further attack.

“Gentlemen, you will take a grave responsibility if you advise this fooling with our industries, against the best judgment of the men who are directly responsible for their success. If this resolution brings revision, and revision brings calamity, every man who votes for it will be responsible. If the good sense of Republicans of other States saves us, as I think it will, whatever you pass, you will have made concessions to the enemy for nothing.

“As a protectionist I regard with suspicion all movements toward free trade, and should oppose any not clearly made necessary by changed conditions. The conditions have not changed in any material respect since 1897, except that we have prospered more under the Dingley tariff,—and that is surely not a reason for revising it. Under these circumstances I object to opening the door to all sorts of propositions that are likely to cause havoc among us, and that will endanger the whole protective system.

“As before said, I do not believe that a revision, if commenced, can be controlled by protectionists. If it is commenced now, it must be done by out-voting the anti-revision protectionists in Congress by a union of the Democrats and Republican tariff reformers. After this, it will be somewhat difficult for the latter to unite with their conservative associates in protecting particular schedules,—and every schedule broken down would add recruits to those desirous of breaking down others.

“There are nine chances out of ten,—yes, ninety-nine out of a hundred,—that the result of attempting a revision, under present conditions, would be something like the Wilson Bill, or even worse, from the standpoint of a protectionist. Our cause would be set back as much as it would be by Democratic success,—and perhaps even more so, because there would be less chance for a reaction if the party nominally standing for protection should become responsible for disaster.

“I have less fear of a Democratic revision if we stand firm, than I have of a Republican revision if we yield. In the first place, if we can unite against revision we can prevent it by beating the Democrats; and we shall be much surer to beat them if we fight than if we surrender our principles without a contest. Should they come into power later they will be no more dangerous to protection than our Republican free traders, and possibly less so. They will have the responsibility of power and will be afraid of losing it if they go too far.

“This brings me to the third, or party, standpoint. The passage of this resolution will separate Massachusetts from other Republican States. It will accentuate division among us which may lead to party defeat, local or national. Protectionists will not be greatly interested in local success under such a banner, and free traders will not be satisfied unless you yield to them further, when it comes to revision; and you cannot go over to their views and retain your party organization.

“It would have been better to have omitted in your resolution all reference to the time of revision, further than that we should favor it when the need of such action and the benefit to be obtained from it should be clearly shown.

“I do not propose to ask for a vote of the convention on this point unless it is desired by a large fraction of the delegates. I do, however, desire to have it known that the Republican party of Massachusetts is not *unanimously* in favor of an immediate revision of the tariff, and that a large, if not the larger, portion of those interested in her productive industries are opposed to it.”

These remarks were received with so much applause that I felt sorry I had yielded to my brother's request not to demand a vote on the resolutions. I could have done so with hope of success but for Eben's candidacy, on which a vote was coming later. As it was, he was nominated by a handsome majority, and that in itself was a protection victory.

A second victory came in his election, though the majority was narrow. In spite of his acceptance of the platform as adopted, the tariff reformers could not get over the fact that his name was Draper. Their leaders voted and publicly recommended others to vote for the Democratic candidate, Mr. Whitney, and the face of the returns showed that about ten

thousand of them did so, while voting the rest of the Republican ticket.

When I reached Washington later I found that the Massachusetts controversy and my part therein were "household words," and I was glad to be assured by those who knew, that there was not the slightest chance of revision during the pending session.

I have referred at some length to this change of policy, or abandonment of principle, on the part of Massachusetts Republican leaders, because it seems to have commenced the disintegration of the dominant party which is now going on, and because I was apparently more impressed with this danger at the time than the most of our public men. The movement against protection within the protectionist party then initiated in Massachusetts and Iowa, has gained headway throughout the entire country, at least among the politicians and the newspapers, and very likely the next national platform will call for tariff reduction, with the pill more or less sugared to hold protectionist votes. As both parties in that case will agree upon a movement toward free trade we are very likely to have it, and our already enfeebled business interests will receive another blow.

The protection question is, however, not the only one on which our party has abandoned its own principles and adopted, or partially adopted, those of the enemy. The crusade against corporations, and in fact against successful directors of industry whether corporations or individuals, has been favored in the past by Democratic and Populistic, rather than by Republican, platforms; but the endorsement of our strenuous President and his so-called policies by Republican conventions in addition, seems to have committed the entire community to a long advance toward socialism.

That many of both parties are opposed, and bitterly opposed, to the prevailing trend, is true, but there is as yet no political organization that represents their views, and there probably will not be until the effects of these social vagaries are more widely felt, and the causes of industrial depression more fully realized.

Even in this view, however, it is probable that the time is not far distant when conservative men must act together for self-preservation, and when a new alignment of parties will become necessary.

The winter of 1905-6 was exceedingly interesting in Washington. Though the tariff question slumbered, outside of a few speeches on one side or the other, other questions of even more importance, if carried to a final issue, came to the front.

The President made it evident in his official communications, and even more evident in his unofficial conversations, that he was opposed, not only to the abuses of corporation management, but to the accumulation of large fortunes, however honestly acquired. In the conservative view, (with which I sympathize), it is believed that the accumulation of fortunes *honestly* carries with it immense advantage to the community, by the development of wealth for the entire people and the furnishing of remunerative employment to large classes who have not the ability to make or find it for themselves. If accumulation is made impossible, further development will cease, and the march of civilization will be backward rather than forward.

It may be said that limitations should be applied only to the accumulation of large amounts, — say ten million dollars or more, — but this would check the enterprise of the ablest men among us, (financially speaking), and, further, if the principle is admitted, what is to prevent a smaller limitation, when men more socialistic even than Mr. Roosevelt come into power? If wealth is to be equalized, why should any man be allowed to possess one million, or one hundred thousand, or ten thousand dollars, or any sum above the average holding?

Further, it is evident that this interference with personal exertion and economy must be accompanied by increased centralization of government, which in turn may develop a tyranny much worse than the one that our revolutionary forefathers fought against.

Mr. Roosevelt's plan seems further to include the practical abolition of State lines, and to be accompanied by the desire

to centre in his office the functions of Congress and the Supreme Court; or at least, to limit these bodies to carrying out the orders of the Executive. Unless we desire an absolute monarchy it is high time to check these tendencies.

In the railroad rate bill as passed, the Senate won a substantial victory; though I should have taken Senator Foraker's and Representative McCall's absolutely conservative position had I been a member of either House of Congress.

In the spring and early summer I gave considerable attention to the work of the Devens Monument Commission, of which I was made chairman after the death of Senator Hoar. The dedication took place at Worcester the Fourth of July, and I made the presentation speech.

A very large assemblage took part in the exercises,—including the survivors of all the Worcester County regiments that served in the Civil War.

In the fall, at and before the State convention, the tariff question again came to the front, though it was overshadowed before the election by the Moran candidacy and the discussion of socialistic questions.

At the convention I was a member of the resolutions committee, and had the satisfaction of helping to make resolutions which were somewhere near in line with the principles of the national party. In fact, as I was the spokesman for the "stand pat" element, I was all the more pleased with the result.

There was a difference of opinion in committee,—less on the question of principle than because some felt that our representatives in Congress ought to be again endorsed, without qualification. To solve the difficulty I proposed two reports and a discussion before the convention; but my friends on the other side preferred to accept the resolutions as presented, and made the report unanimous.

After the election, which was closer than was pleasant,—particularly for my brother, who was opposed by the labor unions,—I accepted an invitation to address the Vermont Officers' Association, at the State House at Montpelier, Vermont. The

gathering was a most distinguished one, and my reception more than complimentary.

November 22nd, having arranged my affairs for a six months' absence, my family and I sailed for Europe for a winter's residence, as detailed in the preceding chapter.

This record has not been written continuously, but at various times during the last seven years, as some event seemed to me worth noting. The right stopping place did not present itself until after my return from my foreign trip in June, 1907, when I resigned as President of the Draper Company, and severed my connection with its management.

The diversity of opinion before referred to, as to the policy which the company should pursue in important lines, continued, and it seemed that it would be a relief to all concerned if I left the carrying out of certain views to those who believed in them. It was also for the advantage of the company to be free from divided counsels, as almost any course consistently pursued would produce better results than deviations made to meet special emergencies. Further, at sixty-five years of age it did not seem worth my while to live in an atmosphere of continual discussion, with no hope of agreement.

Still further, it appeared that the care of my private affairs, together with my interest in public policies, would provide me sufficient occupation; and six months' experience has confirmed that view. It is therefore likely that the events worth chronicling in my life have passed; but if not, there will be no insurmountable obstacle in the way of my adding another chapter in a later edition.

As to the future, I shall doubtless continue to be interested in the textile industry, particularly in improved processes and machinery as they come to my knowledge, but whether I shall again enter into the direction of business operations is another question, and the chances are decidedly against it.

I am often asked whether I anticipate any further public life, and my well considered answer is "No." By this I do not mean that if there seems to be some service that I am con-

sidered *especially* qualified to render I shall refuse to render it; but there are few positions that would attract me if offered, if no sense of public duty were involved, and none that I would *seek*. Under these circumstances it is hardly likely that I shall vary largely from the plan laid out for myself. I expect to keep in continuous touch with public questions, and, through my Washington winter residence, with public men.

In closing I will make use of a quotation that was a favorite of my father, and that is perhaps more applicable to my generation than to the one now coming on the stage.

“The minor longs to be of age, — then to become a man of business, — then to arrive at honors, — then to retire.”

THE END.

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